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Color, Beauty and The New York Girl.

By Marion [illegible]

[illegible] is cultivated and often [illegible] by a knowledge of color, [illegible] tones and tints, hair and [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] Beauty, the Beauty, [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible] skin should change the [illegible] [illegible] her complexion.

That pale blue [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Copyright, 1902, by Tonnelé & Co., New York.

A Study in Vivid Color Contrasts

Color, Beauty and The New York Girl.

By Marion Adair.

BEAUTY is cultivated and often developed by a knowledge of color, which must suit eyes, hair and complexion.

The blonde, the brunette, the red-haired and the pale woman, each should choose the colors which best set off her complexion.

That pale blue can be worn only by blondes and bright colors by brunettes is,

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Photograph by Tonnelé & Co., New York.

This picture shows a rose-leaf complexion girl dressed in white and yellow.

to be sure, a theory long ago exploded.

Nothing is more becoming to a brunette than blue—heaven's own blue—while the blonde to look really stunning must wear red. It gives tone to her skin and brightens her eyes. Yellow is also the blonde's own color.

"I have never worn yellow in my life, Mr. Worth," said a flaxen-haired debutante remonstratingly, to the Parisian dressmaker when he announced that he would give her a yellow tulle gown.

"Ah! but you must wear yellow!" said the autocrat; "then you will be a blonde sitting in sunshine."

Shades of tan are also for the blonde, and warm browns that glow as if they had golden hearts. Heliotrope may be worn

Photograph by Tonnele & Co., New York.

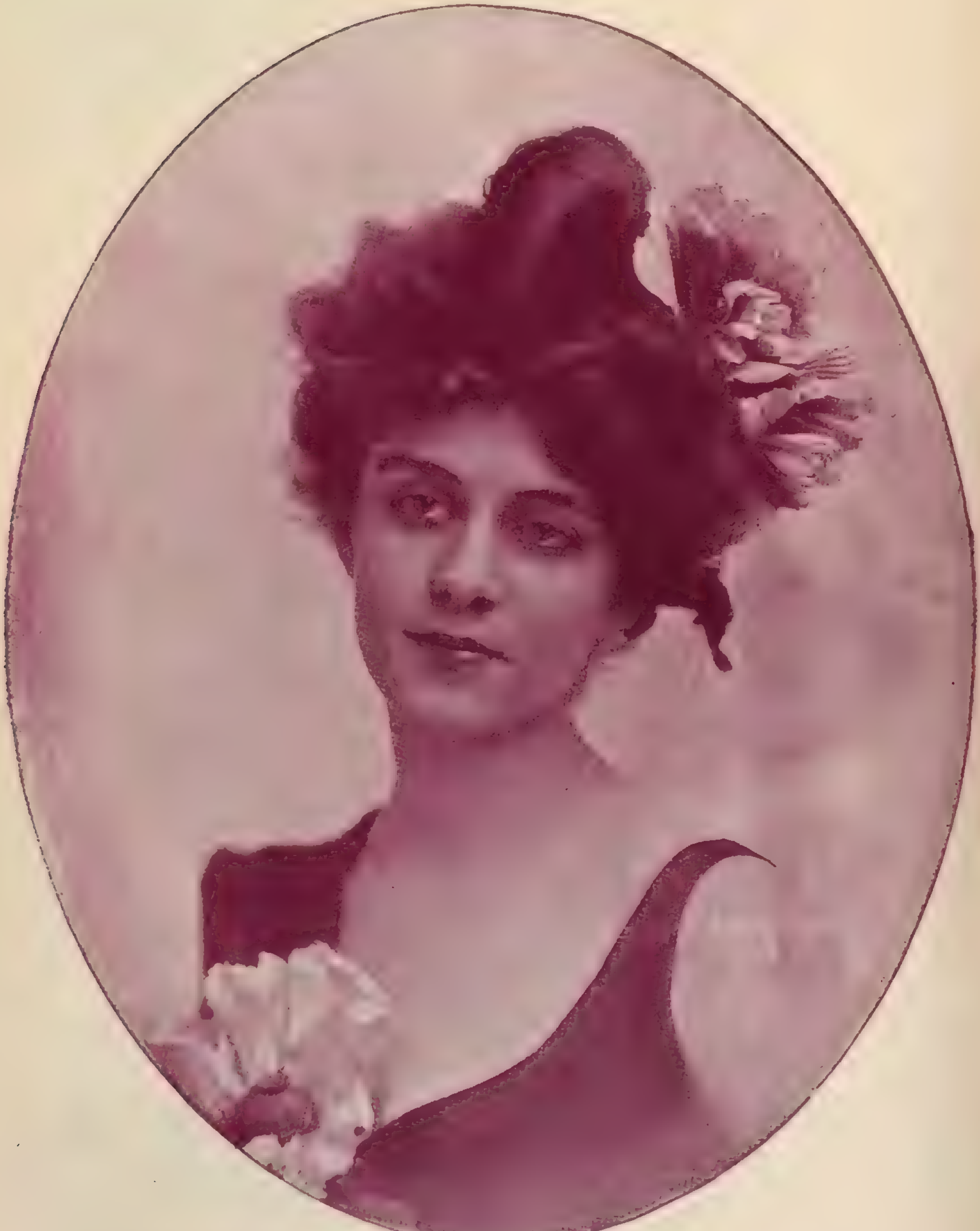
Browns, oaks and copper tints make this blonde irresistible.

by the blonde woman who has dark eyes.

A brunette, as well as a blonde, may wear green. A bright green heightens the natural brilliancy of a clear, dark complexion, throwing into relief the red of cheek and lip.

If hair is dark and eyes blue, in choosing a gown seek to match the eyes and contrast the hair. One rule in selecting color is to match the hair by day and the eyes by night. If the complexion is sallow, shades of red and brown are good.

If the hair is black and complexion swarthy, avoid black and all shades of mauve, green and violet; yellow, scarlet and pink are to be worn. If fair, with no trace of color, the complexion can be lightened by the addition of rose or yellow, glowing purple, dark blue and dark green.



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A brunette, with large lustrous eyes gowned in scarlet or yellow, and wearing in her hair and corsage a cluster of poppies, makes a very beautiful picture. An example of the same is here given and proves the possibilities of the combination named.

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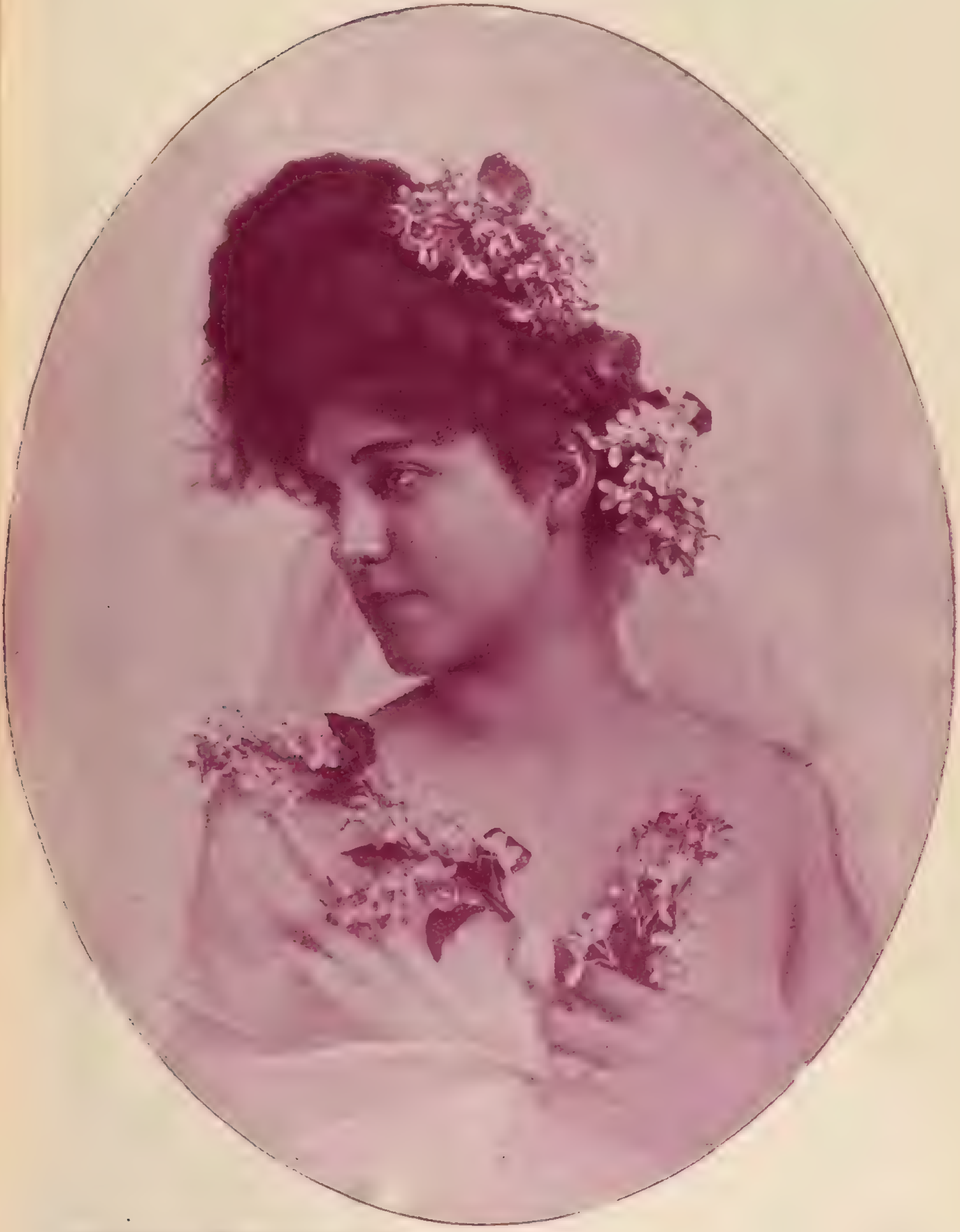

Copyright, 1903, by Tonnele & Co., New York.

A clear, white costume of some flimsy material, with decorative effects of white or pink blossoms, makes an ideal garbing for the perfect blonde. Such a young woman and such a dress effect is pictured in this photograph.

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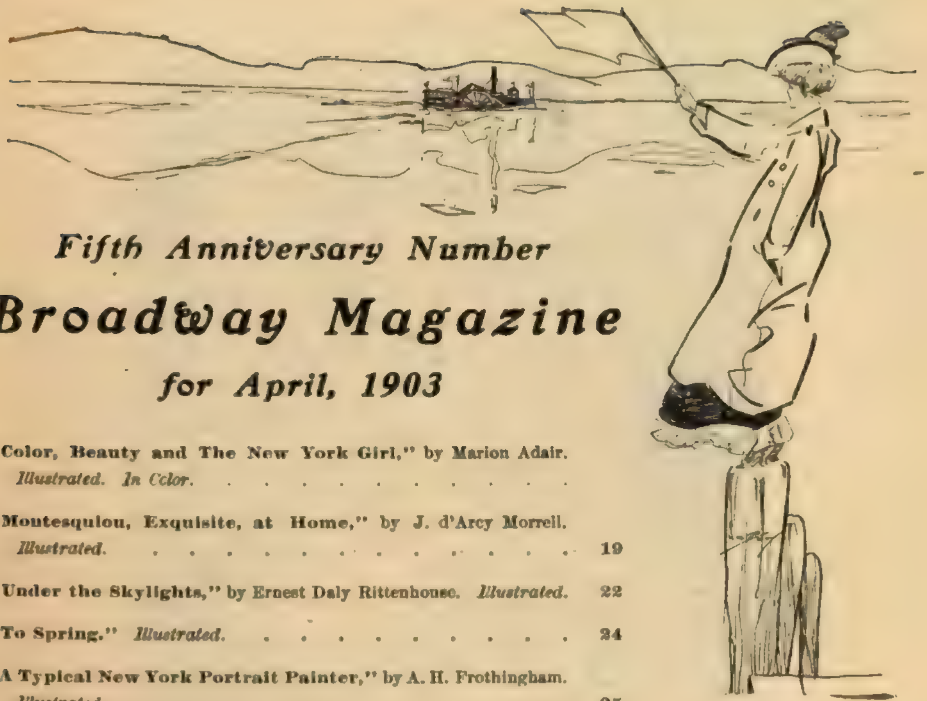
Copyright, 1901, by Tonnelé & Co., New York.

Gown and foliage ornaments are both of a bright green.

White with green is an ideal mixture for the wear of fair young girls with rose-leaf complexions. A red head must beware of pink and scarlet; green is her color and white is her standby. There are browns, oaks and copper tints that make her a model for an artist.

White makes a woman look innocent, winsome and classic. Clear white is for the blonde; cream white for the brunette.

One way to ascertain the hue which best becomes one is to take fabrics of different colors, and standing before a mirror in a well-lighted room, try the effect of each by wrapping it about the neck, under the chin. It can then be seen which color makes the face look clearer and which darker.



Fifth Anniversary Number

Broadway Magazine

for April, 1903

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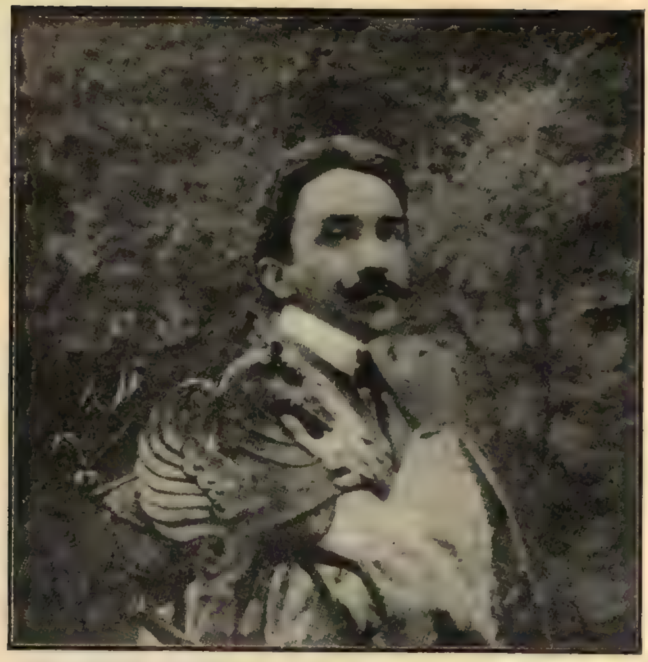
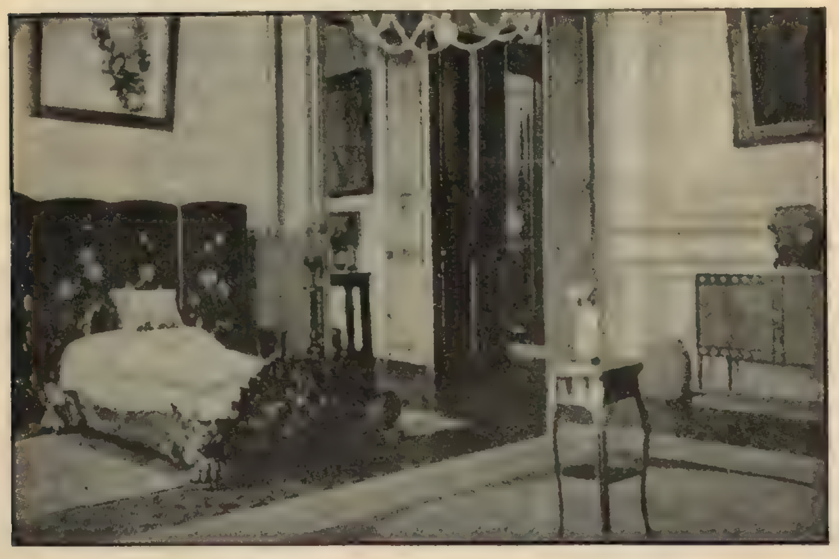


COMTE ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU.



The pink-and-white bedroom of the Comte de Montesquiou. With historic bedstead dating from XII. Century.

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FIFTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER OF BROADWAY MAGAZINE

APRIL 1903

VOL. XI. NO 1.

Montesquiou, Exquisite, at Home.

By J. D'Arcy Morell.

THE rays of a winter sun were shining through the tall windows and stained glass of the rotunda in mellow amber beams, as I entered the vestibule of the wondrous home of the poet and æsthete Comte Robert de Montesquiou. As I ascended the broad low stairs of stone leading to the vast reception room, where the owner of so many treasures of artistic beauty receives his guests on the occasion of one of those *fêtes* that are the joy of the *Tout Paris*, I felt the glamor, the magic, of such a wealth of art and refined taste steal over me like the aroma of some rare Oriental perfume. Here, in this spacious room, with its rare panelings of carved oak, representing mystic forms of angels and framing the great doors, I was received by the creator of the *Pavillon des Muses*.

These massively carved doors, with their shields shining and polished by the hand of time, and surrounded by carvings covering the walls with garlands of flowers and sphinxes, form a fitting entrance to this æsthetic abode. This reception room, severe in style yet not heavy—almost monastic in sentiment—reminds the visitor of the *parloir* of some abbey of olden times, where the mitred abbot received his guests. Here, amidst such surroundings, I was invited to take a seat on a rare old sofa or *chaise longue*, probably from the Hotel de Rambouillet, and the master of so many treasures placed himself beside me to converse on art and literature and his journey to America on the eve of his departure.

What an interesting figure was that of this man, a descendant of d'Artagnan and among whose ancestors are other great historic names of France, discoursing, with poetic imagery and polished diction, on flowers and gardens gracefully arranged, on the beauties of the ancestral *châteaux* of his native land and on precious stones; but above all on the marvels of Versailles, its palace and park, its lovely gardens and famous Trianons, the memories of the brilliant Court, Versailles the pride and glory of the *Roi Soleil*, the greatest monument of his reign!

As I listened and conversed, a scene of the past, a picture of the ages of chivalry, seemed to grow in my imagination. It carried me back five centuries to some mediæval *chastel* in the sunny South, in the land of Gascony. A troubadour, half knight, half poet, had taken the seat of M. de Montesquiou; the dark expressive countenance remained the same, with the black hair thrown back, the eyes sparkling with the fire of poetic enthusiasm, and the rich silken scarf was unchanged. One thin nervous hand was slightly raised to give emphasis to each verse, while the other played with the strings of the singer's lyre. And a vision of fairylike forms seemed to people the empty space looming out of the gloom.

The fanciful scene conjured up in my mind in sympathy with the place vanished as quickly as it came, a thing of air; the song of the troubadour was stilled, and in its place M. de Montesquiou, turning toward me, recited these graceful lines of

Editor's Note.—*The aesthetic sensation of the year in New York is Count Robert de Montesquiou who preaches the Gospel of the Beautiful. He has been accepted seriously by some and with ill-disguised disdain by others. But whether as lecturer or poseur he is a figure of the town. It has been said that Count Robert is not what he seems, therefore, this article by a New York journalist, now resident in Paris, will clear up this particular part of the controversy about the slender Count.*

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his own muse—verses descriptive of that exquisite *cuve*, or marble basin, from Versailles, now in his garden:—

La Cuve.

Les larmes des objets sont dans ce bloc de Rance,
Vasque de Montespan, miroir de Pompadour,
Piscine qui mesure un incroyable tour
Et du faste des dieux symbolise l'outrance.

Les filons azurés, les veines de garance.
Du bleu sang de nos rois, du sang vif de l'Amour,
Dans ce marbre immortel mêlent encore un jour
Le souverain Eros aux monarques de France.

Des linges de batiste ont traîné sur ces bords,
Les uns glissant au long de voluptueux corps,
Les autres ablués aux doigts de mains pieuses.

Car l'*hermitage*, qui fut temple à Cupido,
Devient chapelle, et des candeurs religieuses,
Frolant l'impur bassin, le changent d'âme et d'eau.

Upon this the Comte de Montesquiou arose from the seat, where he had talked for so long, and offered to show me more of the artistic treasures and historic *bibelots* that had found a home in his house, collected by him with so much patience and judgment. Entering the dining-room to the right, the first object that struck me was the immense marble mantelpiece, the work of Puget, supported by two herculean statues, which gave the impression of vast muscular strength. They dominate everything else and fascinate the eye at the first glance. There are several remarkable pictures: a charming female figure in ball dress by Helleu, in a salon of old-gold and mother-of-pearl; the dark features of this beauty stand out of the pearly tones of the background of the pastel. To the right of the majestic mantelpiece, there stands against a screen or support a noble picture by Whistler—the portrait of the master of the house himself. A noted canvas this. It is a symphony in black and creamy white mingled with a pearly grey, from which the dark amber color of the face stands forth vividly. M. de Montesquiou regards this portrait of himself as a masterpiece. In addition to these there are a rare panel by Alfred Stevens, and "*Le Volet entr'ouvert*," the corner of a salon at Versailles, named after Mme. Adelaide.

We hasten to catch a glimpse of other "things of beauty," for time presses and the transatlantic steamer waits for no one when the syren sounds its deep hoarse tones and moorings are cast off. We enter the library. More beautiful wood carvings and books. Books, row upon row, up to the ceiling; books in every description of binding and of every color. Some rare specimens can be seen under a glass case; some works with the initials of the Goncourts, a book-cover decorated by Stevens, with a portrait of Rodenbach—this on vellum—and others form a valuable selection. Among the very interesting collection of rare old photographs, grown brown by the lapse of time, there exists the unique effigy of Victor Hugo sleeping, under which the great poet has written with his own hand, "*Ecoutant Dieu.*"

A peculiarity in the construction of this house is, that it is composed of two stories only on the side facing the Bois de Boulogne, whereas there exist four stories toward Neuilly. M. de Montesquiou remarks: "There is a charm in these old dwellings thus structurally composed; for thus there are the large apartments for occasions of ceremony, and snug retreats on quiet days, into which one can retire." The ground-floor, though austere, almost monastic in its grand simplicity, leaves, however, no feeling of weariness or gloom on the visitor.

But the gradual change, on ascending to the upper rooms, is agreeable and so perfectly designed, from the point of view of art, that the progressive variations give no sudden shock. Yet what could be

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greater than the contrast between the *Salon des Roses* and the stately *parloir* and dining-room below? This salon is a masterpiece of refined and cultured taste. Light and ethereal, with a combination of harmonious tints, creamy white and pale mauve predominating, it derives its name—though intended for music—from the number of roses, both real and embroidered, that adorn it. A bold piece of old Spanish embroidery, from a convent, ornaments the back wall, while a panel painting, representing a rose-tree covered with roses and framed round by trellis-work, gives a graceful and flowery effect, real roses blending with imitation; and other roses painted or gilt and carved in wood intermingle, likewise, with the natural flowers, as well as those worked with the needle. A most elegant altar—the work of Fontaine and Percier—dedicated to the honor of womankind, forms a piece of furniture and is placed between two perfume burners. Again, a picture by Besnard, "*L'Enivrement des Roses*," shows a young woman intoxicating herself with the scent of a bunch of roses. We pass on. In another salon, with Empire furniture in mahogany, I glance at allegorical bronzes, at swans and figures. The eye is at once attracted by a superb chandelier of Bohemian crystal, which blazes in a cascade of fire, when the finely cut prisms of crystal sparkle and flash like a constellation of diamonds on some festive occasion. On the chimney-piece a statuette in terra-cotta of Mme. de Castiglione may be seen; it is by Carrier-Belleuse, and represents her in the costume of the Queen of Etruria.

Again, there is the historic gem, the turquoise once affixed to the walking-stick of Louis XV. and belonging afterwards to Goncourt. It is visible in the hands of M. de Montesquiou, in his striking portrait by Boldini. Next to this drawing room is a state bedroom, so to speak. Here, at one extremity, rests the weirdly shaped bed, low down, near the floor. This bed stimulated the poetic fancy of its owner, for M. de Montesquiou compared its form to the "Chariot of Apollo driving towards the light." A screen ornamented with hortensias worked in mother-of-pearl, encloses this sumptuous couch; near at hand a sleepy bat clings to the handle of an ancient lamp, and more of these curious night birds almost fill a glass case close by; bats in lacquer, in ivory, in bronze and in crystal, beautifully shaped, with all the strange net-work of their membranous wings. More panels of flowers by Helleu, and festoons of roses encircling and crowning two candelabra from some ancient temple. Such is this fantastic but luxurious bed-chamber.

But I have said enough to give some idea of this wonderful *Pavillon des Muses*, and the limits of an article will not permit me to write a catalogue of all the treasures that it contains. I must take leave of my noble host on the threshold of his enchanting home. And as I made my way past rows of trunks and boxes packed for traveling, past a very valuable old statue of Silenus, I turned again and saw him, standing on the steps beneath the abbatial wood-carvings, a tall, dark figure against a darker background, in the deepening shadows of the waning winter's day. And as he waved his hand, in token of farewell, I thought of those sombre but impressive pictures of Velasquez in their rich deep tones and subtle shades.

It should be said in conclusion, that the Comte de Montesquiou was taken up by New York society and boasted of a long list of patronesses.

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Under the Skylights.

By Ernest Daly Rittenhouse.

NOT a few of the more or less well-known men of the artistic professions of the metropolis, have their working quarters or their "dens," far above the roar and riot of the city's streets. In these aerial hermitages, which are usually immediately under the skylights of apartment houses or of buildings given over to the requirements of artists, they find the quiet and seclusion that are hardly possible elsewhere in the city of New York.

The restful retreat of Artist Peckwell.

Composer Perry Averill owns luxuriant quarters.

There are health and inspiration in sunbeams and these they obtain to the full, by reason of their lofty locations. They overtop such trees as may be in their neighborhoods and even the noisy twittering sparrows rarely rise to their elevations. The windows of their rooms may command a panoramic view of one or many sections of the city and in the summer time they obtain the advantage of any breath of air that may be stirring. In those months when the outside atmosphere is chill and blustery, the complaining of the winds around the roofs, appeals to the man of imagination who is snugly housed within. They are no tenants overhead to disturb with noisy feet, and only friends with a purpose will take the trouble to ascend to their domiciles. In short these dwellers under

A fair visitor inspects a batchelor's "den."

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the skylights are very happily situated from their own and possibly most peoples' standpoints.

It will be seen by reference to the pictures herewith given that the man who elects to live in "Upper New York" is by no means an ascetic. These same pictures are typical of many hundreds of similar quarters. In almost all such cases the desire to get away from the lower level of things is coincident with excellent and usually luxuriant tastes. If we are to accept them as typical of the surroundings of the artist and allied fraternities of the metropolis, then Bohemia is by no means a domain of stint and shabbiness. The contrary, indeed, would seem to be the case.

Victor Harris has an artistic studio.

Tom Karl and his pleasant surroundings.

Of late years the builders of local apartment houses have paid special attention to the growing demand for these sky-high quarters with the result that in the case of the majority of the newer structures, "artists studios" so-called, are a notable feature.

The photograph of Tom Karl's retreat, as here reproduced, shows that the singer in private life has a penchant for artistic surroundings. The same remark stands good of composer Perry Averill, whose bric-a-brac and draperies are of an especially artistic nature. Victor Harris, the well-known teacher of vocalism, has a studio in the Alpine that suggests that of a painter, rather than that of a musician. Levick's studio in Carnegie Hall has a unique scheme of decoration. Artist Peckwell owns a typical "den" full of the various things that bring comfort to the man of æsthetic tastes.

Artist Levick's rooms suggest his profession.

To Spring.

When fall into the lap of Spring
  The tears of tender showers,
Straightway the woods with bird notes ring
  While ope the first shy flowers.

And here is Maiden April who,
  Has levied tribute bold,
On roses red, on violets blue
  On daffodills of gold!

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A Typical New York Portrait Painter.

Charles Frederick Naegele and the Work that has made him Notable.

By A. H. Frothingham.

Mr. Naegele as seen in his studio.

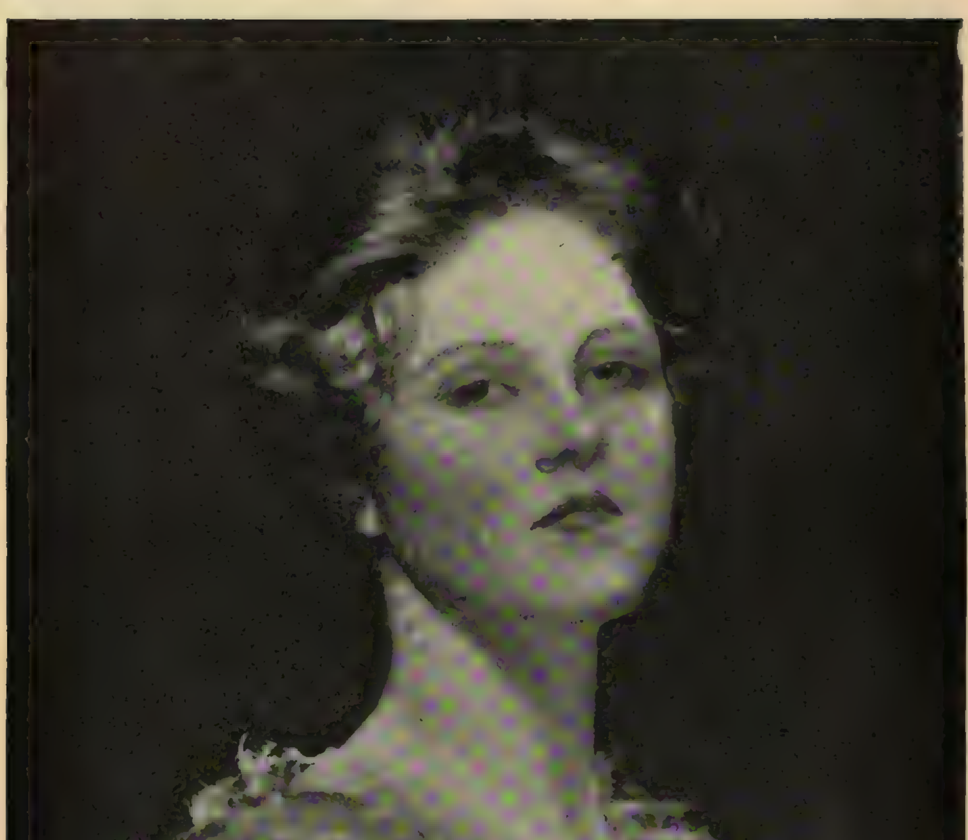
CHARLES FREDERICK NAEGELE, one of the most virile and emphatic of American figure and portrait painters of today, was born in 1857 in Knoxville, Tenn.

Like the majority of those who have attained prominence in art, he, at an early age showed signs of his special gifts. Apprenticed when but a child to a firm of marble cutters in Memphis, Tenn., and later to a sign painter, he, in the intervals of his work, painted industriously, doing among other things a copy of Gustave Doré's "The Flood," and a picture of a little girl. Dr. Easton, of New York City, who was visiting at Memphis, saw this last, and when told that it was by a youth, he said, "That boy must go to the metropolis; he has no future here for him."

In the spring of 1880, he therefore informed his employers that he was going to take Dr. Easton's good advice forthwith.

He arrived in this city in May, 1880, with twenty-five dollars in his purse and a letter of introduction to Prof. A. L. Rawson, from Dr. Easton. He at once obtained a position as a painter of political banners, made some money and began to study hard with Professor Rawson, devoting himself entirely to his chosen work. This was a pretty hard period for the young artist in every way.

In 1882 he began to get commissions for portraits, among them being those of General Daniel E. Sickles, Judge James T. Brady and others. Following these, the next important picture Naegele was retained to paint was that of Peter Cooper, who asked him to make a portrait which could be reproduced in steel as a frontispiece for his autobiography. Mr. Cooper was then ninety-three years of age, and proved to be a very



Copyright, 1902, by Charles Frederick Naegele, New York.

"SWEET SIXTEEN."

A characteristic example of the work of Mr. Naegele on the lines of ideal portraiture of American maidenhood.

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Mr. Naegele resting in his study.

most excellent subject, as his picture shows.

In rapid succession these persons sat for him: Dr. Donald Kennedy, a Boston millionaire; John McCullough as *Virginius*, Auguste Bartholdi, the French artist; Cora Urquhart Potter, and others. An important commission was that given him by General J. C. Lane to paint a portrait group of the New Parks Commissions, to be presented to New York City. The distinguished men represented in this picture were: Charles L. Tiffany, Thomas Crombie, General Lane, Major McLean, of the Old Guard, George W. Quintard, J. Seaver Page, Luther R. Marsh, John Mullaby, Waldo Hutchins, ex-Mayor S. V. Edson, Robert L. Waters, and W. W. Niles. The painting was large and Naegele was to receive fifteen thousand dollars for it. He began a study of the subject, three by six feet, but before it was finished General Lane died, so the large picture (to be nine feet by twelve) was never begun, but he finished the smaller study which is now in possession of W. W. Niles, of New York City.

In 1892, Naegele was awarded the prize by the Committee of One Hundred Citizens for the best design for a medal to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

In 1894 he went to Europe to study the famous portraits of Holland, Belgium and France. On his return, he fulfilled a commission from Frederick S. Flower, to paint a portrait of Gov. Roswell P. Flower. He next painted portraits of

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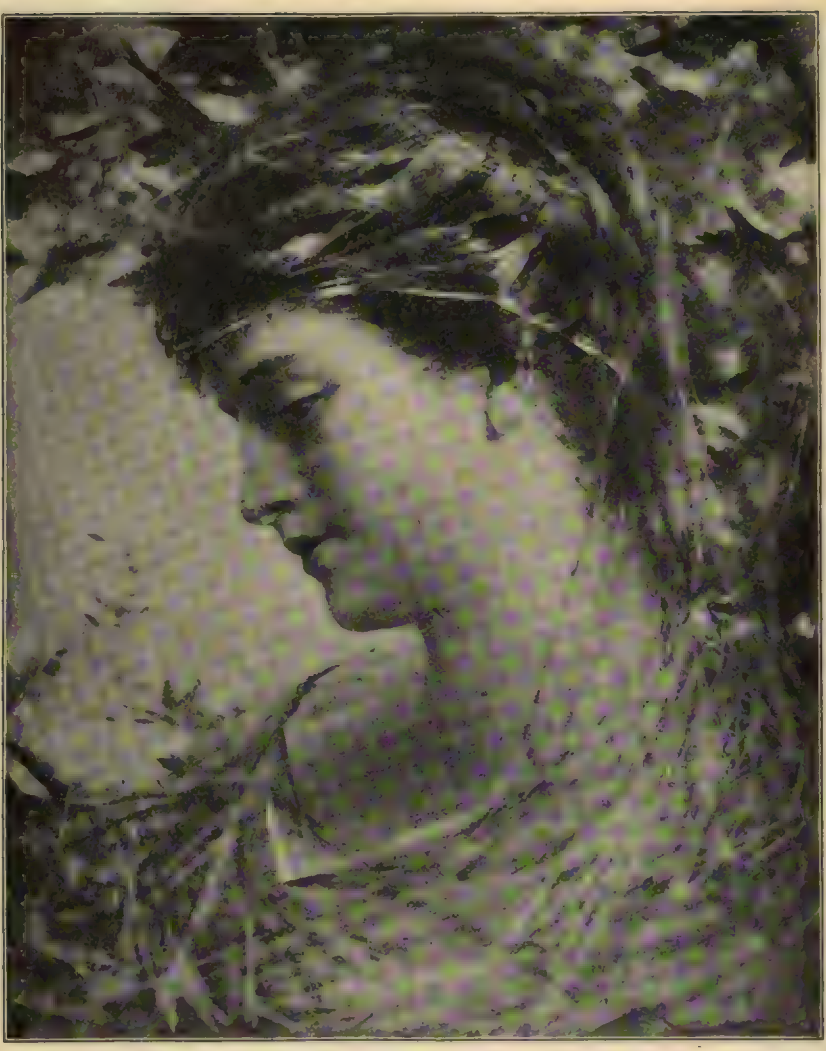

Study of a head by Mr. Naegele.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Flower, also one of Anson Flower, General Joseph D. Bryant, General E. A. McAlpin, Messrs. George H. Newton, Samuel T. Shaw, Theodore H. Mead, and John W. Gates.

Among his figure paintings are: "Divinity of Motherhood," a work which sold for $3,000 and was awarded a gold medal at Boston, in 1900. This painting is owned by Frederick S. Flower, who also owns, "Foreboding," "Evelyn," "A Patrician," "The Pearl," and "The White Rose," and others of the artist's works.

Samuel T. Shaw, owns, "The American Beauty," "The Young Mother," and "Portrait of Miss S." In 1900, Naegele was awarded the fifty-dollar gold prize for a design of a diploma for the Salmagundi Club. He was awarded the ten-dollar gold prize for the best design for a seal for the same organization.

In 1900, he was elected a member of the National Institute of Science, Letters and Arts for distinguished services in art.

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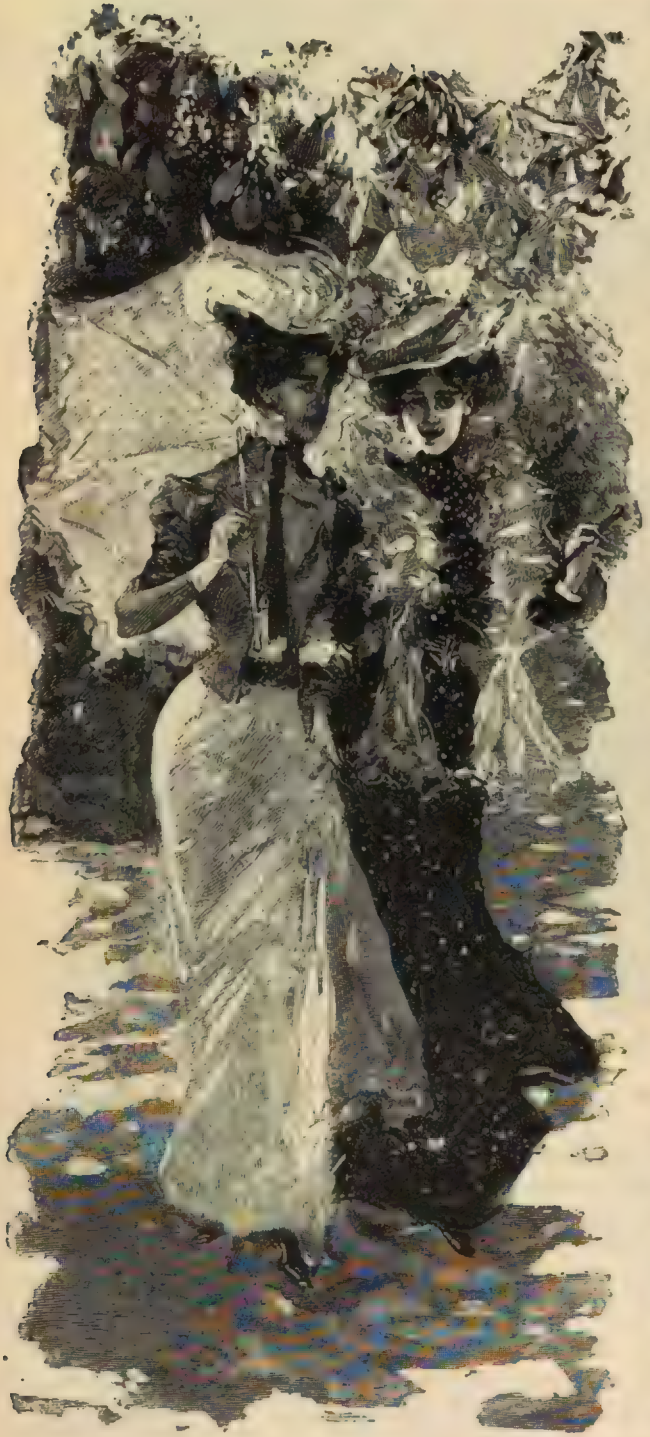
LILLIAN NORDICA, THE WOMAN WITH A VOICE

In private life she is Madame Zoltan Dome but to the great public who knows her, she is Lillian Nordica, the sweet singer from Maine. This same State has been responsible for another musical genius of a high order in the person of her colleague, Madame Emma Eames, who hails from Bath. Madame Nordica's artistic beginnings were most humble when she came down from the northern New England State to Boston where she was under the tutelage of John O'Neill. Then she was plain Lillian Norton in short dresses. Finding in her a rare voice and temperament, the leaders of the New England Conservatory advised her to go abroad to study and after two years with San Giovanni at Milan, Madame Nordica made her debut in "La Traviata." She was a success and from that time forward there was no doubt of her future. From one European capital to another she traveled, meeting with extraordinary success, and when the great Grau combination was completed, it included the Maine songstress. Best known in Wagnerian parts. She has a repertoire of no less than forty operas and all the oratorios of standard merit.



Early Spring Confidences.

"CURIOUS about Lord Caddington, wasn't it, Marjorie?"

"Yes; the manner in which he jilted Marie Starkweather was too infamous for anything."

"I didn't exactly mean that. I referred to the persistent manner in which he pursued you."

"Englishmen are usually persistent: if they can't own the earth, they will come over here and marry a girl with as big a slice of it as they can find."

"Yes; I've noticed that. I felt awfully sorry for Marie. I fancy she was not rich enough."

"Now, if he had only known the dimensions of the fortune your father left you——"

"Oh, but he did."

"How do you know?"

"My brother caught him in negotiations with a mercantile agency to ferret out the facts."

"It wasn't exactly gallant, was it?"

"I don't think so. But he had already looked you up, found you $100,000 short, and I accepted him on the spot. Be one of my bridesmaids, dear."

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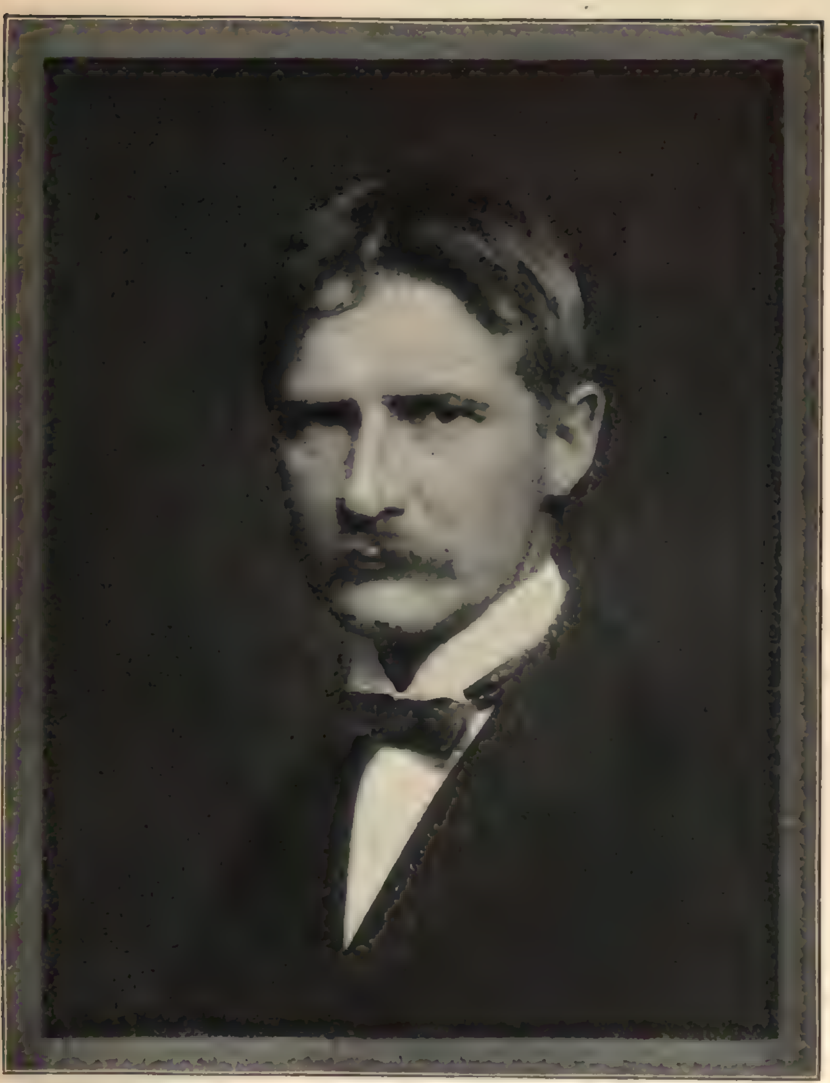

HARRISON S. MORRIS
Editor *Lippincott's Magazine.*

Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

PHILADELPHIA is ever proud of her brilliant literateurs, and Harrison Smith Morris, editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, is one of the lions of the literary set of Quakertown. He is a young man in the very prime of life, a poet, dramatist, and writer of essays, besides being a critic, and the Managing Director of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Since January, 1899, Mr. Morris has been editor of *Lippincott's*, and has changed that publication from old-fogyism to up-

JOHN A. SLEICHER
Editor-in-Chief, *Leslie's Weekly*.

to-date-ness that shows the editor's hand.

Among the typical up-state men who have come to the metropolis to make their name in the literary and editorial world is John A. Sleicher, editor of *Leslie's Weekly*. Mr. Sleicher came to New York late in the 'eighties, and well armed with a fund of experience in the newspaper world, particularly in and about Troy and Albany. He was the owner of newspapers in that region, and on coming to New York became editor-in-chief of the *Mail and Express*, and then went over to *Leslie's Weekly*. Mr. Sleicher is a hard worker, and he knows the value of dollars and cents as well as of an editorial.

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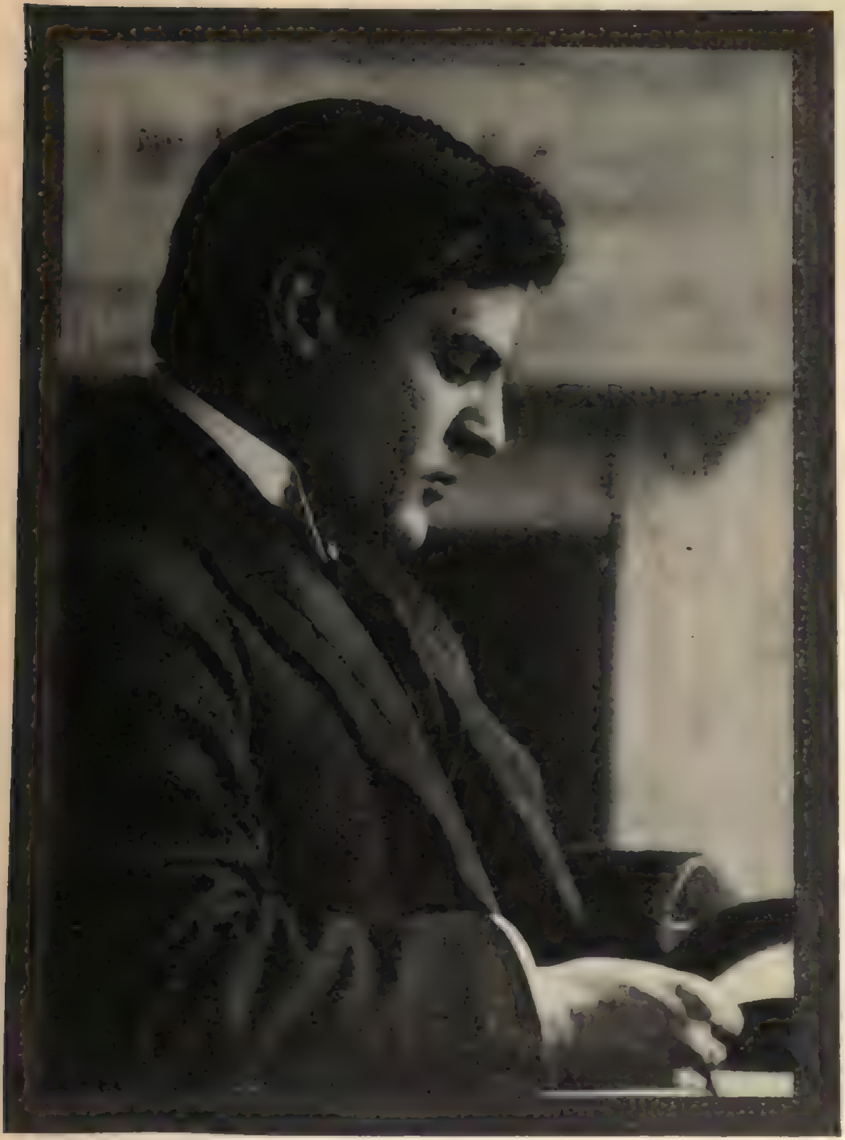

JAMES WALTER SMITH.

Editor, the American Edition of the *Strand Magazine.*

James Walter Smith, editor of the American edition of the *Strand Magazine*, is a Boston man. He went early to England, where he became identified with London periodicals, and started for Sir George Newnes, Bart., the successful periodical, *The King*. Mr. Smith realized that whereas American magazines were making wonderful inroads on English soil, English publications might do the same in America if they were presented in the right way. The result has been that the success of the *Strand Magazine*, under the management of Mr. Smith, has been somewhat remarkable. And Mr. Smith is modest about it all.

Polo Around the Metropolis.

By Cyril S. Bryson.

THOSE sports that carry with them an element of personal danger are as fascinating to the spectators as they are to the players themselves. It is for this reason that polo is so popular with those who can afford to indulge in it, and it also explains the extraordinary charm that attaches to the witnessing of its keenly contested "periods" as the several stages of the game are called.

A drive for goal and lively "Interference."

As most people know, the principle of polo is practically that of football, only that the players are mounted on specially bred and trained ponies, and the ball, a small white sphere, is urged toward the rival goals with the aid of long mallets. Nerve, instant good judgment, a cool head, an accurate eye, a steady hand, and horsemanship of the highest order are essentials to the devotee of polo. Lacking any one of these, he is likely to not only bring defeat to his team but disaster to himself or his fellow players. Given a half dozen men intoxicated with the excitement of the game, let them be galloping at their hardest towards the spot where the ball has been sent by a long drive, and it is not hard to imagine the consequences of a blunder on the part of any one of them. Even as it is, accidents are not infrequent, being mainly due to collisions or a slip on the part of a

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Before the battle—Mr. George J. Gould taking counsel with a friend.

pony. Yet these wiry little animals are wonderfully surefooted and as nimble as cats. It is also a fact that they get to know the game to the extent of following the ball, dodging, squirming, wriggling, and wheeling in its pursuit almost without suggestion on the part of their riders. This may sound like an exaggeration, but those who have seen a game, say at Cedarhurst or Prospect Park, will testify to the truth of the statement.

Next to having a steam yacht in commission or being the financial backer of a comic opera company, there is probably no more expensive hobby than polo. The ponies are exceedingly high-priced animals, the player must have at least a half dozen of them, for no pony can be played two days in succession, and a game rarely passes without a mount being sent to hospital with a cut fetlock or bruised hock. Their training is constant during the season and calls for the services of experts. Their transportation from point to point is another matter that adds to the cost of the sport.

But polo is a manly, pluck-developing recreation, and because it is, its popularity is a matter for national congratulation.

The pictures of the sport as herewith given emphasize the strenuousness incidental thereunto. The first of the series is a remarkable snapshot of a scrimmage in which nearly all of the members of the rival teams are participating. On the

Preparing for the fray—note the "protectors" on the fetlocks of the pony.

extreme right is to be seen a player who is in the act of driving a ball to goal. One of his antagonists is trying to "interfere." He has urged his pony right up to the left of his opponent, and the chances are that by so doing he will spoil the effort of the other's uplifted mallet. In the foreground is the intermingled bunch of the several players who are galloping forward to back or contest the results of the anticipated stroke.

The other pictures tell their own story and illustrate the various phases of the game. As already stated, polo calls for a sure seat in the saddle and combined action on the part of player and horse. It is for this reason that the British Government, for example, gives a semi-official endorsement to the game, inasmuch as it develops the essentials of a good cavalryman. On the same line is tent pegging and kindred sports. But on the whole, polo more than any other allied pastime approximates the conditions of a cavalry melée, and for this reason it finds favor in the eyes of those whose business it is to prepare for war in the time of peace. The chief polo clubs of this country are the Lakewood, Myopia, Meadowbrook, Bryn Mawr, Dedham, Rockaway, Philadelphia and St. Louis. Prominent members of these organizations are Mr. George J. Gould, whose two sons, Jay Gould and Kingdon Gould, emulate the plucky example of their father, who is a fine example of the sturdy American sportsman; Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. J. M. Waterbury, Mr. J. E. Cowdin, Mr. R. L. Agassig, Mr. T. Hitchcock, Jr., Mr. H. P. Whitney, Mr. R. G. Shaw, Mr. Charles Wheeler, Mr. G. P. Eustis, Mr. W. C. Eustis, Mr. T. A. Havemeyer, Jr., Mr. C. H. Walker, Mr. S. C. Davis, Mr. J. P. Lippincott, Jr., Mr. F. S. Conover, Mr. R. L. Montague, Jr., Mr. F. O. Beach, Mr. R. E. Flensch, and others.

Going into action—This is a picture of a typical polo player.

Finally, the polo season of last year was the most successful in the history of the game in this country from the standpoint of good play and popularity.

A dash to the ball with friends and foes in the rear.

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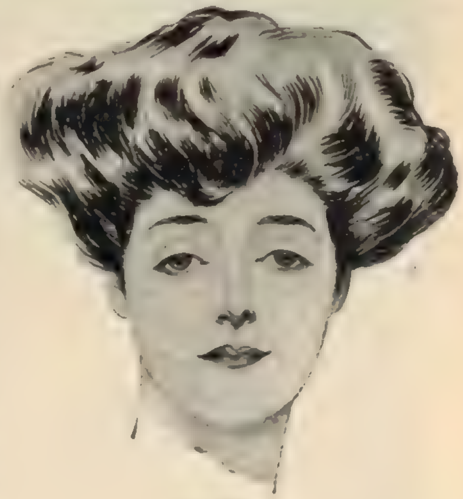
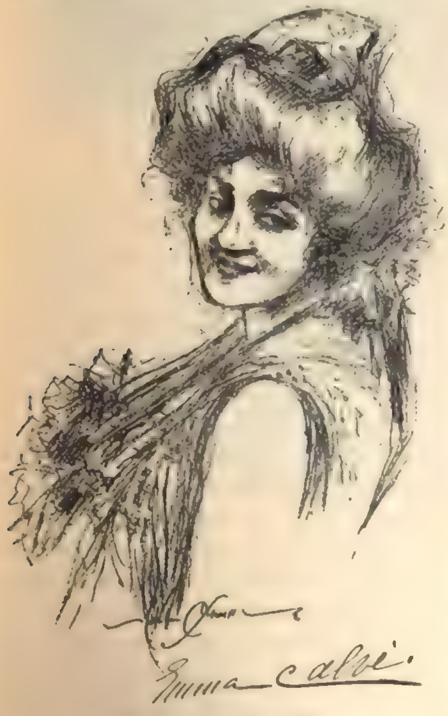
The Girls of Malcolm Strauss.

By George A. Minturn.

MANY there are who bid, but few find favor. There are artists and artists, creators and imitators, the serious and the mirthful, the grave and the gay. They sweep through the metropolitan horizon, "comets of a season," and pass. But now and then one remains. It is sometimes through a fad or caprice of society, or some branch of the sect, but it is more generally the man who proves himself. This man generally stays.

Malcolm Atherton Strauss has proved himself. There are those who claim that he is only a clever imitator of an accepted vogue, others that he is of the right stamp. There is surely one thing that none will dispute; there is refinement in his work, there is ambition too, and a certain amount of temperament, which, being a matter of slow development (and as Mr. Strauss is still a very young man to have occupied such space in the metropolitan periodicals and held such a prominent position in the eyes of the society hero-worshippers), there is not only ample present acceptance for his work, but it points to an even more brilliant future.


Miss New York



As Mr. Strauss sees Mme. Calve.

Mr. Strauss is a New Yorker. He is of Gotham Gothamy, so to speak—which means that he is a cosmopolitan citizen of the world. He loves the rush and roar of Broadway and the insistent spur to genius which metropolitan life affords. He is not the least a solitudinarian. He gets his solitude, however, though he takes it in the sugar-coated guise of citizen luxury rather than the estrangement of the hermit's cave. One could not imagine Strauss separating himself from the world—the passing show, the glittering, mock-serious, resourceful swirl of the avenues, the foyers, the salons and the

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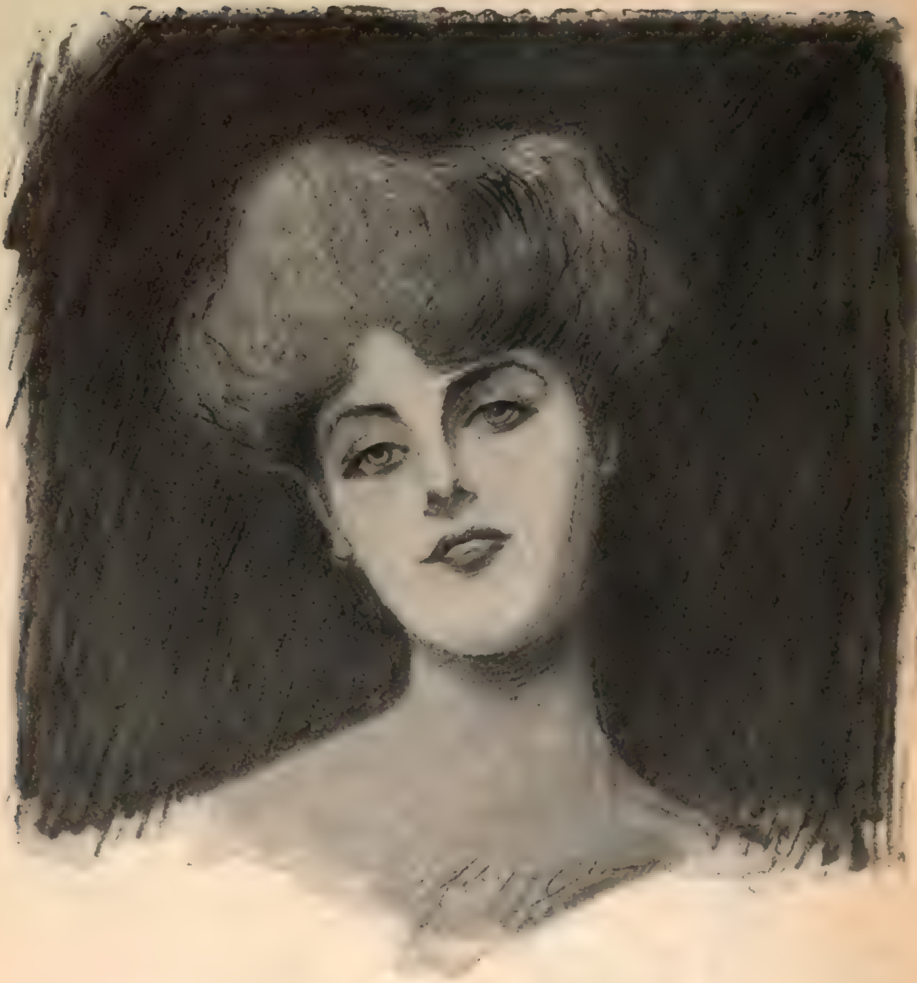
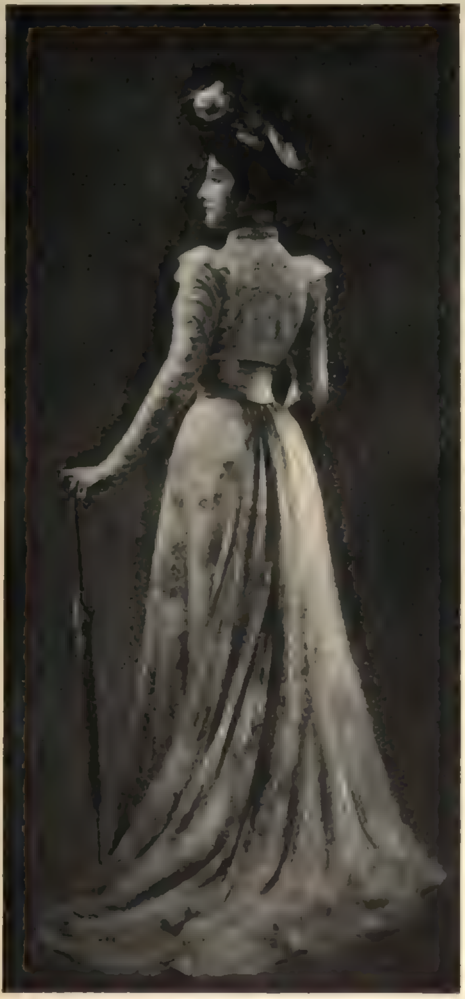


The New York Girl sometimes appears like this to Mr. Strauss.
From a Pastel.

cafes. In a coast-town of Maine or in a cracker village of the South we could imagine him sterile as a hybrid crustacean. Here, however, he enthuses, takes interest in everything, gets the fulness of citizen struggles with the freshness of the first bloom of idealism at the age at which Byron thought the immortals should ever remain—twenty-three.

The work reflects the man. It is not the peasant, the sea-toiler or the mountain-climber that interests Strauss. It is rather the boulevardier, the matinee belle, the Easter parade, the park Mall, the opera box, the club. Types of living luxury enthrall him. The lowly, and by all means the coarse and the vulgar, repulse him. He has a charming studio in the Bryant Park studio-building, with broad windows looking out over a beautiful prospect—one which, when the New York Public Library is completed, will be one of the grandest in any great metropolis of the globe—the very throbbing, pulsating vortex of the new world capital. In such a place a man of the provincial temperament of a Millet would perish of inanition; being of the temperament of Mucha and Rossi, student life in such insipient form as it is found here, fascinates him, becomes a part of him. It is the idyl of the city rather than the epic of the primeval woods and the toiler therein, the melodious hum of swift-moving vehicles, the tramp of feet, the swish of silk and the sound of refined laughter, rather than the voice of nature in her remoter charms.

Mr. Strauss is not one of the devotees of the scholastic in art, and that means that he will continue in the future, as he has done in the past, to work out his own salvation. He began early to evince decided ability, and before he had attained his majority, was on the art staff of the *New York Herald* at an income that men are thankful to have achieved at twice his age. Later Mr. John Wanamaker lured Mr. Strauss over to Philadelphia where, on the famous merchant's newspaper, *The North American*, the artist developed along the lines in which he undertook to achieve eminence from the first. Later he returned to New York, and began drawing for the leading periodicals, as well as undertaking some serious portrait work. Indeed, some of his very best work has been of this nature, and he has at present some large contracts on his hands. It is not unlikely that this branch of art will ultimately claim him exclusively.

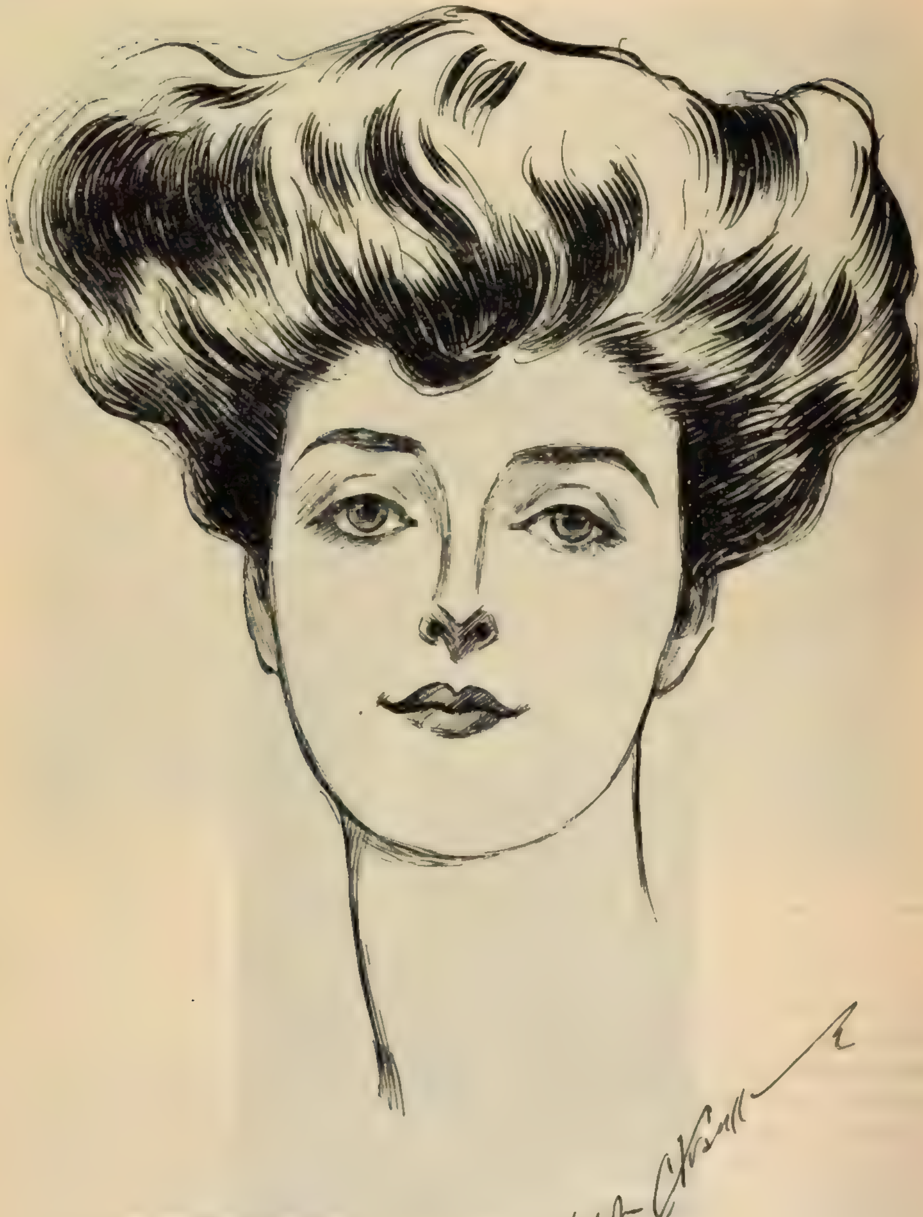


Portrait of Mrs. Isaac Stern, by Strauss.

Mr. Strauss is very fond of the automobile, having, like so many men who are prone to outdoor sports and with the time and means to indulge their penchant, sacrificed a fine stable of horses for the newer vehicle of motion.

Every summer Mr. Strauss goes to Saratoga where he is well known. For a time he kept a stable of thoroughbreds there, but finally disposed of it in favor of the motor car in which he takes his daily recreation, being an expert chauffeur. Every man of temperament having a hobby, this may be said to be Mr. Strauss's chief pastime.

It is not all of Mr. Strauss's credit that he is young. We have seen men of equal talent, and for all we know even greater, inflated with the success of metropolitan career who sink under the burden of their prosperity. It is certain that if the Titians and de Vincis



Miss New York in another mood.

of past days were paid exorbitant prices for their inferior work at the age when they were only learning their art and feeling their way into immortality, these great geniuses would never have been known. The artist who achieves any sort of success with society to-day is feted and petted, and runs a great risk of being spoiled. Mr. Strauss is not one of the spoiled children of the arts or society,

Mr. Strauss in his luxurious studio in the Bryant Park Studio Building.

however, and maintains a sober equilibrium, with no illusions as to his limitations and thoroughly recognizing the severe hostage which art imposes. There is therefore the greatest cause for confidence in his future, for in art as in all other affairs of life, ultimate success is based upon the assumption that man should know himself. This gift of self analysis is possessed by Mr. Strauss it would seem, and because of it, we shall probably hear more of him in the coming days than we have in those that are past. In any event the talent of this young artist is of an unmistakable nature as the examples of his work herewith given will testify.

Alan Dale Discusses a National Subsidized Theatre.

My dear Roland Burke Hennessy:

As for the National Subsidized Theatre—it is a scheme that sounds well. It has a lovely, airy, freedom about its title. It would probably be the very worst kind of tyranny. The Theatrical Syndicate might pale beside it. Besides, don't you think, that what we call "filthy lucre" is after all a great inducement? An artist does his best work for money. New York, less than any other city, is Utopian. The grist must come to the mill.

Them's my sentiments. I don't care particularly about expressing them. You can do as you like. The prospect of one more theatre—subsidized or un-subsidized—is rather appalling.

However, I'm blue to-day. I should have left your letter for some roseate hour. Alas! I might thus leave it for weeks—or months.

Sincerely,

ALAN DALE.

I *never* suffer from dyspepsia,

The latest picture of Professor Butler, taken by Allmann, New York.

President Butler of Columbia.

WHEN Seth Low became Mayor of New York, he resigned the presidency of Columbia University. Speculation was rife as to his probable successor, although little surprise was shown when Professor Nicholas Murray Butler was made President. Professor Butler had for years been associated with Columbia interests. He is the young, sturdy type of the Twentieth Century educator, a believer in athletics, reasonably academic by inclination and a firm believer in the greatness of New York City. He is primarily a metropolitan educator.

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Dorothy Dix, Typical Newspaper Woman.

By one who Knows Her.

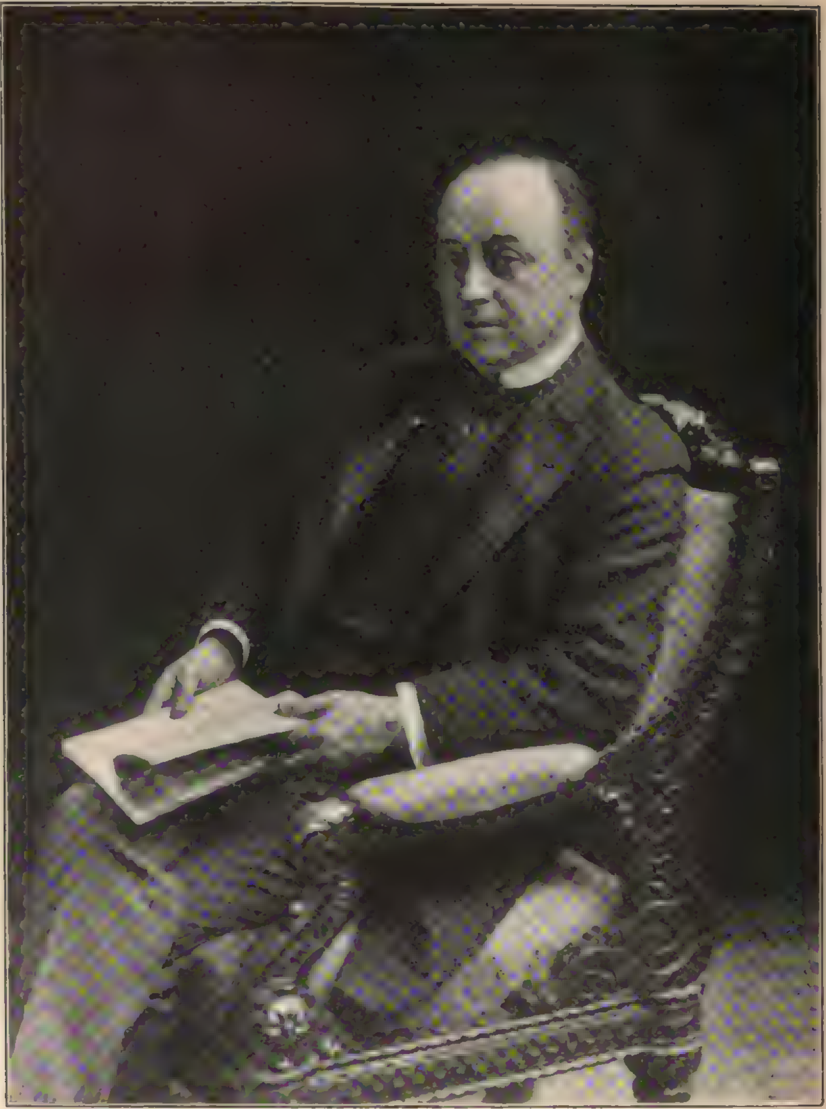
"Dorothy Dix" (Mrs. Gilmer), as caught by the Camera

THERE seldom comes from the South a more incisive writer, a clearer thinker and a more fearless exponent of the feminine point of view than "Dorothy Dix," known in private life as Mrs. Elizabeth Merriweather Gilmer, a native of Montgomery County, Tennessee. "Dorothy Dix" became famous throughout the South by her unconventional letters and correspondent work in the Southern papers. She afterward conducted the Woman's Department in the *New Orleans Picayune*, where her work was noticed throughout the entire country. Afterwards her bright and daring expressions of sentiment came to the notice of Mr. William R. Hearst, who forthwith brought Mrs. Gilmer to New York to become a star writer on the *American* staff, where she still remains.

"Dorothy Dix" is a merciless champion of justice, whether for or against her sex, and is in the habit of carrying her point with a certain strength which might be said to be more masculine than feminine. When the Carrie Nation crusade was on, Mrs. Gilmer's articles created a great deal of comment, and kept the savage crusaders from actually spilling over and saloon-smashing from becoming an epidemic.

Mrs. Gilmer is also known as a writer of fables in slang. She was very successful from the start. They are a feature of the *American's* editorial page, covering a variety of homely topics.

Mrs. Gilmer has also published a book of these fables, which have met with success. She is a fixture in New York newspaper life, a member of metropolitan clubs and thoroughly *au fait* with all affairs of literature, art and the drama, being considered a thoroughly reliable allround newspaper worker.



Photograph by Prince, New York.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL P. C. KNOX.

THE CENSOR OF THE TRUSTS.

Attorney General Philander C. Knox, whose picture is herewith given, is the appointee of two Presidential administrations. He first took office in his present capacity, under the late President McKinley, succeeding Mr. John W. Griggs. Subsequently he was reappointed by President Roosevelt in the face of much opposition from certain individuals who saw fit to claim that Mr. Knox was identified with Trust interests and that therefore, he could not or would not discharge his duties in the unbiased fashion demanded by his office. President Roosevelt, however, took no cognizance of these criticisms. Up to the present nothing has occurred that would justify the comments of his political antagonists. Mr. Knox's ability as a member of the bar has never been questioned. He is a master of legal procedure, a profound student of the subtle technicalities of his profession and overrulings of his opinions are few and far between.

New York's Latest Drawing Room Fad.

SOAP BUBBLES—A NEW GAME WITH PRIZES FOR THOSE WHO BLOW THE STRAIGHTEST AND STRONGEST.

BY JAMES CREEDON EMSLEE.

Trying to make a monster.

A SOAP-BUBBLE PARTY with a goal and prizes, makes fun galore for an evening entertainment, and may be enjoyed by any number of persons.

A board—an ironing-board answers the purpose very well—covered with cloth, is placed on the backs of two chairs of different heights. At the lower end of the board, two pieces of wood are fastened so as to stand upright on either side, these forming a goal.

The object of the game is for each player in turn to dip his or her pipe in soap suds, blow a bubble, drop it on the upper end of the board, carefully blow it forward, and if possible cause it to pass

Here the hand takes the place of the pipe.

A flower is placed inside the film.

through the goal. As it is very difficult to drop the bubble on the board, each one is given three chances. The player who succeeds in blowing the most bubbles through the goal in a given time, is the winner.

At the end of the game, if several persons have made the same number of goals, a further and decisive contest can be introduced. All start together to blow bubbles, the one blowing the largest being the winner of the evening.

Prizes may be a big, ribbon-decorated clay pipe for the victor, the smallest clay pipe obtainable for the booby prize or what not.

A soap-bubble ballroom, with orchestra complete, may, if you please, be a feature of the entertainment. It is a novelty and certain to amuse everybody.

Take an ordinary wooden ruler, or a piece of wood about a foot and a half in length and an inch wide. Stretch a violin string along it and put a metallic bridge underneath the ruler. Presto! you have your orchestra. Now for the dances. Two figures are enough; cut them out of cork and paint them as gorgeously as possible, with faces, hands, feet, garments; say a gay cavalier and his lady. Use oil colors.

Mount the dancers on a little block of wood near one end of the ruler, by

Blowing a bubble over a flower—a pretty trick.

Google

Trying for a goal

means of a needle or piece of wire. After the figures are placed in position, a small round tin cover, such as comes on a pepper box for instance, is fastened at the end of the ruler, as a background for the dancers, with a screw over the string.

The cover is next painted with a solution of strong soapsuds and the dancers are likewise treated. With a straw, this solution is inflated into a soap-bubble that covers the dancers. Then the violin string is touched, setting the ruler or stick in motion. This motion is communicated to the figures and the ball is on.

To make a flower inside of a bubble, pour the soapy solution into a plate until the bottom is covered with it to the depth of one-eighth of an inch. In the centre of the dish place a rose or any flower, and over this a tin funnel. Now blow gently into the funnel, slowly lifting it at the same time. Continue blowing until you make quite a large film, and then disengage the funnel, after having first turned it at right angles. This trick always mystifies and delights, and helps to make the soap-bubble party something out of the ordinary.

Another trick is to blow a bubble upon a flower—a stiff petaled flower is best, and one of brilliant hue. The coloring is often beautiful and delicate in the extreme.

Are Men as Vain as Women?

By Elizabeth Edwards.

IT is no longer considered witty—or even in good taste—to cavil in literature at the supposed purely feminine follies, such as love of finery, penchant for scandal, appreciation of her own good looks, and other alleged failings of the fair sex. At least, not for men to do so. And when a woman writes of such things, the natural inference is that she is scoring sins in which she herself does not indulge for very many obvious reasons.

But there is another reason for this in these days of modern thought. It has come to be generally recognized that the men themselves are not without the crime—or, let us say, the misdemeanor—of vanity, and that they show as little hesitation in mutely avowing it as the most frivolous of the feminine contingent.

My own opinion is and always has been, that the average man of to-day is enamored of himself. However, the matter will bear discussion very well, and I am quite open to argument.

First of all, as to his physical beauty, if he has any.

The type of American young man which we Americans are supposed to admire the most is that type which is drawn by Charles Dana Gibson. It shows a man about twenty-five or thirty years of age, tall, well-built, broad-shouldered, with clear cut features of rather rubescent hue, palpitating with self-confidence and not afraid of addressing himself to either man, devil, God, or woman.

And yet we find very few such men on, say, Broadway or Fifth avenue, in New York. They don't quite come up to the Gibson type, and it's as well that they don't, for the Gibson type, and the Christie type, and the Peirce type, and the Wenzel type, have one touch in common that is not pleasing to the close observer. The touch is that of the male artist's model. To me nothing is more contemptible than a male artist's model, unless it is a chorus man. Where there are so many channels for a livelihood open to a healthy intelligent young man to-day, it seems such a waste of possible material to drift into the ranks of the male artists' models or of the chorus men.

I would not mention this save as a point in the question of the vanity of the masculine creature.

Now, this Gibson type, although it is not as frequent in real life as one might think from its importance, is nevertheless a type that thousands of young men are striving to reach—more or less successfully; usually less. And I say that this striving is a proof of male vanity.

The men think that the type not only pleases women, but that it impresses members of their own sex. It imparts a

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suggestion of manliness, which only too frequently does not exist. This is a form of vanity among men that is at all events no less ridiculous than certain affectations of women, such as the baby stare, or the antelope walk.

Another affectation of the men is to cultivate a stern and unyielding expression to the face. To be properly impressed by this expression, a woman must suppose the man is worried by affairs of state, and that his will is an inflexible one and not to be influenced, no matter what the pleading. When I see a man with that cultivated expression, I know right away that he is as weak as water and that the smiles of the first woman he meets will reduce him to a condition of helpless and fatuous inanity. The man with the really strong will and weighted by really important cares, has not that kind of face at all. His importance is obvious, but it does not show itself that way. It is a sort of photographical pose.

A third and common variety of male vanity is that which impels him to pose as a man of the world. The so-called man of the world in this country is a very different person from the European specimen. The English or French man of the world is one who can rightly be so described. He is a traveler who has spent his leisure hours in accumulating the information which only travel can give him. The New Yorker who wishes to be regarded as a man of the world is of decidedly inferior calibre, for the suggestion remains that he has loafed a good deal of his time and not spent it in the usual way of the New Yorkers—that is, by being busy earning money.

Therefore, when I see a young man affect the airs and conversation of a would-be man of the world, I pity him, and so do nine women out of ten. Women may pretend to admire this type, but I assure you they do not in reality.

I say nothing of the pride some men take in their clothes, for I think attention to one's garments is not deserving of censure, being only another form of that cleanliness which we are informed is akin to godliness. The Reverend Dr. Parkhurst tells us that although cleanliness is next to godliness, it isn't quite the same thing. It is so very close to it, however, that one is tempted to confuse the two.

I like to see a man well-dressed, and I always insist upon my sons being so. The fault of over-dressing is comparatively rare with men. Ready-made clothes are so easily obtained, and the national sense of humor is always so much in the ascendant that this mistake is easily avoided. Twenty or thirty years ago, it was perhaps more common. At that time it was the proper thing to ape the English fashions in the matter of masculine dress, and violent combinations, born of

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toadyism and ignorance mixed, frequently resulted. Even the sporting characters along Broadway and on the East Side of New York dress in a markedly becoming manner. This subject alone is worth a detailed magazine article.

Photograph of the brains of a man who knows every woman is in love with him.

Without doubt the most offensive form of vanity among men is the imagined consciousness of irresistibility with women. Oh, how nauseating that is! Nothing too savage can be said about it. Yet it is very common among the males of the species, and the amusing part of it is that those who are subject to it the most virulently are those *not* endowed the most generously with the gifts which might tend to make them irresistible.

You will always find a weak, loose mouth on the faces of these men, a mouth that tells the story as plainly as big type on an election poster.

I have never been able to understand how the man who boasts of his conquests expects to be believed by his fellow men. He does not extend universal credulity to the alleged exploits in that line of the others. Why should he think they should take his Munchausen anecdotes for gospel?

According to his specifications, the girls are dying to see him all the time, and inclined to be quarreling among themselves for the honor of his escort to places of amusement. He has something to go upon in the last named item, for he does not know that there are girls who will endure anything in the shape of a man in order to go to the theatre or a dance.

It is principally the very young men—the youths, the hobbledehoys—who are guiltiest of some of these misdemeanors of vanity, but age is no guarantee of absence of conceit.

How many old men have I not seen showing off just like little boys, but in, perhaps, a different way.

The old man who has been elected the president of a bank, or of a railroad, will smile at his reflection in the mirror next morning with the added consciousness of a superior attractiveness which was not present to his mind when he was a mere director.

The schoolmaster's vanity is too thick to pierce with the most malicious sarcasm, so I won't waste any words over *him*.

The presence of vanity is not entirely the fault of many professional persons and they should not be wholly blamed for it, for they are encouraged thereto by the hosts of silly women—and men, too—who cater to their sense of self-esteem, but it doesn't make this growing sin of vanity any the less repulsive.

Then again, men in various walks of life are conceited because they wear eyeglasses. They need the eyeglasses, but they think the eyeglasses make them look intellectual. You can detect that kind of vanity at a glance.

And the long-haired literary man has a few sins of vanity charged up against him in the Ledger of Life. You've seen him, haven't you? If not, wait and learn something.

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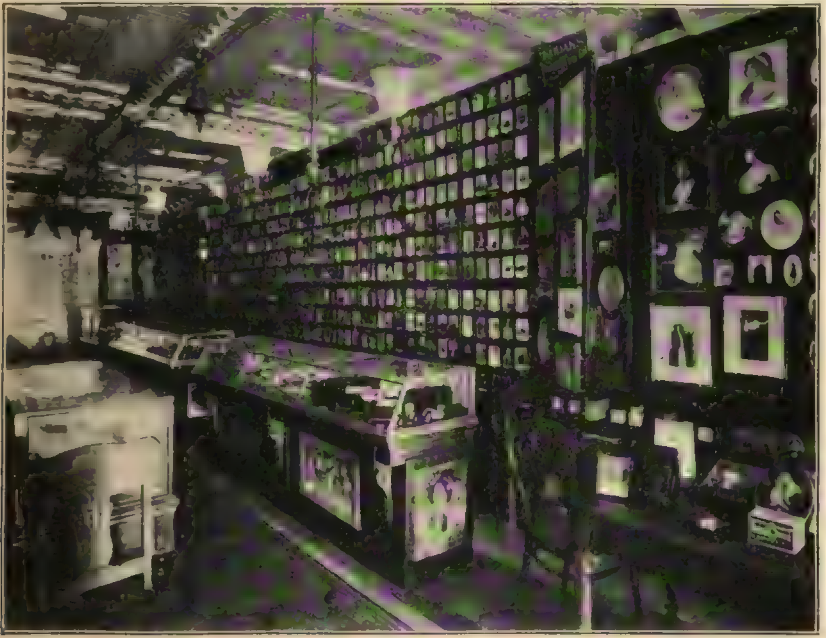
New York's Museum of Photography.

By Jerome Banning.

HEREWITH is given an interior view of the establishment of Mr. Charles L. Ritzmann, who, as the majority of New Yorkers know, has devoted the many years of his life to the collection and sale of photographs of celebrities. Mr. Ritzmann is the owner of over half a million of such pictures, ranging from the theatrical stars of half a century since to the matinee idols of the moment or the dead, and half forgotten monarchs of a decade ago, to the members of the royal families of the present period.



This store contains over half a million photographs of celebrites

The demand for photographs of given personages, so he says, is in a measure dependent on the events of the hour. For example, the Venezuelan difficulty has brought about calls for pictures of Emperor William of Germany, King Edward of England, Minister Bowen, President Castro and others concerned therein. Plays in being on Broadway are invariably followed by a heavy sale of the pictures of their leading men or women. On the other hand there is a constant business in the photographs of certain histrionic favorites, such as Messrs. E. H. Sothern, Frank Worthing, Aubrey Boucicault, James K. Hackett, Robert Edeson, Edward J. Morgan, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Millie James, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Miss Clara Bloodgood, Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Annie Russell, Miss Elizabeth Tyree, Miss Amelia Bingham, and others.

Interesting movements in political circles result in inquiries for the individuals therein involved. Just now President Roosevelt's pictures are selling freely as, too, are those of Messrs. Platt, Odell, Quigg, Jerome and so forth.

Kipling on the Stage.

"The Light That Failed."

As Viewed by Broadway Magazine's London Correspondent.

London, March, 1903.

"LADIES and gentlemen, I will convey to Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. George Fleming the manner in which you have received the play."

These were the few modest words with which Mr. Forbes Robertson, amidst the most deafening cheers and applause, concluded the first performance of "The Light That Failed" at the Lyric Theatre.

But I maintain that it is not so much to Mr. Rudyard Kipling that such thanks are due; neither is it on Mr. George Fleming that all praise should be bestowed; but it is the unquestionable triumph of Mr. Forbes Robertson himself that is responsible for the delirious enthusiasm with which "The Light That Failed" was welcomed on its first production.

"Is it like the book?" asked one. "Oh, I don't remember; I've forgotten all about it," was the reply. But will the pathetic picture of Mr. Forbes Robertson's *Dick Helder* ever fade into oblivion and be forgotten? Is it not the perfection of an æsthetic ideal that must linger for all time amongst the most cherished memories of one's artistic storehouse?

If there is any fault at all to be found with Mr. Robertson's masterpiece of art, it will be said to err on the side of divine pathos, pitiful truth, and haunting realism. His moods are so utterly convincing that they become contagious, and we weep, sigh, and suffer with him till our eyelids ache, and our heartstrings are knotted with silent agony.

I shall never while life endures forget those awful moments when Forbes Robertson awakes to the ghastly fact that the calamity he has been dreading for years has come to pass. Blindness has shut out the world from him for ever and evermore. He is not crushed or driven to whinings by such a blow; it is the terrible refinement of his pain that tortures and racks one so, and the calm dignity and repose that render the scene almost intolerable in its profound impressiveness. Suddenly the determined jaw of the afflicted man moves; he utters but one word, the name of the girl he loves so passionately. Slowly and reverently *Gilbert Torpenhow*, *Dick's* best and most faithful chum, moves to his side. "*Maisie*," whispers the blind man. *Torpenhow* bends head; his lips touch the poor sightless eyes. The face of *Dick* becomes radiant and illuminated with hope, for surely he thinks that kiss was given him by the one woman in existence who can turn earth into heaven or hell for him, and the curtain falls on a picture so absorbing and so sublimely beautiful that the audience remains rapt and breathless with the solemnity of it.

There is, perhaps, but little purpose in the prologue to the play, which takes place outside a war correspondent's tent on the outskirts of the camp in the Soudan; but it scores heavily as a charmingly picturesque bit of coloring, and introduces an insight of life that is always interesting and attractive.

In the studio at Pomona House we find *Maisie* busily intent on her last picture. She is hardly conscious of what she does or does not desire; but that she really and truly and fondly loves *Dick* there is no possible doubt whatever. Miss Gertrude Elliot

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is, however, at her best in the last act. where, forsaking the independent attitude and veneer of heartless selfishness she has assumed, she throws pride to the winds, and goes on her knees to beg for the love from her blind idol, that she spurned but a short time since.

Perhaps one of the most difficult parts—for it is such an unsavory character to attack—is that of *Bessie Broke*, the impudent, unclean little street arab, with her draggle-tailed clothes and cringing voice, but Miss Nina Boucicault came through the trying ordeal with flying colors. It required the knowledge, the talent, and the skill of a true artist to play such an extremely risky part, and Miss Boucicault proved again and again during the evening what an accomplished and capable actress she is. There is invariably a temptation to exaggerate or be excessive in characters of this description; but never for one instant was Nina Boucicault out of the picture. Instead of giving offence to the prudish and fastidious, she positively gained sympathy.

"The Light That Failed" is so stamped with the hall mark of sincerity, earnestness, and reality, albeit it is charged with a delicious sadness that purifies but does not depress, that it is bound to create a lasting and beautiful impression on the minds of all deep thinking and intellectual people. JAMES GARDINER CLARKE.

Broadway Localettes.

A FEW more pupils wanted at Columbia. Come early and avoid the cane rush.

Society item: Miss Mary Smith is in our midst. She is visiting friends down Battery way. Hope you will enjoy yourself, Miss Smith.

S. P. C. A. now insists on stock being watered once a day during the hot weather.

Broiled lobsters soon to be seen on the sunny side of Broadway.

Cauliflowers as boutonnières are no longer fancied by our best people. Tailors' tags, price side out, have replaced them.

Seedless pop corn in great variety at Guyler's candy store.

Conductors on the cars of our main street seem to be changing all the time.

Fine line of well-tired horses now selling at Jockeyem's stables. Also some choice automobiles that can be driven in single or double harness.

Telescopes to rent to persons wishing to view the top of the Flatiron building. Also life lines and half-ton weights for windy days. C. U. Saife, Madison Square Park.

Beans to-day at Spanley's.

Host Holdt of the Calledoff-Castoria Tavern has hominy on his supper bill. We are enterprising people hereabout.

Mr. Conried's Singing School will go right on. Terms, one dollar a breath.

A. Fish is stopping at the Aquarium. Guests there seem to be in the swim.

Jennet's coffee reduced to 2½ cents a cup. No grounds for complaint.

Cars on Broadway now run both ways.

Several good openings for young, well-fed boys. Apply to Superintendent of the Alligator ponds, Central Park.

A man, name unknown, tried to cross Broadway at Thirty-fourth street last Friday. He hasn't got over it yet.

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From a photograph taken especially by De Silva & Hill, New York.

AN EASTER SONG.

Easter, the time of tender leaves,
Of bursting buds and thankful songs;
When swallows build beneath the eaves
And Spring repairs the Winter's wrongs

Clear voices from the choirs now tell
Those tidings old but ever dear
Of what, on Easter morn, befell
The watchers by the Saviour's bier.

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Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as *Theroigne de Mericourt.*

Bernhardt a Heroine at Fifty-Seven.

By Frank Lloyd.

Paris, March, 1903.

THE great event of the present season in Paris has been the first appearance of "Théroigne de Méricourt" on the stage of the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. Every new production of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is impatiently awaited by an expectant crowd of admirers who, though knowing her well, are yet full of curiosity—that curiosity which wants to know how once again this time she will manage to make herself fairer to the eye, more thrilling to the soul, and invent something more perfect than the last time. For several days before the performance of the new play, which always ends in an overwhelming triumph, on all sides may be heard gossip and chit-chat, news from behind the scenes and echoes of the rehearsals—a gentle murmur, as it were, whispering to the few what the grand voice of the great actress will proclaim to all.

Another attraction, and not a less exciting one, preceded the appearance of "Théroigne de Méricourt" on the stage.

The question was to know with what skill and success M. Paul Hervieu would be able to work out this kind of play, for it was his first attempt at historical drama.

M. Paul Hervieu has drawn his fame not only from his books, but also from the stage. He is one of the young literary glories that France may well be proud of. Look at those brilliant plays of his, in which his talent has so successfully brought out, in sober speech, yet in thrilling accents, the brutal partiality of "law and custom," favoring man and wronging woman, as in "La Loi de l'Homme" (The Law of Man) and "Les Tenailles" (The Pincers). Or again, when he takes a higher flight still and gives himself up to the terrible task of unveiling the cruelty of destiny and of the laws of life against certain living beings, or when he brings out the anguish of a crisis caused by a passion plunged in the twofold torment of torture and doubt, as in "La Course au Flambeau" (The Torch Hunt) and "L'Evêque" (The Bishop).

Such opinions Mme. Bernhardt stated to me at great length, when she received me in her box on the night of her first appearance as *Théroigne*, when she was still throbbing with the life which she had just bestowed upon the heroine, and when she was still shining in all the glory of the applause showered on her by the spectators.

"What a number of historical figures would sleep the gentle sleep of forgetfulness amidst the dust of past ages, had they not been raised up again, as by a miracle, and brought back to life and to the light of day by the talent and genius of great playwrights!"

"And it is owing to this very fact," continued the famous tragedian, "that plays like 'Théroigne de Méricourt' are not only beautiful, but are also beneficial, and spread good around them. Yes, I say *beneficial*, for no *benefit* can be compared with that of making truth known and of blazoning it forth in the light of day."

And then Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, after speaking enthusiastically of M. Paul Hervieu, told us under what circumstances "Théroigne de Méricourt" had been thought out and finally produced.

She it was who had conceived the desire of playing the heroine's part in an historical drama written by M. Hervieu. She made her wish known to him. She was at the Hague when she received the manuscript of this play, that was produced on the stage after twenty-four days' rehearsal.

And this wonderful woman, who attends with minutest care to the slightest detail in her theatre, could not find praise enough for the zeal displayed by all around her, those who had managed to get this great drama ready in less than a month.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whom one can never forget once one has seen her in her long, white gold-bespangled gown, beneath which seems to wave the mere outline of a body, and around which winds a rich, white fox fur, was kind enough to communicate to me, as I was on the point of taking leave of her, the fact that her next creation would be that of *Andromaque* in an adaptation of Racine's tragedy, with music by Saint-Saëns.

Next, we were anxious to question the author of "Théroigne de Méricourt" himself. As is usual with him, he spoke to us in language slow, distinct and choice. "It was whilst reading about the Revolution," he said, "that the thought came to me of putting Théroigne de Méricourt on the stage. Moreover, I considered it would be interesting to bring to life this period of the Revolution, and that, too, by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who, with her great talent, had represented every age but this one, and thinking of her, I wrote my drama. "That she has realized my conception of the main character of the piece goes without saying. Like all great artists, Mme. Bernhardt has no difficulty in becoming *en rapport* with an author and of assimilating the mental picture which he forms of his work as a totality."

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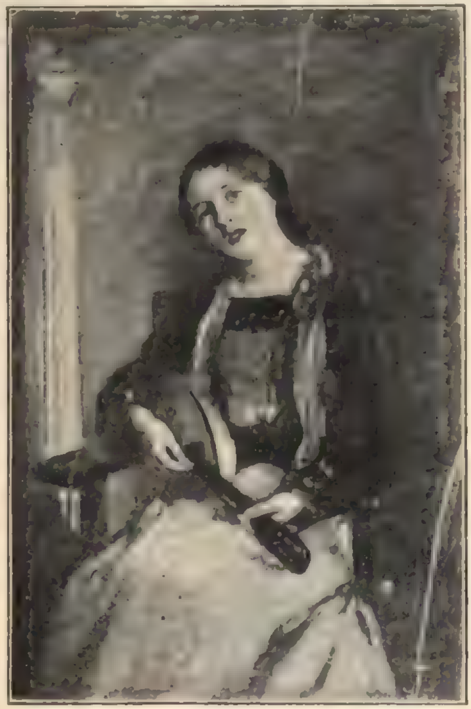
The Mandolin Girl of Bohemia.

By George J. Ainslee.

IT was an artist friend who first brought her down to Le Mauvais Sujet, a café in the near heart of the art quarter, near Washington Square. She had known the lad in school days, and when she came to New York with her mother and put up at a fashionable family hotel uptown, Dolby, the artist chap, called upon her, and then offered to show her a bit of higher Bohemia, as he called it. He was permitted to escort her into the unwondered realms, and the dear little thing sat during the whole evening listening to wild harangues, brilliant repartee, impromptu poems and what-not till midnight, and came home with her head filled with the glamors of café life.

She remained in the town for some days, and was seen again and again at the same café, and then disappeared back to her old home.



Dolby's Drawing of "The Mandolin Girl."

But she did not long remain. She undertook to resume her studies, but somehow the glittering upper Bohemia preoccupied her mind to such an extent that one day she was missing. She appeared like an angel visitant in the art quarter and began to study music with a celebrated master. We called her "The Mandolin Girl" because her singing and execution on the Spanish lute was something rare and beautiful. Dolby, the artist chap, fell genuinely in love with her, but she refused to entertain toward him more than a mere platonic affection, and to ask him to accompany her to various places of amusement, as well as the usual dinner at the Mauvais Sujet.

Then Dolby grew desperate and disappeared, leaving behind him certain studies of the mandolin girl that have become famous. But the girl remained ever the same. The fascinations of upper Bohemia were strong upon her, and even when her father died, leaving her an immense fortune, she did not stir from her chosen haunts, but continued to idealize and dream and etherealize on art for the art's sake, living simply and almost humbly, the while perfecting herself in music. She made one sally into society and was offered a large sum by a manager to appear in public. She refused, and returned to be the simple mandolin girl of her old days. She is to-day to be seen in and about the same haunts, but no longer beautiful with that calm beauty which was her chief charm.

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Early Spring in Central Park.

By Charles J. Dene.

CENTRAL PARK is New York's Nature calendar. Just now its trees and shrubs and meadows are registering the advent of Spring. There is a faint suggestion of verdancy on millions of twigs and branches, brown or crimson tipped buds are swelling with the young life within them, the lawns are beautiful with the beauty of baby grasses, the air charged with the scent and vigor that are of April, and mating and nesting birds twitter, chatter and chirrup unceasingly.

But these are not the only indications that the park gives of the youth of the year. Already the humans that are part and parcel of its life during the pleasant months are in evidence. The baby carriages, the small toddlers, and the trim nurses are out in force, following the sunshine as it retreats from path to path. The children of the far east or extreme west sides of the city are there, too, enjoying themselves none the less because they have no *bonne* to hold them in check

The Casino in Central Park.

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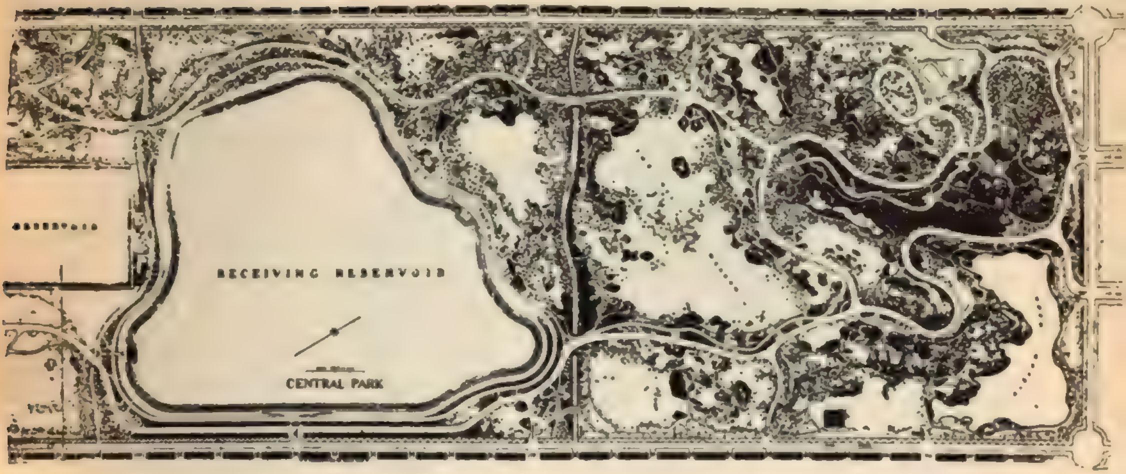
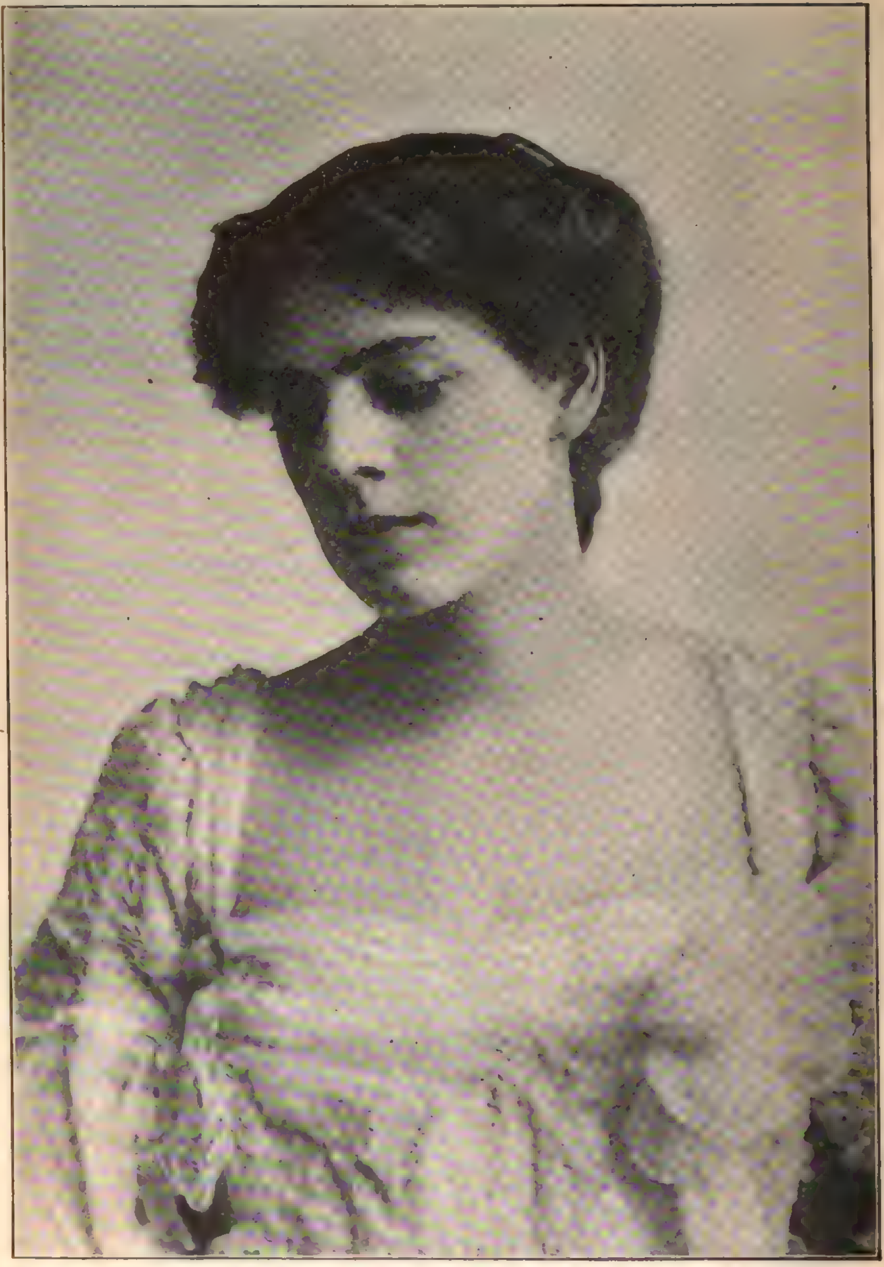


or prevent them from exploring forbidden thickets or tree clumps. Then there are the old fellows on the benches, who doze over their newspapers and make friends with the squirrels and little ones and exchange confidential notes with each other regarding the changes wrought in the park by the storms of winter, or when such and such a shrub is due to begin its blooming.

The amateur botanists and naturalists are abroad there also. Likewise and inevitably, the man behind the camera, and he is many. Over in the Zoological Garden there is much doing of interest to the lovers of animals, including the wooing and housekeeping of water fowl and such other birds as see fit to undertake the cares of matrimony. The borders of the lakes tell the story of Spring through their fringes of young rushes and such growths as love water a-plenty. From the islands comes the clamor of much excited quacking and honking. In the quiet corners of the lakes lily leaves are beginning to stud the surfaces and here and there is a promise of the actual flowers.

Lawn Tennis and Games Shelter

The Conservatories are one of the notable features of New York's playground.



Photograph by Sarony, New York.

Miss Barrymore is pensive.

SOME months ago BROADWAY MAGAZINE published pictures of Miss Ethel Barrymore as a typical American girl. These two new portraits shown herewith of Miss Barrymore, now starring in "The Country Mouse," are even better proofs that she is a fine type of the Yankee girl. Miss Barrymore is tall and

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

Miss Barrymore is only mildly interested.

slim and young; that gives her a splendid start. Add to this a high society manner and a knowing ingenuousness—the paradox is noted—and it can be readily seen that the daughter of Georgie Drew Barrymore is easily an undoubted type. Incidentally, Miss Barrymore looks the rôle of the butterfly when posing before the camera. One of her chief charms is a suggestion of well-bred languor.

Facts for the Woman Automobilist.

BY ALICE J. CREAMER.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Automobiling is becoming such a common sport or pastime with women, especially New York women, that this article by Mrs. Creamer, one of the noted expert auto-drivers of the Metropolis, is of especial interest. Note will be taken of the somewhat careless way in which Mrs. Creamer handles the matter of speed, which the law is supposed to control. But that is not our business.*

THE subject of ladies' headgear is one that really should be approached with more than trepidation. Indeed, the contemplation of advising upon so incomprehensible and complex a subject is almost sufficient to set up heart-vibration akin to that of the early, ungoverned, single-cylinder engines employed for car propulsion. Nevertheless, as a car-owner's pleasure in driving ladies upon any car consists in the conviction that they enjoy their ride, that pleasure must be lacking if he sees them turn out in unsuitable headgear. In another note some remarks will be found upon wind-pressures and the wearing of goggles, and what is there said in regard to the pressure of air caused by driving rapidly should be carefully considered by ladies who are contemplating what are so widely known as "picture hats." These are altogether undesirable for motoring, and yet how often one sees them, and sorrowfully notes the mind-agony of the fair wearer as to the condition of the adorning feathers, etc., at the end of the journey. A lady who petrolizes every day would do well to wear a small fur toque in the winter and a straw in the summer, worn with a veil consisting of a yard and a half of chiffon, grey for choice, secured round the neck and fastened under the chin.

IN driving on an automobile in sharp weather, particular care should be taken to preserve the eyes from the impact of the cold air as the car speeds over the road. Passengers taking a drive for the first time require to be warned as to this whenever there is a possibility of exceeding a speed of fifteen miles per hour. Up to that rate, if the air is still, it beats upon the face with a pressure equal to what Molesworth characterized as a "pleasant breeze," while twenty to twenty-five miles per hour means a "brisk gale," thirty to thirty-five a "high wind," and forty to forty-five a "very high wind," Now, twenty miles per hour is a very ordinary speed in the open country, so that, when only driving through a calm, you encounter the pressure above given, while if progress is being made into the eye of wind, say a gentle or pleasant breeze, the rush of air against the face is all the greater. Experience alone will convince the uninitiated of this, and ladies in particular require that so great a cause of neuralgia, in addition to rendering the eyes red, bloodshot, and altogether unsightly, should be pointed out to them. However disfiguring they may regard them, the fair sex, if they would preserve the brilliancy of one of the—if not the—chief features of the face, should protect them with good goggles. These should be made draught-proof by means of chenille edges, but, at the same time, the cases holding the lenses should be perforated above and below, as, the best oculists tell us, it is harmful to close the eye against all ventilation.

AND one thing more: Don't try to look fluffy. Be bandboxy; be snug—no flying boa, no flying hair, no frills.

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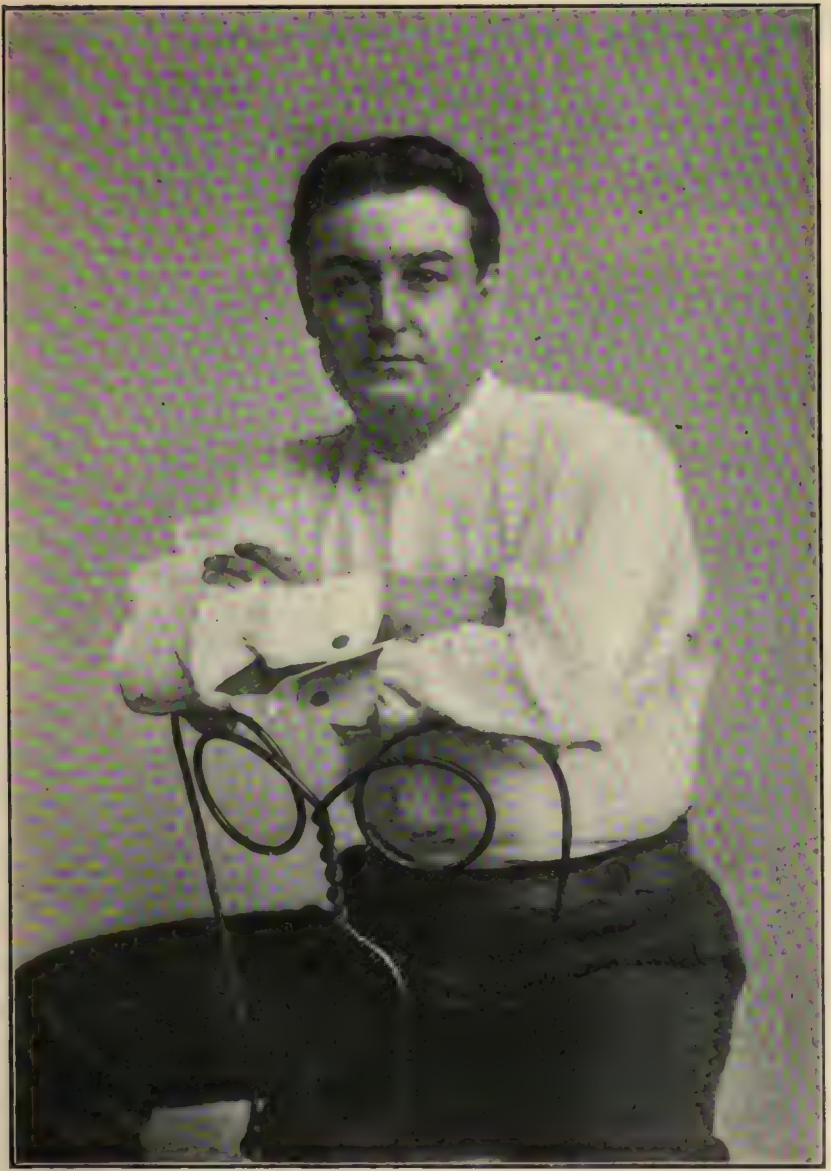

Photograph by the Studio Grand, Cincinnati, O.

MR. J. BIGELOW COOPER.

A handsome leading man of the younger stage set. Mr. Cooper, who is at present the leading man of "A Desperate Chance" Company, has been before the American public for a number of years, and usually in prominent roles. He is a virile actor and while an acknowledged matinee favorite, he is not given to those airy graces and inconsequent poses usually associated with matinee heroes. His work in "A Desperate Chance" during the present season has been manly and convincing. Mr. Cooper will make Broadway sit up and think when he gets the right opportunity.

The Transformation of Ada Lewis.

By J. E. Burt.

WHEN a young woman of the stage has achieved a professional success of the "character" order, she is likely to try and repeat herself indefinitely. Miss Ada Lewis who is now playing *Setsu* in "The Darling of the Gods" at the Belasco Theatre, was wise in that she declined to perpetuate the tough girl of stagedom in which rôle she first attracted public notice and approval. As the Japanese maid who is the attendant of the *Princess Mo-San* she gives proof not only of her versatility but of the fact that she has made rapid strides in the technique of her profession. She is a hard worker, and as intelligent as industrious.

MISS ADA LEWIS,

As *Setsu* in "The Darling of the Gods," at the Belasco Theatre.

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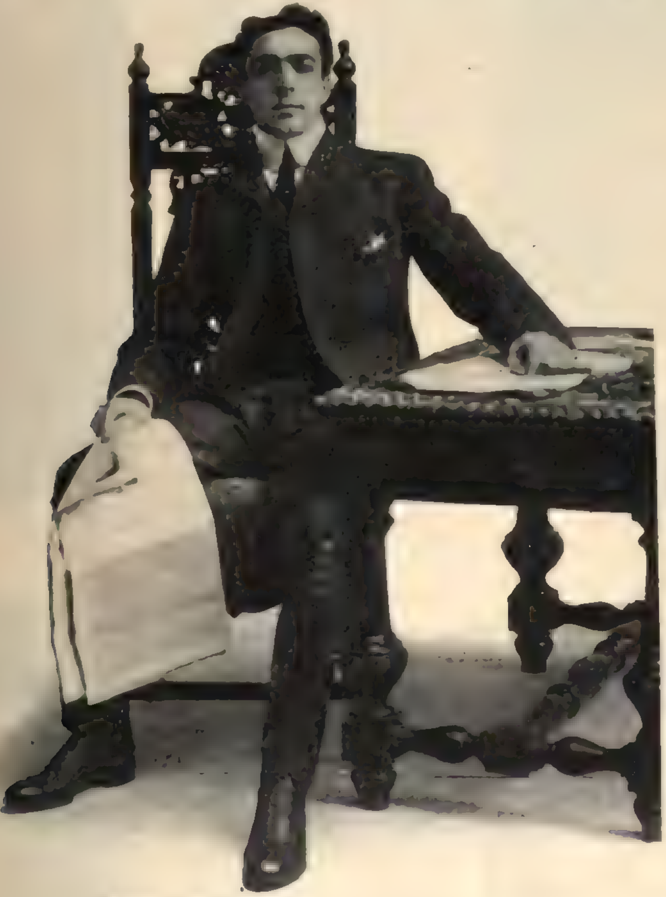
William Faversham Off the Stage.

By John T. Grant.

MR. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM is, as most people know, the husband of Miss Julie Opp. His marriage to the actress was of comparatively recent date and it is to be presumed caused consternation among countless matinee maidens.



by Sarony, New York.
Mr. Faversham as he appears in his library

Mr. Faversham takes much comfort in his library, his horses and his dogs. He is somewhat of a book collector and among others, has a valuable lot of volumes bearing upon the history of the drama from its inception in ancient times right up to the present day. He owns horses of the cob and roadster type and rides and drives with equal skill and enthusiasm. He is a clever versifier and can write as good a short story as the next man. Much of his professional studying is done in his library. He is furthermore, an expert with the camera, doing his own developing and printing. An actor of his sort has necessarily a large following of friends. So Mr. Faversham entertains often and lavishly.

Faces We Meet at the Box-Office.

BY T. P. LYONS.

Photo by Elite Studio, S. F.
MR LOUIS A. MORGENSTERN.
Of the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Photo by Dupont, N. Y.
MR. HY. D. SCHAAD.
Of the Belasco Theatre.

OF the various forms of diplomacy required to conduct certain kinds of business, that expected of the men in the box-office is not the least important nor the easiest to acquire.

He has to placate the angry, evince a friendly interest with the bore, inform the ignorant, encourage the timid, discourage the deadhead, and remember a thousand things, all at the same time. Most of these feats the New York box-office man does successfully.

Regular theatre-goers see the ticket seller at the theatres and are familiar with his face. He is also familiar with theirs, and he can give them what they want in a few moments, if he has it, but the average citizen seems to have but a hazy idea of the exact duties of the man who provides his seating room at the play. He is apparently under the impression that they combine those of the hotel clerk with the after-dinner speaker.

The ticket seller is nearly always connected with the business management of the theatre and has plenty to do not only while he is selling tickets to the public from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., but also before and after

Photo by Orville, N. Y.
MR. JER. T. SHAW.
Of the Broadway Theatre.

Photo by Rockwood, N. Y.
MR. MAURICE DE VRIES.
Of the Princess Theatre.

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Photo by Grahl, N. Y.
MR. WILLIAM ORR
Of the Metropolis Theatre.

Photo by Arthurs, N. Y.
MR. F. T. BRINCK.
Of Keith's Theatre.

Photo by Pach, N. Y.
MR. CLINTON W. MOFFATT.
Of Daly's Theatre.

those hours, yet the would-be theatre-goer never hesitates to take up his time in unnecessary argument or badinage, just as though the duties of this official were purely routine work.

"This is a real comical play, ain't it?" inquires the moral old lady, as she purchases a couple of tickets for, say, "The Unforeseen." "Yes, madam, comical in parts, but full of pathos, too," replies the gentlemanly person behind the little window. "Make you cry?" says the old lady, hesitatingly, and as if in doubt whether to buy the tickets. "Undoubtedly an emotional play, madam, but one which runs the entire gamut of the heart strings," is the satisfying response, and the tickets are placed carefully in the reticule.

"Say, dis ain't as good as you done fer me five weeks ago," complains a youthful Bowery sport who occasionally essays a visit to the balcony of an up-town theatre. The man in the box-office feels guilty at recalling neither the purchaser nor the seats of five weeks ago, but manages to convince the young man that it is the best that can be done, and he also departs satisfied.

As for the deadheads, they are legion, and the excuses they offer in exchange for the privilege of free seats are the limit of human ingenuity. And the busy deadhead is ever with us.

Photo by White, N. Y.
MR. WILLIAM PARK.
Of the Savoy Theatre.

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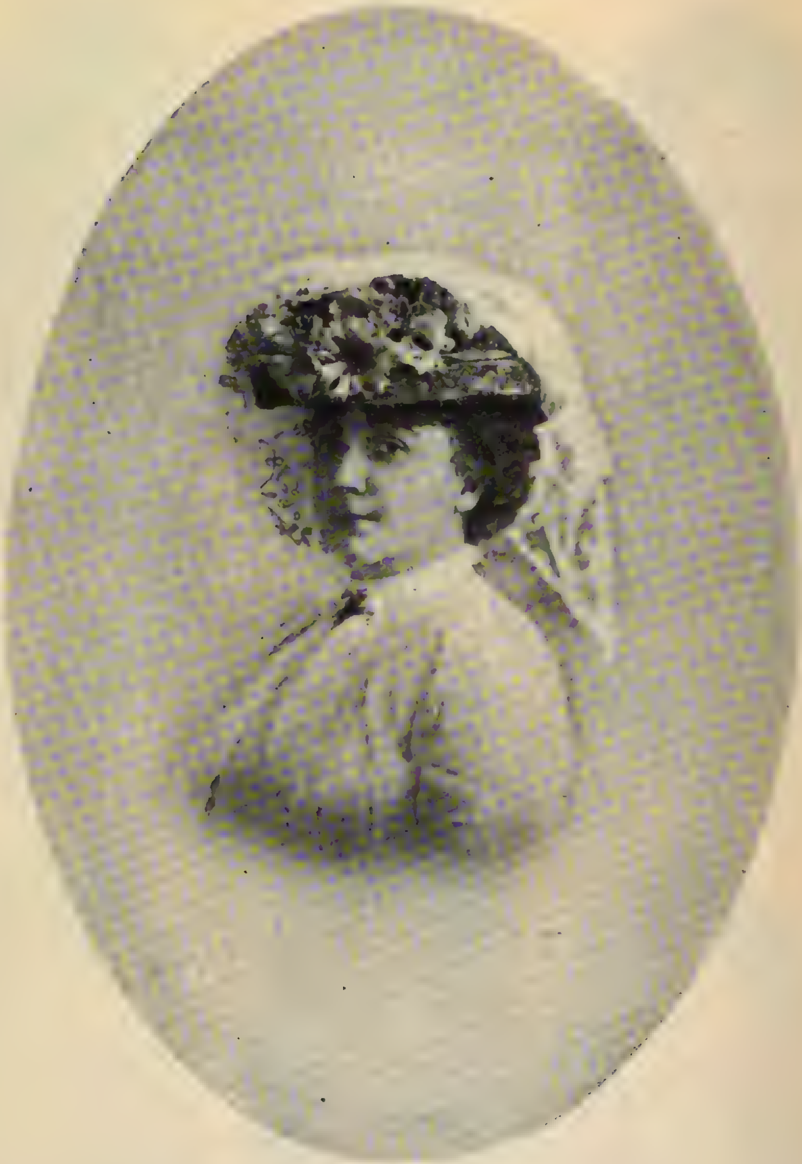

Fay Templeton

The Stage in New York.

BY FREDERIC EDWARD MCKAY.

WITHIN the last four or five weeks the strong tendency of the metropolitan stage in the direction of light musical outputs has become even more noticeable than it was earlier in the season. At the time this article is written a survey of the theatres on or about Broadway brings to light the fact that the performances of this species are in evidence at not less than ten—this being a sum probably never before equaled in this connection in the matter of musical outputs in any one city in any portion of the globe. At the Academy of Music the classical "Florodora" has held sway in the form of a revival—that being the furthermost downtown playhouse; at the Majestic, which is the nearest up to Harlem, "The Wizard of Oz," which was reviewed in the last number of BROADWAY MAGAZINE, has proven to be one of the most strong hits of the season, attracting to that extremely West-side establishment as smart audiences as those that attend either the Empire or Daly's.

Flashlight by Byron, New York.

Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Fritz Williams in "The Unforeseen" at the Empire Theatre

ODDLY enough the two most recent "arrivals" as feminine stars in what may be termed opera bouffe-land struck Broadway on one and the same evening—Miss Marie Cahill at the head of her own company in "Nancy Brown," at the Bijou, and Miss Blanche Ring in the title rôle in "The Jewel of Asia" at the Criterion—the latter postponing her own starring tour until May, at the Knickerbocker, to support James T. Powers in his own stellar debut in the opera just referred to. As Mr. Powers is a tried and seasoned performer on that thoroughfare, speculation revolved itself mostly around Miss Cahill and Miss Ring. Both of them won out most unmistakably with the critics and the public, using entirely different methods, the former making popular "Under the Bamboo Tree," as a successor to her first melodic hit, "Nancy Brown," and the latter scoring with "The Same Old Crowd," which seems destined to be hummed about town quite as much as were Miss Ring's previous renderings, "The Good Old Summer Time" and "The Belle of Avenue A."

IN the New York Theatre Williams and Walker, who first caught the attention of New York at what was Koster & Bial's on Thirty-fourth street, with their rag-time ditties, played a prosperous engagement with an all-black company in "In Dahomey." The inveterate theatregoers, somewhat satiated with the stage accomplishments of "white trash," found a deal to enjoy in the vein of negro melody and comedy provided by these industrious balladists; and it may be set down that as an innovation that they were more prosperous than Hagenbeck's animals, who took up several weeks at this theatre earlier in the season.

THE most trenchant comedy success of the last month is Augustus Thomas's "The Earl of Pawtucket," presented by Kirke La Shelle at the Madison Square Theatre. "The Earl of Pawtucket" was extremely useful to Miss Elizabeth Tyree in that it gave her a staunch vehicle in which to appear, after her two failures made since the season's opening—"Molly Pitcher" and "Gretna Green." With all due respect to Miss Tyree's acting, it must be noted that her vogue was eclipsed readily enough by Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, an English actor originally imported by Charles Frohman, who represents in physique, gesture and voice the typical "howling swell" that gives the title to Mr. Thomas' latest hilarity-evoker. It is another sign of the weakness of managerial judgment that "The Earl of Pawtucket," according to common account, was declined by several managers on the score of its unworthiness before Mr. La Shelle thought he saw a gold mine in it.

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

MISS EVA M. JAMES.

Who is one of the show girls in "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino, New York.

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Photograph by Byron, New York.

One of the sprightly scenes from "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Broadway Theatre.

MISS AMELIA BINGHAM distinguished the month of February by presenting a new play and securing a new manager. "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," in which she has the title rôle at the Princess Theatre, is from a foreign source by Clyde Fitch, and is permeated with the flippant dialogue that has made that playwright noteworthy. The piece has been rather severely handled by some of the New York critics, but the potency of Miss Bingham and her supporting company, including the recently arrived W. L. Abingdon, of London, and the gorgeousness of the scenic investiture have kept the production in line. Mr. Frank McKee, who has now assumed charge of Miss Bingham's affairs, is one of the most cool-headed and shrewd managers manipulating theatrical organizations, and with two such stars as Mary Mannering and Miss Bingham under his wing, he may be said to be driving a spanking pair.

FOR her first failure as a star, Miss Blanche Walsh must thank the inadequacy of her play when Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern exploited her at the Broadway Theatre several seasons ago. But she tried again in this direction in the middle of February in Tolstoi's "Resurrection" at the Victoria, under the direction of Oscar Hammerstein and Wagenhals and Kemper. She received unstinted praise from the most conservative reviewers, and her acting of the rôle of the fallen woman who is put forward in no soft lights by Tolstoi, is a striking specimen of gruesome and graphic impersonation. This character is a remarkable anthesis to "Camille," "Frou Frou," "Carmen" and other "heroines" whose sins are colored in rose, and Miss Walsh deserves an especial compliment for not deviating from the truth in her playing in this instance.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

In the apartments of "The Earl of Pawtucket." *Wilkins* (Ernest Elton) on the left, *Ella Seaford* (June Van Buskirk) in the centre, and *Arthur Weatherbee* (John W. Dean) on the right.

CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM'S production of Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "The Little Princess," at daily matinees at the Criterion and then at the Savoy, marked an innovation in managerial policy; and it is worth adding that Mr. Dillingham found profit in what other managers thought to be a mad undertaking—drawing audiences steadily before nightfall. This comparatively young manager, by the way, has been enlarging his sphere of usefulness lately and so he at the beginning of next season will have no less than fifteen attractions on the road—chief among them being Julia Marlowe, Maxine Elliott, Frank Daniels, Henry Miller, Millie James and Fritzi Scheff.

WEBER AND FIELDS have lent variety to their always comic shows

Photograph by Perkins, New York.

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL IN "MICE AND MEN" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Miss Russell plays the rôle of a foundling child who is adopted by a rich Englishman. He educates her and ends by falling in love with her. Incidentally, she marries someone else. Mr. John Mason plays the rich guardian. The piece is by Madeline Lucette Ryley, and ran for months in London.

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through injecting a parody on "The Little Princess," called "The Big Little Princess." It is perhaps superfluous to mention the fact that their auditorium is still packed to the doors at every night and matinee. There have been even more than the usual supply of rumors that opposition to the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, directed by Klaw and Erlanger, is causing those booking agents to tremble a bit. Weber and Fields have given their bookings to the "Independent Syndicate," and one or two out-lying theatres have added to the latters lists. But Klaw and Erlanger have no more agitation over these facts than would take hold of Tiffany and Company, were that firm to be told of that a new jeweler is opening a shop in Harlem.

REPORTS have been rife, too, to the effect that there is civil war in The Vaudeville Managers' Association—it is claimed, because Mr. Percy Williams, of the Brooklyn Orpheum, and Mr. B. F. Keith, of the New York Union Square—both members of the Association—have had different opinions. Nevertheless, the organization is still all-powerful, and the Society of White Rats of America, composed of "variety acts," continues to wane.

Flashlight by Byron, New York.

Scene from the "Frisky Mrs. Johnson." Miss Amelia Bingham on the left, and Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk on the right.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS OF INTEREST.

BARONESS CEDERSTROM, formerly the Marquise de Caux, Signora Nicolini, et cetera, and otherwise known as the "divine diva," Adelina Patti, has at last signed the fateful documents which brings her to America to serve up her golden notes on a diamond platter, as it were, at the rate of three dollars and forty-seven cents per note, marked down from three fifty. She will sing twice at each concert, and receive therefor the sum of five thousand dollars and half the proceeds in excess of seven thousand five hundred. This stupendous contract covers a tour as far as the middle west, and as far south as the City of Mexico—a series of sixty concerts in all. She will travel as never queen ever traveled in the world, and have an army of servants, property keepers, valets, et cetera, and when all is done for her little excursion, covering barely six months, she will carry back to her Craig-y-Nos castle in Wales the snug sum of nearly half a million dollars. What a change from the days when Adelina was compelled to employ a corps of detectives to watch the box-office, when she demanded a certain sum down before setting foot upon the stage at each performance, and at intervals during the opera made frequent peremptory demands on the management, keeping those in the box-office menage in fuming fury! Surely the farewell business is one of exceeding profit in these latter days of heroine-worship, when the heroine preserves the voice, youth and buoyancy of a woman of thirty-five, when in her sixtieth year.

MISS ISADORA DUNCAN, the California dancer, is in luck. She is remembered by New Yorkers as the rather lean and hungry young lady who taught dancing to the little people of the rich, and was rehearsing some tiny folk at the Windsor Hotel at the time the fire took place, and by remarkable presence of mind, marshalled the band down through the smoke-clouded corriders and so saved them. Miss Duncan's style of dancing is a revival of the Greek, and whereas she was taken up by society here to a certain extent, illustrating Oriental poems with her figures, she created much more of a furor in London, Paris and Berlin, and it is rumored that certain wealthy admirers will contribute the sum of a quarter of a million dollars to allow Miss Duncan to carry out her cherished dream of building a temple to Terpsichore in the real Attican style. Countess von Buelow, wife of the Impeperial Chancellor of Germany, is said to be Miss Duncan's chief admirer and patroness. American girls abroad sometimes do manage to get the good things which their own people are slow in granting them.

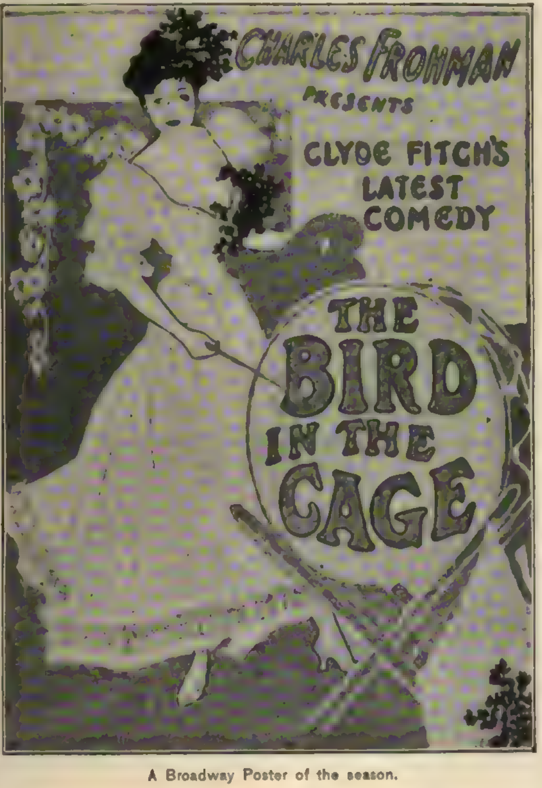
OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH, the Russian pianist, has been unusually successful under the Frohman management, but it is strange that with all his copious hirsute adornment, his spirituel manner and his playing, which is something almost Greek in its simplicity, Slav in sadness and always refined, he does not seem to make the hit with the matinee maidens that Paderewski and Hambourg achieve every time they give a recital. Gabrilowitsch is the son of a lawyer in St. Petersburg, and was given over to the dry-as-dust

Photograph by Byron, New York.

One of the closing scenes in the boudoir of "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" *Mrs. Johnson* (Miss Bingham) on the left; *Mrs. Frank Morely* (Minnie Dupree) in the center, and *Jim Morely* (Wilton Lackye) on the right.

profession, but soon abandoned it after hearing Rubenstein, and playing for the great Viennese teacher who made the Polish favorite what he is, and receiving that great artist's commendations. The young Russian is not the least sensational, and whereas he is at times capable of great brilliancy, he nevertheless is suppressive of emotion rather than demonstrative, and this is one reason why he just falls short of being one of the lions of the hour. Those in the know affirm that only once in his career did Ossip display a tenderness sublime and prove that he had a soul capable of responding to the deeper emotions, and that was when playing before the beautiful Russian Countess Cassini, in Washington, for, be it known, on this occasion the young Petersburgian almost lost his heart. He evidently found it again and locked it tightly within his cryptic breast, for the matinee maiden has never since been able to discover any evidence of it, which may account for her lack of enthusiasm toward him and his playing.

THE arrival of the Ferenczy Opera Company, of Berlin, under the management of Mr. Conried, leads one to believe that there is a strong German leaning in the manager's perspective in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. The company is composed of half a hundred persons, headed by Fraulein Mia Werber, a star of the comic opera stage—the Lillian Russell of the German capital, as it were. It is said that the company has been a very successful one abroad and that the German contingency in the metropolis welcomes the newcomers heartily. Mr. Conried's Irving Place Theatre will for the present be the scene of the new company's efforts to amuse a music and mirth-loving public.



A Broadway Poster of the season.

MR. E. H. SOTHERN has developed his bump of poetry to such an extent as to win the admiration of some of his contemporaries and to excite the envy of others. It looks as if there was danger of an epidemic of stage poetry, with Mr. Sothern in the lead, for his effusions are appearing in the *New York Herald*, the magazines and elsewhere, and what is more, seems to be very good poetry at that. As a press agent proposition, it is certainly a new one and worth imitating by those who can write or at least think they can.

ELCITA, the well-known dancer who recently died of an "athletic heart," the result of her efforts to amuse the public, began her professional career when but five years of age. That was sixteen years ago and she had been dancing continuously in the interval. She was a good looking, graceful young woman who in private life was Helen Loder Jones.

THE theme of "Resurrection" is so lofty and the interest so well sustained, that Bataille and Morton have not once been obliged to descend to the subterfuge of using a tawdry blaze of epigrams to disguise weak construction or a halting scene. The public has suffered of late from mediocre plays plastered thickly over with a glittering rococo of rhetoric that seems brilliant enough on first hearing but which will not bear examination. It is a relief to find a play whose language is simple, straightforward and sincere.

What epigrams there are in "Resurrection" are good. Here is one:

Katrinka—"After all, life has only moments."

Prince—"Yes, but it is for those moments that we give our lives."

THE epidemic of "Resurrection" bids fair to surpass in virulence that of "Du Barry" in recent and "Trilby" of older days. Three *Maslovas* are reported to date—those of Blanche Walsh, Elita Proctor Otis and Una Abell Brinker of the Corse Payton forces over in Brooklyn. More will probably be heard from in the near future. And the public will have to stand it.

MESSRS. STAIR AND HAVLIN'S intention to build an up-to-date theatre in Brooklyn emphasizes the fact that across the Bridge as in Manhattan, the tendency to move "up town" is continuous. Every modern place of amusement in Brooklyn has been erected on a site very far removed from the old theatre district. The property purchased by the theatrical firm named, indicates a still further drift from the erstwhile histrionic land marks toward what is known as the Bedford Section.

IF it be true that Miss Marie Dressle has been receiving a salary of $1,000 during her recent vaudeville engagements, then her illness of a few months since was not an unmixed evil. For hard upon her early convalescence came that monster benefit of hers, and the publicity incidental to her struggle with the demon of typhoid, accounts for her current value according to managerial standards.

IT would seem that the man who sets out to be a popular novelist or successful playwright should not forget to remember to cremate much of his early work. This remark is in order in connection with Mr. Hall Caine and the recent production of "The Penitent" in New York. The piece is a dramatization of Mr. Caine's book called "The Son of Hagar" which work was callow, crude and full of cheap sensations.

MISS MINNA CLAUSENIUS is one of the more recent of society young women who have elected to adopt the stage as a profession. She comes of a well-to-do Chicago family, her father, the late H. Clausenius, having been a well-known banker and the German Consul of the Windy City. Just now she is with "The Earl of Pawtucket" Company.

ROBERT E. BELL, actor, has been saved from apparently inevitable death by consumption through the air of Colorado. He is now engaged in trying to arrange for benefits to be given all over the United States, the proceeds to be used in building a sanitarium in Colorado for the benefit of those of his professional brethren who are afflicted as he was.

Edward Harrigan, who returned to the Metropolitan stage in "The Bird in the Cage."

Faithfully
Amelia F. Stone

Miss Stone of "The Chinese Honeymoon."

THE Earl of Rosslyn has the faculty of making the American public remember that he is still in being. His debut on our stage, his Monte Carlo "system" and his proposed tour as a dramatic star and so forth, have followed each other with such dazzling rapidity that his Lordship is obviously not in need of a press agent.

MISS CECELIA LOFTUS ripens, so to speak, with the advent of her not-yet-so-many years. This statement is emphasized by the fact that the prayer composed by her for Mr. Sothern when as *Francois Villon* he speaks in "If I Were King" the words "A Prayer for You to Our Lady," is marked by a rhythm and vigor which is not always in evidence in the case of amateur poetesses who are writing to order. Both metre and method are in accord with the subject. Perhaps we may hear further from Miss Loftus on the lines of this last exhibition of her talent.

THE dramatic profession still maintains its well deserved reputation for being to the fore whenever the calls of charity demand its services. A notable example of this (and a successful one) was in connection with the recent benefit for the Actors' Home which took place at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 13th, and which was managed by Mr. Daniel Frohman. It was in many respects the most remarkable of the many benefits of its type, inasmuch as the programme included the majority of the most prominent of the actors and actresses before the Broadway public.

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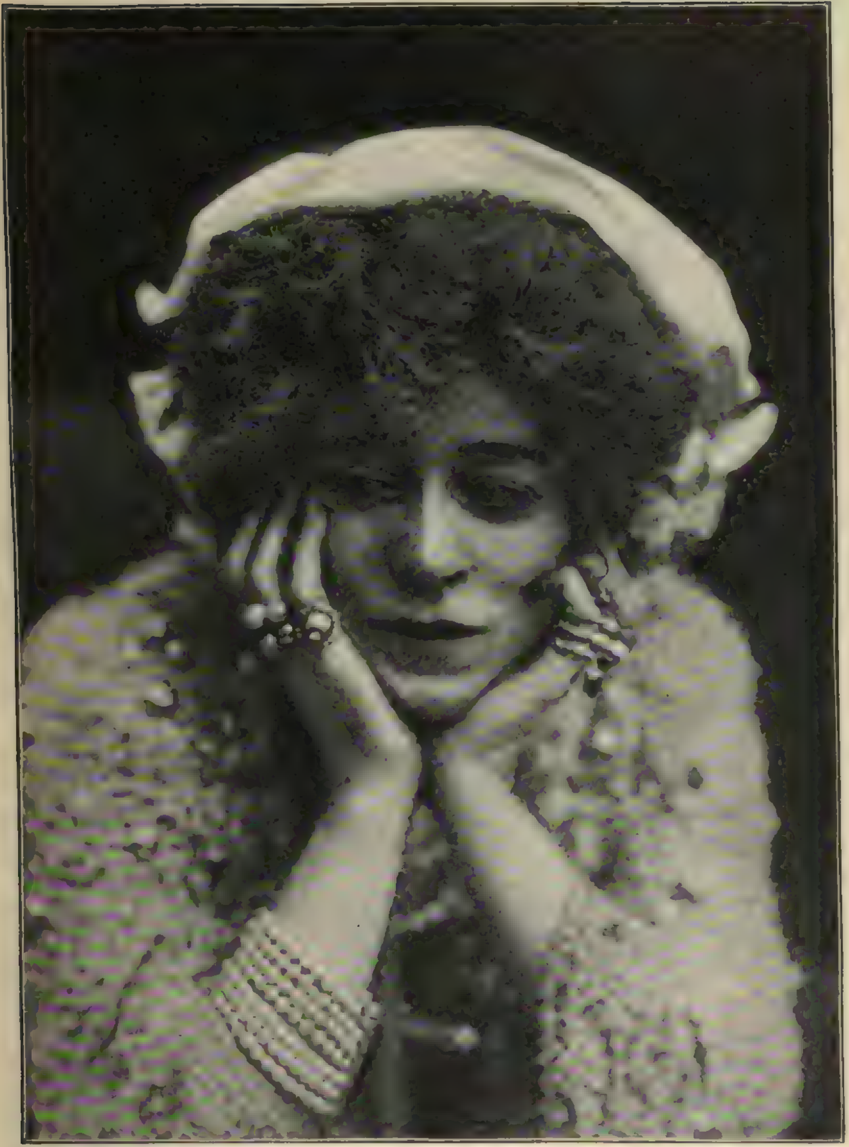


Photograph by Sarony, New York.

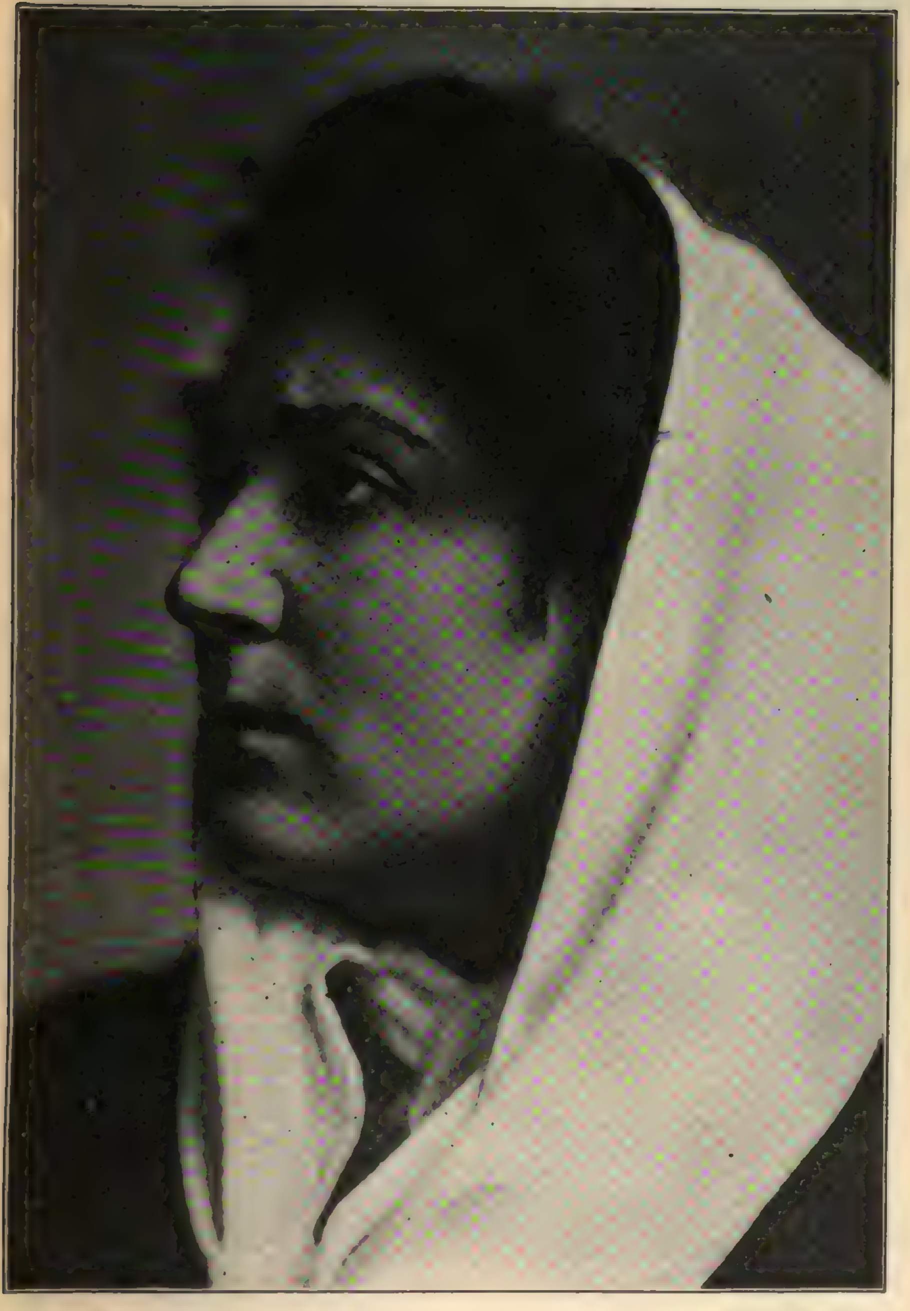
A REMARKABLE PORTRAIT OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

This is one of the latest and by no means the most uninteresting of the many pictures of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Considered from the standpoint of the photographer, it is notable because it is a departure from the usual, as far as the pose is concerned. Apart from that, the layman will be attracted by the intensity and depth of expression on the actress' face. Note, too, the apparently spontaneous and unstudied expression of her features. This art of facing a camera and impressing upon the spectator that she did not know that she was so doing, is one of the useful if minor gifts of Mrs. Carter. That she is the owner of rare and curious pieces of jewelry is another fact to which this photograph calls attention. Her collection of pearls in particular is of a very valuable nature, indeed.

Photograph by Morrison, Chicago, Ill.

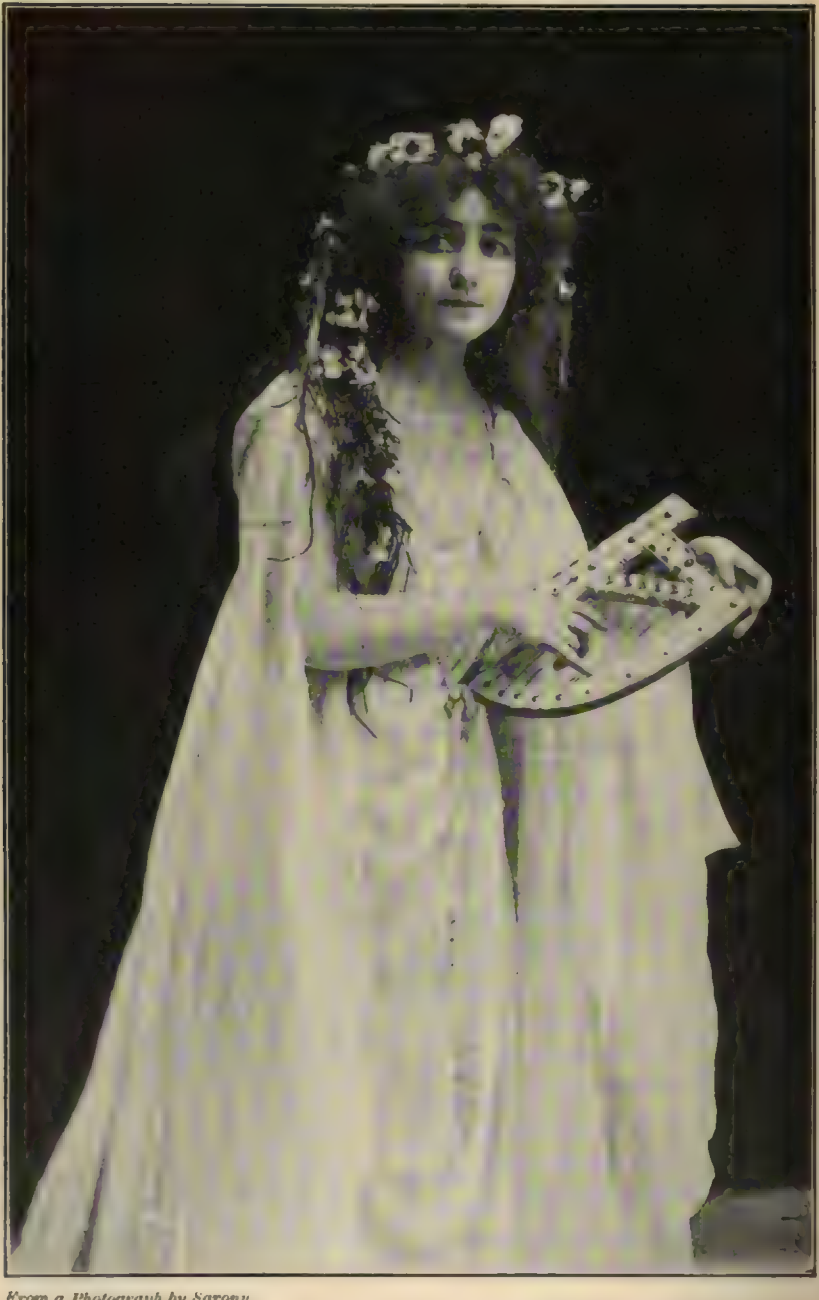
JUNE VAN BUSKIRK, THE INGENUE IN "THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET."

She has been on the stage four years and in that short time has progressed rapidly. Miss Van Buskirk gave a dainty bit of acting with Louis Mann in "The Consul" and will this month become leading woman in "Checkers," which is to open in Baltimore, the home of the author. Miss Van Buskirk is considered one of the beauties of the stage.



MISS BLANCHE WALSH AS *MASLOVA* IN "RESURRECTION" AT THE VICTORIA THEATRE, NEW YORK.

"Resurrection" is the theatrical sensation of the current season in New York City. It is a dramatization of Tolstoi's novel of Russian life.



From a Photograph by Sarony.

MISS CECELIA LOFTUS AS *OPHELIA*.

Miss Loftus has put to rest any doubts of her ability to fill the position of leading woman for Mr. E. H. Sothern. Her *Katherine*, in "If I Were King," was played with a fine intelligence, charming her audience by her winsome bearing in the love scenes, and impressing it by her strength and dignity in the final scene. It is not easy to recall a lovelier *Ophelia* than Miss Loftus made in "Hamlet." It has been repeatedly said that she suggests Miss Ellen Terry as much as a unique personality dare suggest that of another.

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A Triumph of Temperament

BY ADA PATTERSON AND VICTORY BATEMAN.

FROM "BY THE STAGE DOOR;" PUBLISHED BY THE GRAFTON PRESS, PUBLISHERS.

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TWO men, who were sauntering up Broadway, walked more slowly as they passed a theatre, where electric lights above the door spelled the announcement that the most popular American actress was "starring" within. Double lines of carriages formed a parallel of liveried luxury for three blocks. A huge negro in yellow and blue, with buttons that glistened, held his megaphone in readiness to blare forth the numbers of the waiting carriages. There was a rustle within; the doors opened, and women in trailing silks, their jewel-flashing hair half revealed by their falling opera-hoods, swept out to the streets, followed by their escorts of expansive white fronts and sober, black sides and backs, the prescribed accoutrements of the men who patronized the Empire. The air was filled with the hoarse calls of the haughty negro with the megaphone. Vague, delicious perfumes floated from velvet and lace as the women passed to their carriages. Snatches of "Wasn't it charming?" "Isn't she more delightful than ever?" reached them in swift-voiced approval, echoed by enthusiastic bassos. It was a fashionable "first night" in New York.

"Another hit for Julia Woods," said the younger of the men.

"Another triumph of the absence of temperament," said the older.

They turned into a side street, then down a cheap avenue, where pawnshops alternated with French and Italian boarding-houses. High, on the top floor, where the ceiling sloped at a sharp angle, a dim light twinkled fitfully.

"That is where Betty Gilbert is staying," said the older man.

"Convenient to the pawnshop," laughed the younger man, nodding toward the gleaming three balls next door. "I saw her coming out, looking glum, yesterday."

"Nothing left to pawn, but promises, probably, and pawnbrokers, like others, hold them cheap."

The man's downward-drawn mouth wore an unpleasant smile. He lifted his eyes again to the far window, where the light twinkled feebly.

"There, my lad, you have a triumph of temperament."

And they passed on.

From the stage door of the Empire a slight figure, wrapped in a long cloak, came out, followed by a stouter one. The two got into the last waiting carriage, that was banked high with flowers, looking like a great floral chariot.

"Open the windows, Mary. The perfume of these flowers is stifling."

Julia Woods laid her head back upon the cushions. Her maid noticed anew with a throb of pity for her mistress how frail she looked.

"Do you think you ought to call on her to-night, Miss Julia? Won't you send me to-morrow?"

"That is exactly what she asks me not to do," said the actress, smiling.

She drew a crumpled note from her glove.

"Don't send your maid as you would to another case of charity. I want to see you, Julia Woods."

"It seems to me a pert letter, Miss. Do you know her?"

"Yes, I know her well a good many years ago," and again the maid noticed the weariness in the face and voice.

"This is the place."

Miss Woods peered from the window at the misnamed Maison Riche, where one light twinkled faintly high under the roof.

"It's an eerie place, Miss. You'll let me go with you?"

"Only to the hall, Mary. Wait until I come down."

She climbed the three flights of stairs in the dark hall and tapped at the door in front.

"Come."

The voice was impatient, child-like, but there was a rich, womanly tone in it. It was a contradictory voice and might puzzle one who did not know its owner. Julia Woods was thinking this, as, with a half smile, she pushed back the door and entered.

"Come in," the voice continued. "I knew you would come, though Ned and the rest said you wouldn't."

"You see you were right."

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Julia Woods moved nearer and stood looking down at the woman on the bed. Neither offered to greet each other more warmly, although they had not met for ten years. They had always been, by nature, antagonistic. Both felt the old antagonism stirring within them. They looked at each other curiously with the wonder each had always felt for the other, as for a strange species.

Julia Woods saw a splendid creature of opulent womanhood still, for she was gilding her with the colors of memory. A woman with amber eyes, in which strange fires smouldered or leapt as the winds of her emotions willed, with pillows of chestnut hair, tinted with the warmth of the sun, a face of perfect outline, and full, red lips that wooed even while they would have repelled. Betty Gilbert smiled as she saw that the illusion remained. She still had a good eye for effects. The light burned low.

"Be seated Nun."

The Julia Woods knew that she, too, looked the same to the other—narrow chested, high shouldered, with wan, irregular features, pale, gold hair, and gray eyes that looked straight and steady and beyond her. And she knew that she still scorned her as a pale, feeble thing.

At the sound of the old name she sat down near the bed and tried to smile.

"This has been a great opening."

Julia Woods caught the faint sneer, struggling with wistfulness, in the woman's tone.

"The play went better than I expected, though they are ever so many things I want to see improved."

"You were always modest. I heard that success had not turned your head."

She seemed to admit this reluctantly.

"You are very kind. Did you want to see me especially?"

"Yes; for several reasons. In the first place I am down. You must know that I have been tobogganing it, though it hasn't all been my fault. I need work."

"On the stage?"

"Certainly. I have never given up my profession." Her assumption of dignity was ludicrous in the half-light of the bare room, ludicrous and pitiful. The child-note sounded again in her voice. "But the managers won't see me any more, and the agents insult me. I need influence."

Julia Woods looked at her curiously.

"And you want mine?"

"Yes."

Again the women measured each other with their eyes. They had the sensation of sparring, of guarding, of being keenly on the defensive.

The star's delicate lips straightened themselves in a thin, pale line of resolve.

"I will help you," she said, "but not in the way you expect."

"You will not speak to the managers or agents for me?"

"I cannot. It would be dishonest; you know it."

The woman tossed impatiently. Her visitor began to see the haggard lines, despite the low light.

"I could not promise that you would not break your contract in mid-season, or before. I could not promise that you would not insist upon the manager putting into the company some incompetent favorite of yours, old or new. I could not tell him that you would let drink or drugs alone."

Betty Gilbert was woman of many moods. That of the begger was uppermost now.

"I haven't a cent, and I owe for five weeks to this beast of a hotelkeeper," she whined.

"I will not ask anyone to give you work. They would not do it if I did. But I will send you to some place in the country, some sanitarium if you like, where you may rest and grow strong again for a year."

They looked at each other again with those closely measuring glances.

"Why would you do this for me, Julia Woods? It isn't"—she laughed harshly—"because you like me, or ever did like me."

"It is because"—Julia Woods spoke very slowly—"I would be afraid to do an unkindness or leave a kindness undone. That is my superstition, my one fear."

"You have reason to dislike me, Nun."

The woman's voice was soft, but the actress blanched at the sound of it. She drew her cloak around her and rose. She spoke hurriedly, ignoring the speech.

"You will hear from me in a few days," she said. "Perhaps to-morrow. I must go now for I am very tired."

The face on the pillow was humble.

"You are very good, little Nun," she said. "You have brought the perfume of the flowers with you."

She drew in the delicate essence with a long inhalation of delight. Then the amber eyes grew dark and dangerous.

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"You poor, pale little creature!" she flung out, passionately. "Why are you not where I am, and I in your place? I am beautiful, and as clever as you. I have temperament; you have not. Why is it thus with us? Why? Why?"

"Because"—in Julia Woods' voice there was the chill of steel—"because you have scattered when I have hoarded. You have had impulses when I have had purposes. You have had loves, while I have had—hopes."

Betty Gilbert flashed back at her in splendid scorn.

"I have lived"—she laughed cruelly—"while you have studied; and for what?"—then her voice broke—"I have never known an ambitious person who was not selfish," she complained.

Miss Woods steadied her voice by a great effort.

"If it is selfish to want to develop the best that is in you, because you feel that it is your duty, and know, in a dim way, that by so doing you help the human race, then ambition is selfish."

"You always did talk about things neither you nor anybody else understood." Betty's tone was petulant now. "You always pretended to use the logic of men."

"Women need the logic of men." Miss Woods spoke with the firmness of unshakable conviction. "It will save them from the unhappiness of women."

In Betty there had set in a counter current of mood. She was curious again.

"They say yours is the life of a recluse, Nun; that when you are not playing you are burrowing among books. Howard Loeser said yesterday that your idea of heaven is a library. Why don't you know people?"

"I don't need to let them into my home and into my life to study them. I see them on the trains and in the shops and in the parks. Besides, we have several kinds of persons within ourselves whom we may study. You must know that." There was a shade of irony in the gentle voice. "Besides"—the voice regained the plaintive sweetness that stirred her audiences—"I am not strong enough for more than one life, and I have chosen that of the student."

The light was so low now that they could not see each other's faces.

"We are the same age," Betty mused. "At school I always had a contempt for you; you were such a shadow of a girl. One of our teachers said you were a water-color and I an oil. But you are a star and I am an outcast. Did you know that I danced and sang in a dive last week?" There was no answer. Betty heard the door slowly open. "You are a star. I am an outcast. But I have been loved as you never could be, and I took your lover from you."

Mary, waiting below, heard the door open and heard a half-mad laugh from someone within. Julia Wood's slender figure swayed in the darkness and Mary ran to meet her. The maid's searching hands found that hers were cold as ice.

"What was the matter with the poor woman, Miss Julia?"

"Nothing," said the star, as she settled into a corner of the carriage. "Not much, at any rate, The light went out, and I think—we were a little afraid of each other—up there in the dark—alone—together."

Betty Gilbert, who had half slid from her bed at the sound of the opening of the door, following she knew not what awful impulse, lay back again and listened as the carriage wheels rolled away.

"I might have told her he asked for her when he was dying, that she was the only one he remembered and cared for then," she said, in a choking voice, "but I didn't, and I'm glad! I'am glad!" She clenched the pillows deep with her angry nails. "O, I'm glad!" she said.

She reached beneath the pillow for a purple velvet caser She drew a needle from it and thrust it deep into her arm. In a few minutes her set features relaxed into a smile and she slept.

Miss Woods was silent on their drive to her home, near Central Park.

When Mary brought her her coffee and the morning papers the next day the actress's sleepless eyes looked at her dully from a wan face.

"The notices are splendid, Miss; the best you've ever had. Hilary Bell calls you 'a younger Duse.'"

Julia Woods turned her white face to the wall.

"What does it matter?" she sighed.

A young actress, smartly dressed and with happy eyes, was just then climbing the narrow stairs to Betty Gilbert's room. Her atmosphere was like a sea-breeze,

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"I'm going to star next season with Hilton! Isn't it splendid? O, my dear! Do you remember, when I called on you about going on the stage, you said 'Don't?'"

"I remember," said Miss Gilbert, slowly, her fingers touching the lace at the girl's wrist. "I was wrong, but I didn't know you then. I didn't know that you were strong enough to play—play—play, even if your heart were breaking. I did not know that you would keep on, on, on, even though your soul was in a torment. I could not play unless I was at peace with myself. If the devils within lashed me, I could not remember that I was an actress and forget that I was a sorrowing, frantic woman. You are broad enough to see the world in its entirety. I could see in it only one person at a time. You can classify, but I judged all the world by one person. You are a centripetal, I a centrifugal, force. You conserve, I scatter. You should have been an actress, I should not. . . .

"Get me a Shakespeare; it's there on the shelf; it's the only one book I have left. Ah! here it is! If I had read this, read it into my very soul, as I have since, it would all have been so different.

"Julia Woods lives by it, I know. Read the lines. I can't see,"

> "Love all, trust few;
> Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
> Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
> Under thine own life's key; be checked for silence
> But never overtaxed for speech."

The young actress threw her arms about the sick woman and cried stormily.

"Don't," said Betty Gilbert, weakly, "don't scatter your forces so. Live as Julia Woods has done, a hermit of the library. Insulate yourself with a thousand reserves. Make that the law of your life. Play for the world. Love no one individually, all collectively. So you were made."

"I—"—the woman laughed strangely, and the laugh died into a whisper—"Oh!—I—Frou-Frou—always Frou-Frou."

That afternoon Mary brought a check from Julia Woods. The amount was so large that it would have surprised the wilful woman in the room under the eaves, had she been there to receive it; but she had gone. They found that the needle under the pillow was quite empty. The last-act curtain had fallen.

She was buried by the Actors' Fund.

Society Notes.

A CHARMINGLY unique luncheon was given on Thursday last by Mrs. Stawkyawd Swyne-Swyne, late of Chicago, on the occasion of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Allie Moany, securing her ninth divorce. The spacious apartments of Mrs. Swyne-Swyne on Central Park, N. N. W. by S., were taxed to the utmost to accommodate the fashionable crowd of divorcees and members of the Aldermanic Order of the Bath House that had received invitations. Among those present were four of the ex-spouses of the fair guest of honor, each of whom extended hearty congratulations to her and themselves. Souvenirs included miniature decrees of divorce and exquisite photographs of Mrs. Allie Moany's matrimonial museum.

Miss Malarie Twizzlety has cancelled all social engagements for the next two months. The tail of her pet pug was recently inadvertently jammed in the door of her boudoir, with the result that its curl is irretrievably ruined. Those friends of Miss Twizzlety who remember the charming convolutions of the caudal appendage in question will sympathize with her in her current grief.

At a recent tea given by the Misses Guggles of Fifth Avenue, South, the guests wore nile green complexions with coiffures a la Maryland de Newburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrand Vanvasour Montresser have rented a delightful shooting gallery at Coney Island for the summer months.

E. S. A. Swindill, Esq., late of Auburn, will, on account of a pressing invitation from a prominent member of the judiciary, spend the coming hot months at a well-known resort on the banks of the Hudson.

Google

On Our Birthday.

The following letters from prominent New Yorkers tell their own story. We are just a little proud of them.

FROM A PLAYWRIGHT.

DEAR MR. HENNESSY:

I send you my sincere congratulations on the 5th birthday of your BROADWAY MAGAZINE. You have certainly a very knowing offspring, for its years.

Your Magazine aims to be popular, and is! Good record!

Yours very truly,
CLYDE FITCH.

FROM A LAWYER.

MR. ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY,
BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. HENNESSY:

The pictures of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE now excel any similar periodical, either at home or abroad; while its clever literary and admirably artistic, up-to-date features keep pace with the best high-priced magazine published.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. HUMMEL.

FROM THE EDITOR OF "THE DRAMATIC NEWS."

MR. ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY,
MY DEAR MR. HENNESSY:

It is some gratification to know that a publication is so highly esteemed as to cause its existence for a period of five years, and I have watched with much pleasure the rapid progress made by the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, both in the constant increase of circulation and the excellence of the material published from month to month. I wish to heartily commend you on the celebration of your Fifth Anniversary Number, and I am sure I am voicing the sentiment of the theatrical profession by saying your magazine is always most enjoyable.

Faithfully yours,
EDWIN S. BETTELHEIM.

FROM A CITIZEN.

MILLS PALACE, 2, 27, '03.

CHER CITOYEN ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY,
Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE:

Congratulation! On Fifth Year,
(Fifth Anniversary, BROADWAY)
What would Edgar Allen Poe say
(Who was the BROADWAY'S Pioneer)
To see his Magazine to-day?
The Phon-Graph, Linotype, Hoe Press,
Have Blossomed typo wilderness
Since Poe's Eventful Dying Day!
In Forty-Nine (at Baltimore
While I was there) Repassed away,
The Raven Croaking "*Evermore!*"
Its Melancholy Holiday!

Citizen GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
Seventy I am Years Young!

FROM A STAR.

Editor BROADWAY MAGAZINE,
DEAR SIR:

Kindly permit me to add my congratulations to the great number you must surely receive on the fifth birthday of your very bright and interesting magazine. Though still in its infancy it is from such acorns that great oaks do grow.

Sincerely yours,
BLANCHE WALSH.

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FIFTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XI. April, 1903. No. 1.

ISSUED ON THE 16th DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION.

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Entered at New York Post Office as second class matter.

ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

We are rather proud of this Fifth Anniversary number—not merely because BROADWAY MAGAZINE is five years old—age sometimes brings nothing more substantial than garrulity. We are proud because BROADWAY MAGAZINE has reached an age that is neither very young nor very old—not so young that experience does not count nor so old that further striving is useless. We are proud because BROADWAY MAGAZINE, still unique and altogether unusual, figured on the basis of the old-style magazine journalism,—has reached a circulation and an importance little dreamed of by its projectors (notwithstanding their ambitions) and totally unexpected by our bretheren in the publishing field. In fact, it is one of the accepted truths in the periodical world that BROADWAY MAGAZINE has been a phenomenal success in the face of predicted failure. That makes this occasion all the more replete with satisfaction—for we are only human.

* * *

We thank our readers for their continued support—thank them openly, honestly and sincerely. We owe them much; we owe them all—for without the loyalty of its readers a publication is like a rudderless ship—it may be built of very fine materials but is a very uncertain quantity. We thank you all once more—and mean every word of it.

* * *

BROADWAY WEEKLY, by the way, has been a remarkable sort of success. It has been out only a few weeks, but already is selling away up in the tens of thousands. Perhaps, after all, this is not so remarkable. BROADWAY WEEKLY is by all odds the handsomest and most expensive paper to produce of any of the prominent high-class weeklies. Its covers in color, beautiful half-tones, fine wood-cut paper and general editorial and pictorial cleverness have caught the public. This is not a business discussion, but we cannot refrain from suggesting that $1.00 for a three months' subscription to BROADWAY WEEKLY is a mighty good investment. At any rate, be sure to ask your dealer to show you a copy of BROADWAY WEEKLY.

* * *

"Theatrical Types" is the name of BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. 17, dated March. All newsdealers have it—and "Theatrical Types" will be of peculiar interest to those who have not been regular readers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

* * *

The metropolitan social season has been marked by the usual struggle on the part of leaders of fashion to give entertainments which in point of novelty should be difficult to surpass or duplicate. The functions of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, Sir Bache and Lady Cunard, were cases in point. Notable, however, was that dinner given by Mr. Joseph Otis Minott, at which the guests, gowned in Japanese fashion ate, or tried to eat, a Japanese dinner served in a strictly Japanese manner. Whether we Occidentals will ever learn to dispense with chairs and convey our food—including raw fish—to our mouths with chopsticks are matters that are still in doubt in spite of the Minott experiment.

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Captain Piper, late of the Powers that Be at Police Headquarters has expressed himself as favoring the strenuous night stick. His liking for the locust is endorsed by several of his erstwhile colleagues so it seems. That may mean that one should look for added labors on the part of our local ambulance surgeons.

If hotel men in general were to follow the example of Messrs. Samuel T. Shaw and Simeon Ford, of the Grand Union Hotel, in the matter of collecting and exhibiting high class works of art for the benefit of their guests, a sojourn at a local hostelry would be equivalent to a primary course in the ethics of the easel. "Art galleries" so-called, are not unusual in New York as adjuncts to a cafe. But these, for the most part, consist of so many yards of canvas covered with so many pounds of paint. The display in the corriders of the house owned by the gentlemen named, is vastly different. It is a numerically small but none the less excellent gathering of representative works of well-known artists. While its purpose may be of a purely commercial nature, yet anything that serves to educate the public taste is worthy of due commendation.

Captain Irving P. Grace, of the New York harbor patrol boat "Lamont," having on several occasions jeopardized his life in usually successful attempts to save the lives of many persons in danger of drowning, has been given a medal by the United States Government in recognition of his heroism. Which was eminently proper. But Grace's experiences as far as those whom he has rescued are concerned, curiously confirm the cynicism of the old adage that "gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come." In other words, he says that rarely if ever does he hear from the persons in question after their first gasp of thanks. New Yorkers in business life will have had the same experience in another form.

Of Lighter Touch

Inconsistency.

He—You are absolutely heartless.

She—How can that be, when a moment ago you said I had stolen your heart.

Short and Sweet.

Mabel—Do you think a girl should answer a man's proposal by letter?

Tom—Not one letter, but three.

Mabel—Three letters?

Tom—Certainly! Y-e-s.

Simply Brutal.

He—She holds her age well, doesn't she?

She—Yes; she doesn't look a day older than she says she is.

She Was Generous.

He—I am hard to discourage. Some day I'll make you say you love me, and then—and not till then—I shall die happy.

She—I'll say it now. I don't mind telling a little fib for a good cause.

A Matter of Conjecture.

Mrs. Bing—What is that frightful noise?

Mr. Dash—Either a Rapid Transit explosion or a bridge whist party.

In Society.

"May I have the honor to conduct your daughter to the supper-table?"

"May you take her to supper? Why of course, and you can take me, too. That's what we came here for."

Truth is Mighty.

Judge—Your name, madam?

Witness—Matilda Murphy, sir, forty-six.

Judge—Well—really! (to the jury). Gentlemen, you will be kind enough to believe everything Miss Murphy has to say.

At the Masquerade.

Mrs. Wederly—Oh! but didn't I fool you, though? You had no idea that you were flirting with your wife all the evening.

Mr. Wederly—No, I hadn't; you were so very agreeable I was completely deceived.

The Woman of the World.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

MR. SAGE AND THE PARROT.

IT is said that a Wall street broker who purchased a dog named it Russell Sage, and when asked why he did so, so, replied, because the animal had never been known to lose a scent.

Speaking of Russell Sage: he lately bought a parrot which was not as green as it looked, for it very soon learned that the favorite luncheon of its master was a raw apple, and always ordered one for its own. At least, so says one of the Apple Marys of Wall street. Mr. Sage is very fond of this considerate bird, which he calls "Economy."

MISS GILMAN'S COOK BOOK.

SO Mabelle Gilman is going to be a useful as well as an ornamental member of society. She intends to give us a cook book, and has promised a box of digestion tablets with each receipt.

In the "Rag Baby," when the young student started a drug store, he used his prescriptions on a dog first, with the result that one died every week.

Can it be that this idea came to Miss Gilman when she engaged the seven Sire brothers to test her receipts, one of which is called Sire Angel Cake?

Miss Gilman evidently believes in the fitness of things.

13.—ELEANOR ROBSON—13.

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON claims the fatal thirteen as her banner number. She honors it by being born on that date, and claims it has been her fairy godmother. Her name has thirteen letters and she graduated on the thirteenth of the month.

Her first appearance on the stage was made in San Francisco on the thirteenth, and that number governed her hit in Arizona and her debut in New York.

MRS. ASTOR'S BEST BIB AND TUCKER.

THE most beautiful gown of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House was worn by young Mrs. John Jacob Astor. It was a sapphire blue velvet festooned with sequins of rare lace.

This costly gown has two shoulder capes which reach to the elbows, the upper one being covered with a fine network of diamonds.

MRS. HALL'S NEW FAD.

THAT Mrs. Cornelia Ward Hall, a leader of the Ardsley set, delights in being peculiar, is granted by her dear particular friends, but her latest fad has not found favor with them. At a reception given by her the footman wore a paddock coat, silk hat and gray gloves. One caller, upon leaving her carriage, repelled his assistance, and resented what she took to be the attentions of an officious stranger.

LOIE FULLER'S TREASURES.

LOIE FULLER has returned to America from her extensive travels, rich in relics.

She is having shipped to America her collection of statuary in plaster, which is valued at one hundred thousand dollars. It represents the gifts of appreciation from different notables.

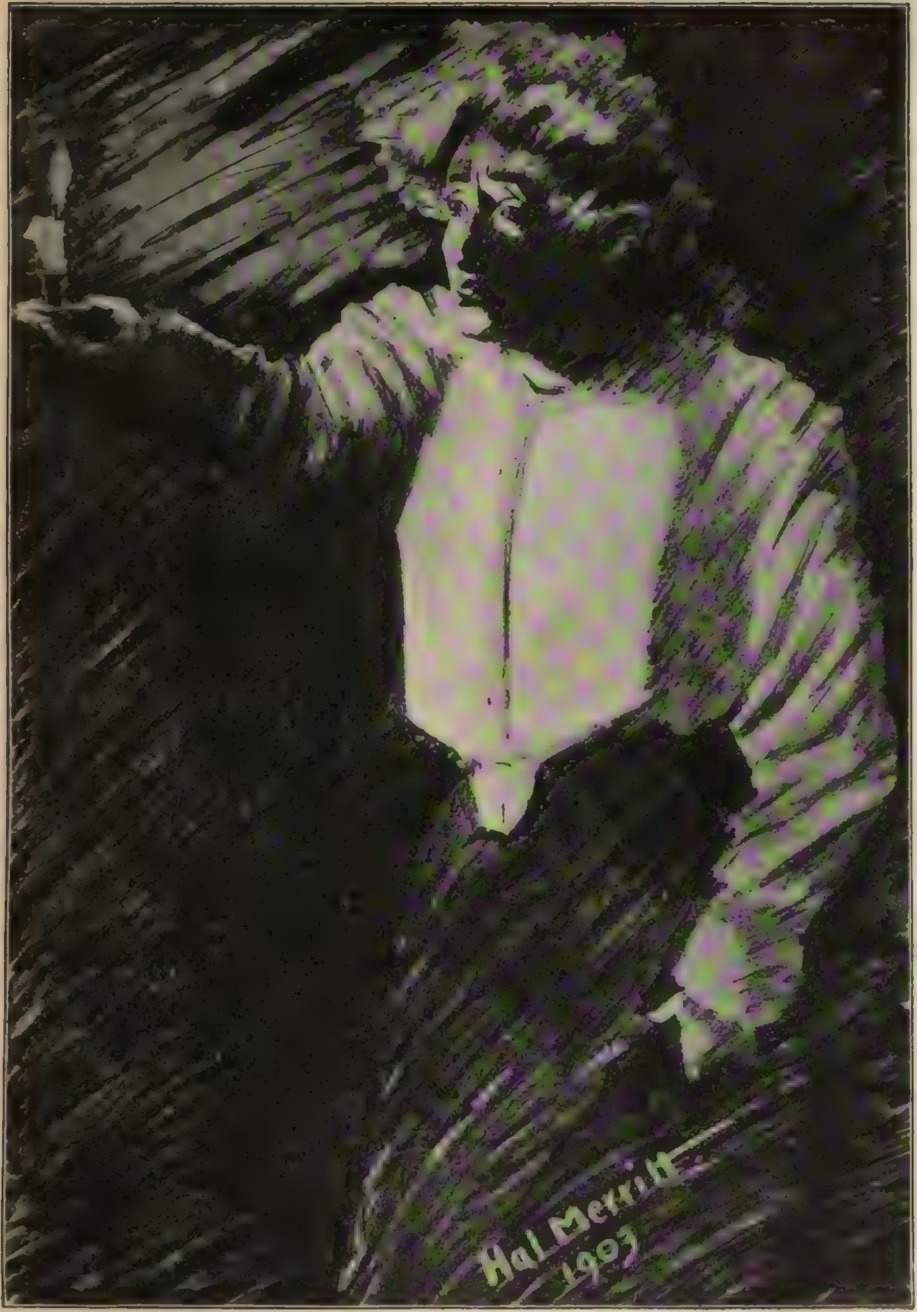
One piece which Miss Fuller owns, if done in marble by a master, would be worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Among her treasures is a small one valued beyond words by her; it is a rose given her by Alexander Dumas, whose friendship she enjoyed.

A French artist has produced a photo of Miss Fuller's robes in her fire dance. It took the gifted man nearly ten years before he succeeded in blending the colors as he desired.

THE RETURN OF BEVERLY SITGREAVES.

BEVERLY SITGREAVES, who plays *Princess Marie* in "Resurrection," is a woman of fine intelligence and strong dramatic ability. She has played all over the world, and her talent has been acknowledged from royalty down. Abroad, her portrayal of the character played here by Miss Walsh was, from an artistic standpoint, the absolute realization of Tolstoi's woman.



AN ODD PORTRAIT OF MISS EVA WILLIAMS

The above is a candle-light pencil sketch of Miss Williams by Hal Merritt. There is genuine feeling and art in such work as this actress gives in Williams & Tucker's vaudeville sketch, "Skinny's Finish." As a Bowery Girl she is an interesting study, and in her line has no superior. Miss Williams gives the humor and pathos of life among the lowly which carries her straight into the hearts of her audience. One has only to see her to realize that she scores a hit every time.

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"Good morning. Pardon me if I remain in this chair of mine. I like to work up in the air, you know."

"You wish to see some of my plans and models, eh? I descend then to terra firma. Attend with me."

"Here are some of my designs. Yes, they seem intricate to you, perhaps, but to me—no."

"This is my latest idea for a shed for my airships. It is a good one, too."

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH SANTOS-DUMONT.

"I am fond of the practical side of my work, and can handle tools of all kinds with a fair degree of skill."

"Machinery, too, has a fascination for me. It matters not what it is intended to accomplish, it is of interest to me nevertheless."

"Now I am working on an ærial omnibus. Of a surety, I shall perfect it. Here you see the basket in which the æronaut sits."

"Here are a few more of my models. They cost much in time, patience and money. But I hope for results from nearly all."

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH SANTOS-DUMONT—CONTINUED.

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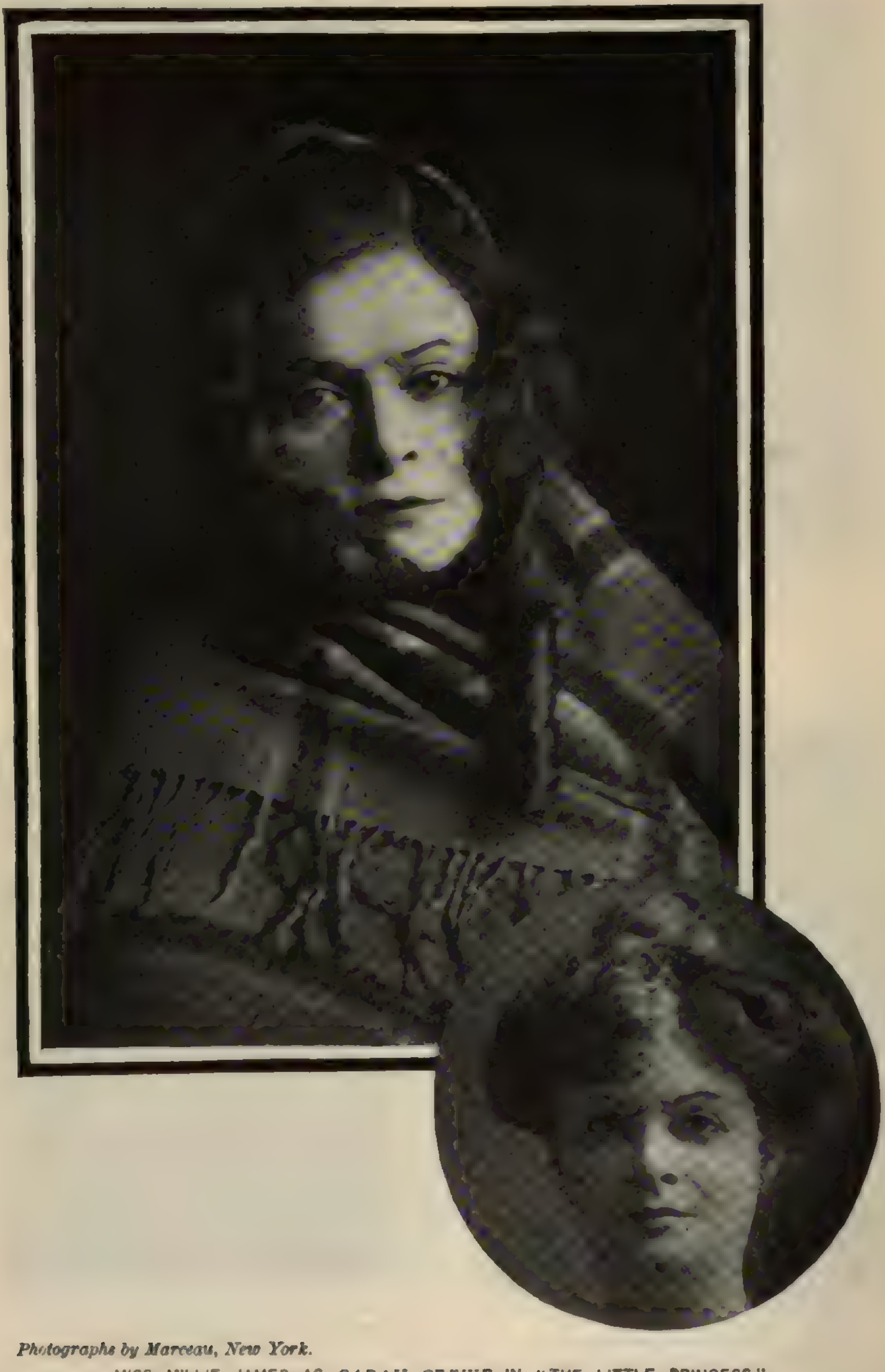

Photographs by Marceau, New York.

MISS MILLIE JAMES AS *SARAH CREWE* IN "THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

Miss James, who is the daughter of Mr. Louis James, the tragedian, first became a notable when she played a child's part in "Lover's Lane." Miss James appears in the role of a child ten or twelve years of age in Mrs. Burnett's new play, and the convincing manner in which she both acts and looks the part is almost startling in its verity. This actress is undoubtedly the greatest creator of stage children on the American stage.

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THE next page contains our

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

Subscription Offer

THE following page is of the greatest interest to every reader of BROADWAY MAGAZINE

* * *

TURN over while you think of it

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PERSONAL

REMARKABLE "FIFTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER"

OFFER TO OUR READERS

For the past few months, we have been telling you that we are as anxious to please our readers as they are to have us do so. No opportunity has been lost to make our readers feel that we think only of their tastes, and that BROADWAY MAGAZINE is published to please them and them alone. No doubt this is why our subscription list has been increasing during the past month at the rate of nearly 2,000 weekly—and thousands of these subscriptions have come from newsdealers who have called their customers' attention to our offers.

We recently made an offer of the "Art Portfolio of American Stars." This was the biggest and best subscription offer ever made in any American magazine. So popular was this offer and so unusual was the value that the entire stock of pictures absolutely ran out and last month we were obliged to substitute another premium offer in its stead.

GOOD NEWS FOR OUR READERS

As soon as we found the supply was being exhausted, we immediately ordered another edition of the "Art Portfolio of American Stars" and we take pleasure in announcing that we are now able to furnish these pictures to yearly subscribers to BROADWAY MAGAZINE only. If you have already seen these pictures you know how beautiful and handsome they are. If you want another set, you can get it by increasing your subscription for another year. If you have not received these pictures, you will certainly want them.

The "ART PORTFOLIO OF AMERICAN STARS" consist of twelve etched photogravures (size each 10 x 12) on gray mats and the most beautiful and exclusive pictures published of the following favorites:—*Maude Adams, Virginia Harned, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Mannering, Edna May, Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Grace George, Maxine Elliott, Anna Held, Lulu Glaser and Edna Wallace Hopper.* You can only get this magnificent portfolio by sending $1.50 direct or through your newsdealer for a yearly subscription to BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Take advantage of this offer to-day, or you may be disappointed. Already thousands of people know that these pictures are magnificent value. Therefore, be sure that YOU are one of the first to take advantage of this magnificent offer.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK TO-DAY.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE COMPANY,
121 WEST 42D ST., NEW YORK.

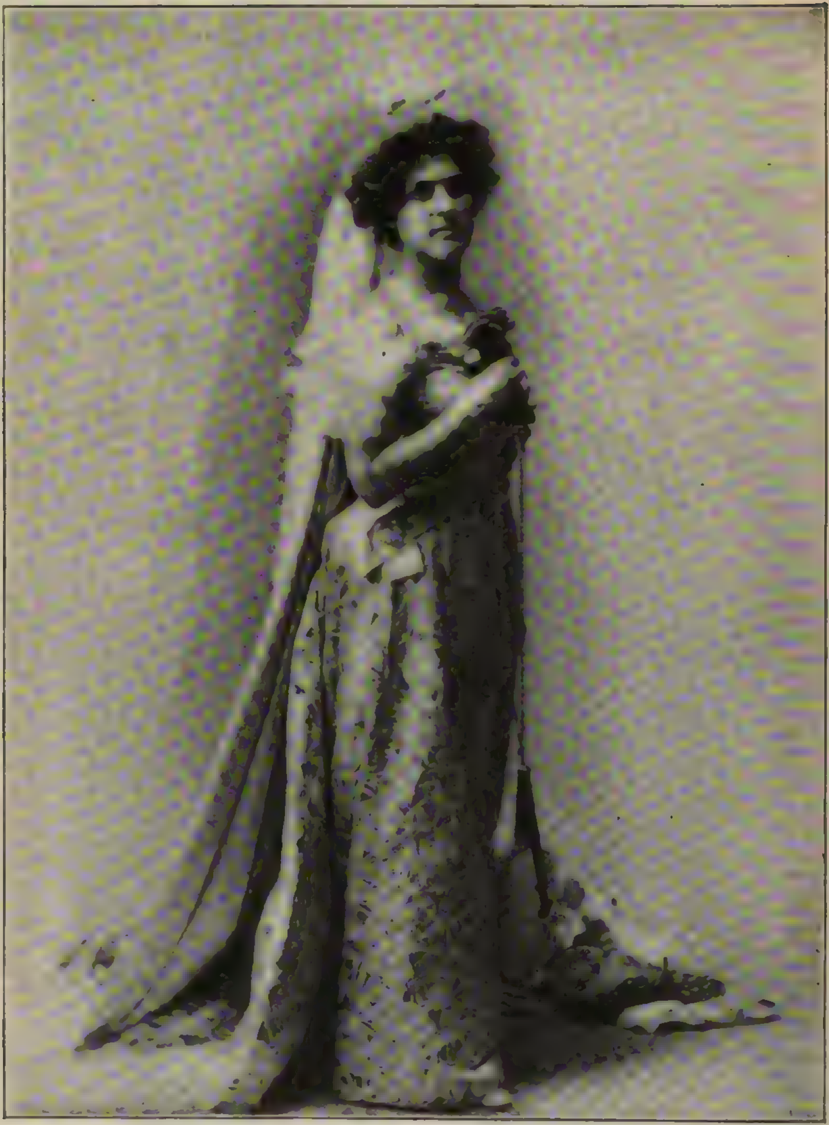
Enclosed herewith find $1.50 for which please send me BROADWAY MAGAZINE for the coming year beginning with Number, and also all express and other charges paid, your "ART PORTFOLIO OF AMERICAN STARS."

....

....

DOROTHY DREW, the singing comedienne, is back in New York. Many will remember Miss Drew in "Her Majesty the Cook" when she gave the "Dance de Train" in long skirts; she danced with a grace and abandon that completely surprised and captivated her audience. Miss Drew has a fine stage presence, and in the present production of "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is at her best.

Photograph by Foster, Richmond, Va.



Photograph by Jones, New York.

ELLEN ROWLAND AS *MRS. LOPP* IN "THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES."

Miss Rowland plays a small part that is entirely out of her line, but she handles it well, making it one of the attractive rôles of the piece. Miss Rowland comes of a distinguished line of Puritan ancestors. She is the niece of the eminent historian, Professor Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell University. Some years ago Miss Rowland stepped from the social swim to the stage to play *Portia* in "The Merchant of Venice," with Frederick Warde. She gave an intelligent rendering of this brilliant Shakespearean woman. Her work in the "Prisoner of Zenda" was delicate and refined. Miss Rowland has a graceful presence and captivating laugh; it is thoroughly musical. In emotional rôles she is at her best, playing them with the finish of an artist and the depth of the woman. Miss Rowland is remarkably clever with her pen as well.

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Letters to the Sub-Editor.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

When escorting a young lady from her home to a fried oyster emporium is it proper for me to give her the inside of the pavement, or ought I to walk on both sides of her at once?

I. M. A. Fule.

If you are a twin, I, &c., by all means try to walk on several sides of the street at once. If otherwise behave otherwisely.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I am a stranger in New York. Two nights ago a well dressed man, who was unknown to me, borrowed ten cents for car fare. He promised on his word of honor as a gentleman to meet me at the corner of Broadway and Forty-first street the following evening and repay me, but has failed to keep his promise. Please advise. Hiram Greene Squashe.

My dear sir, just keep on waiting.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I have been trying to keep company with a young woman for over two years. She says that she would sooner have a centipede around her than me. Now she sets her brother's bulldog on me when I call on her. Do you think she loves me? S. Poon.

What an unneccessary question. Don't you see that she is consumed with a maddening, all devouring, Swinburnian passion for you? How obtuse of you, S. P.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I should be awful obliged if you will tell me if late suppers of vanilla ice cream and cold slaw are good for the complexion. Irene.

We do not know about the complexion, Irene, but we do know that they are good for the doctors.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

An emphatic impulse of a persistent and unquenchable nature admonishes me that I am destined to be an incandescent and refulgent stellar luminary of the histrionic profession. Prithee inform me as to the preliminaries to my predestined popularity. Carrine.

We regret that we cannot reply in four syllables, but we would briefly remark that with the assistance of about $2,000,000, you may yet see your name in large fat type on Broadway posters.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

Did it? Feber and Wields.

It did, did it.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I live in Brooklyn. What is the remedy?

C. Rushed.

There is none for the man, who in cold blood, elects to live in Brooklyn.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

I am a reformed train wrecker. Need occupation. Please suggest suitable employment. Need it. Dy. Namite.

Try theatre ticket speculating.

Sub-Editor Broadway Magazine.

Sir:

Spring have come!!!

Shelley Longfellow Emerson.

It have, it have! But we are paying but one cent per thousand words for spring poetry.

The Beautiful New Paper

BROADWAY WEEKLY

Will Delight You

All Newsdealers

10 Cents a Copy $4.00 a Year

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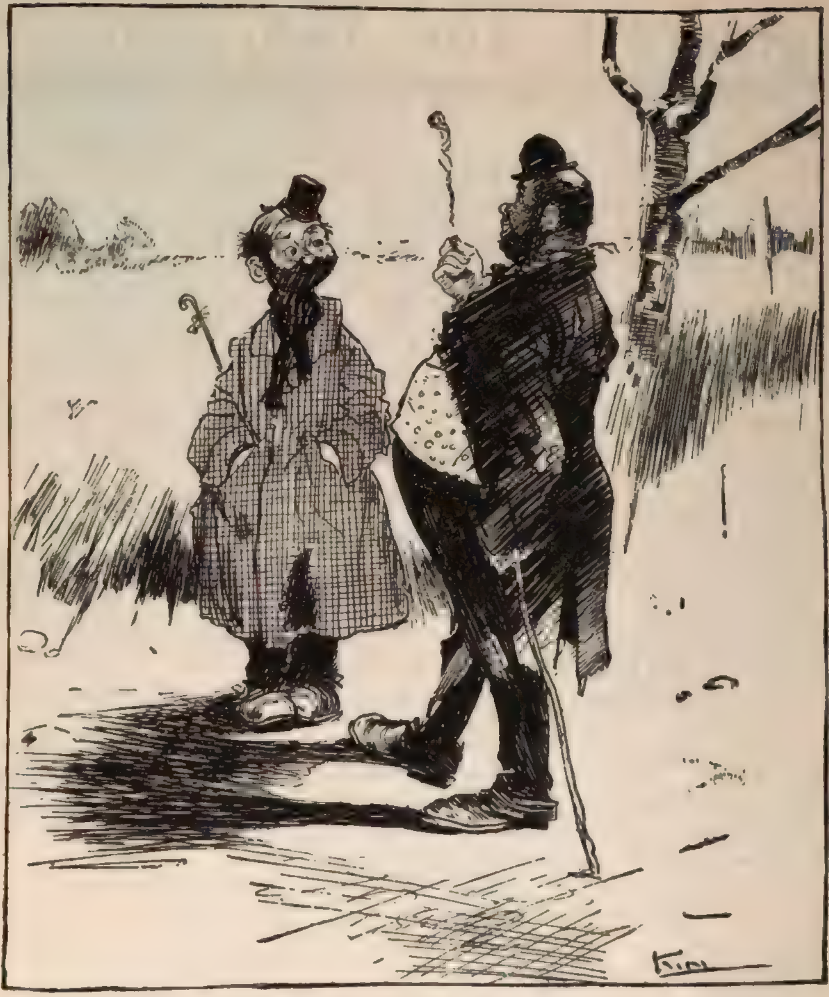

Raggy—Bill's gone to the bad.
Taggy—How?
Raggy—He's working in a soap factory.

Nothing Cheap.

The Dealer—This vase belonged to the fifth Emperor of China——.

The Customer—Gracious! I never buy anything second-hand.

The Price of Fame.

"Lionel, that poem is beautiful."

"Yes, Agatha; it is the crowning effort of my life."

"Lionel—my Lionel! It will bring you fame, will it not?"

"Yes, Agatha, and perhaps three dollars."

Possible Pedestrians.

The Manager—Another week of bad business, washouts and fires, like the last one, and we shall be stranded.

The Star—That is, if we don't have a short run we will have a long walk.

A Matter of Precaution.

"Why don't you shut the door behind you when you come in?"

"Well—er—because, sir, I come to ask, sir, for your daughter's hand."

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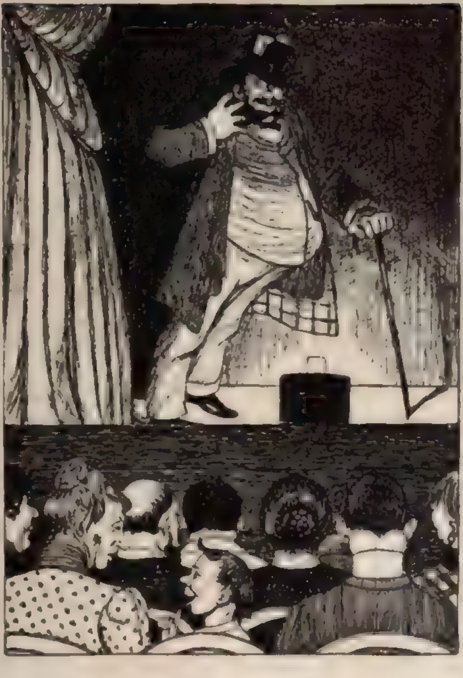
Spring Fashions.

SPRING fashions on the whole will vary but little from those of last year. Skirts are to be worn; likewise shirt waists or jackets. The woman who refuses to don a hat or bonnet will be a rarity. Neither can the world of society countenance those who decline to appear in shoes with appropriate hose. Gloves continue, also handkerchiefs.

One of the recently imported Paris confections consists of Messaine floor of Chiffon Mayonaise trimmed with a deep ruching of Asparagus on bouillon, the whole being covered with a spangled effect of weiner wursts. Chin ribbons and bows of demi-tassé to match.

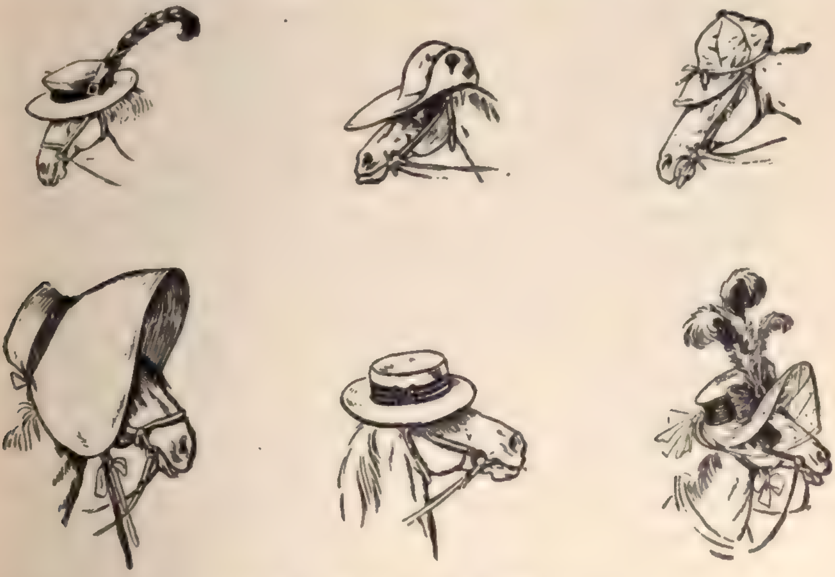


THE VAUDEVILLE ARTIST—I've just had dinner at Delmonic-o-o-o-s-e—

SMALL BOY IN FRONT—Say, ma, he does look as if he'd eaten an awful lot, don't he?

April showers are inevitable, and hence it is well to guard against them. A couple of newspapers spread over hat and gown are as effective as they are attractive. Choose the colored Sunday supplements. Fashionable folk no longer clamber on the tailboards of covered wagons to escape a sudden downpour.

Walking costumes this spring are to be generally used for out-of-door purposes.



"ARE OUR HATS ON STRAIGHT?"

The Latest Things in Spring Millinery for the Swagger Set.

Mainly Personal.

MR. BADLEIGH HITTE, who for several years has been known as a bold operator on the "Street," and who was badly caught in the recent deal in X. Y. Z. and A., has accepted the position of guardian of an elevator in the Castiron Building. This by his baker's and grocer's advice, so it is said.

The smart push-cart built for Signor P. Nutta, from his own plans and specifications, is attracting much attention on Park Row.

Mr. A. Kent Skinner, of Bad Bull, Montana, reached New York City on Thursday last. He is engaged in securing additional capital to further develop the Green Dog Mine. Mr. Skinner says that when about $2,000,000 more has been sunk in the property, there will be money in it.

Mr. Nappe Kinn is at Sherry's every evening. Ruinart is his choice. His attendance there has been noted by the many who rarely tip him less than 50c.

Mr. Bylde Hurryoff, of Boston, the famous yacht designer, is at the Hotel Nickebria. He is now working out the specification of a sailless 40-footer to be used exclusively in windless weather.

Mr. Hardy Mann, the celebrated explorer, is to attempt to reach Canarsie by way of the East Twenty-third street ferry and the Brooklyn "L" early in the summer.

J. Prosody Syntaxxe, who has just returned from a prolonged trip on the Pacific, alleges that the Sandwich Islands are peopled by descendants of Ham.

Mr. John Doe has decided to quit the law for the stage. He will present an illusion of the "Vanishing Lady" order to be called, "Now You Have Me and Now You Haven't."

There are other people doing other things in other places.

As to "Broadway Weekly."

WE want every reader of BROADWAY MAGAZINE to get a copy of BROADWAY WEEKLY. Ask your newsdealer for it. Then compare it with any other weekly paper published in this country and we are perfectly satisfied to accept your judgment.

BROADWAY WEEKLY has been on the newsstands for only a very short time, but during that period it has succeeded in making a deep and lasting impression on the periodical-buying public.

Collier's is a successful type of weekly; *Harper's* is high class; *Life* is in a field by itself; *Town Topics* is in some respects the most brilliant American weekly; *Leslie's* has good qualities of its own, and a dozen other weeklies have something of merit to recommend them. But it is generally admitted by the public, the news trade and experienced newspapermen, that BROADWAY WEEKLY is different from all these—utterly different in aim, style, make-up, editorial cleverness and pictorial beauty.

BROADWAY WEEKLY is sold by newsdealers in all parts of the United States and Canada. It is 10 cents a copy, or $4.00 a year. We are making a special trial offer of $1.00 for three months' subscription (13 weeks), and you can send your subscription direct to publication office, 121 West 42d Street, New York, or through your newsdealer.

At any rate, invest 10 cents for a copy of the late number and you will be delighted. The proof of a publication is in the seeing.

THE PUBLISHERS.

March 1st, 1903.

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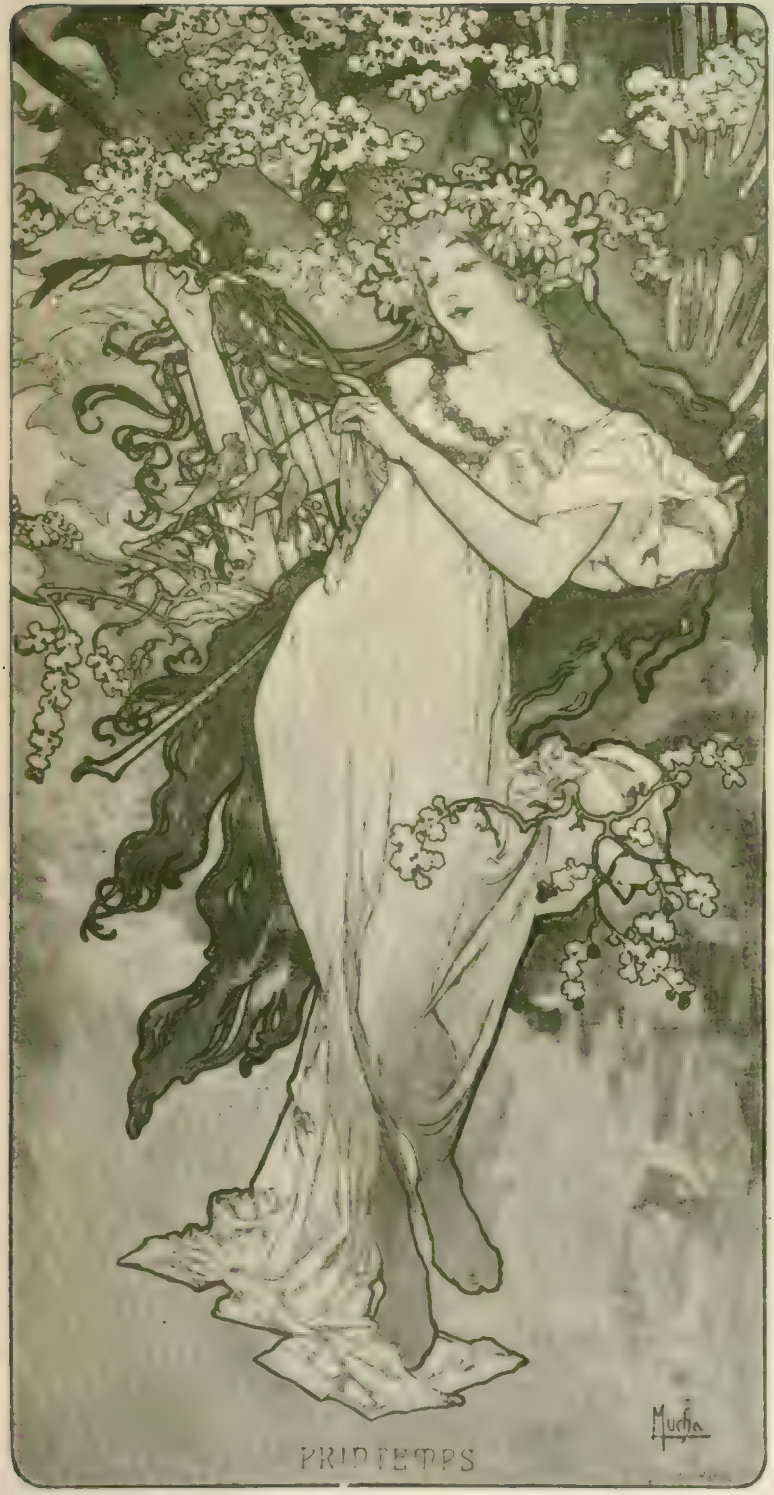
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"SPRINGTIME."

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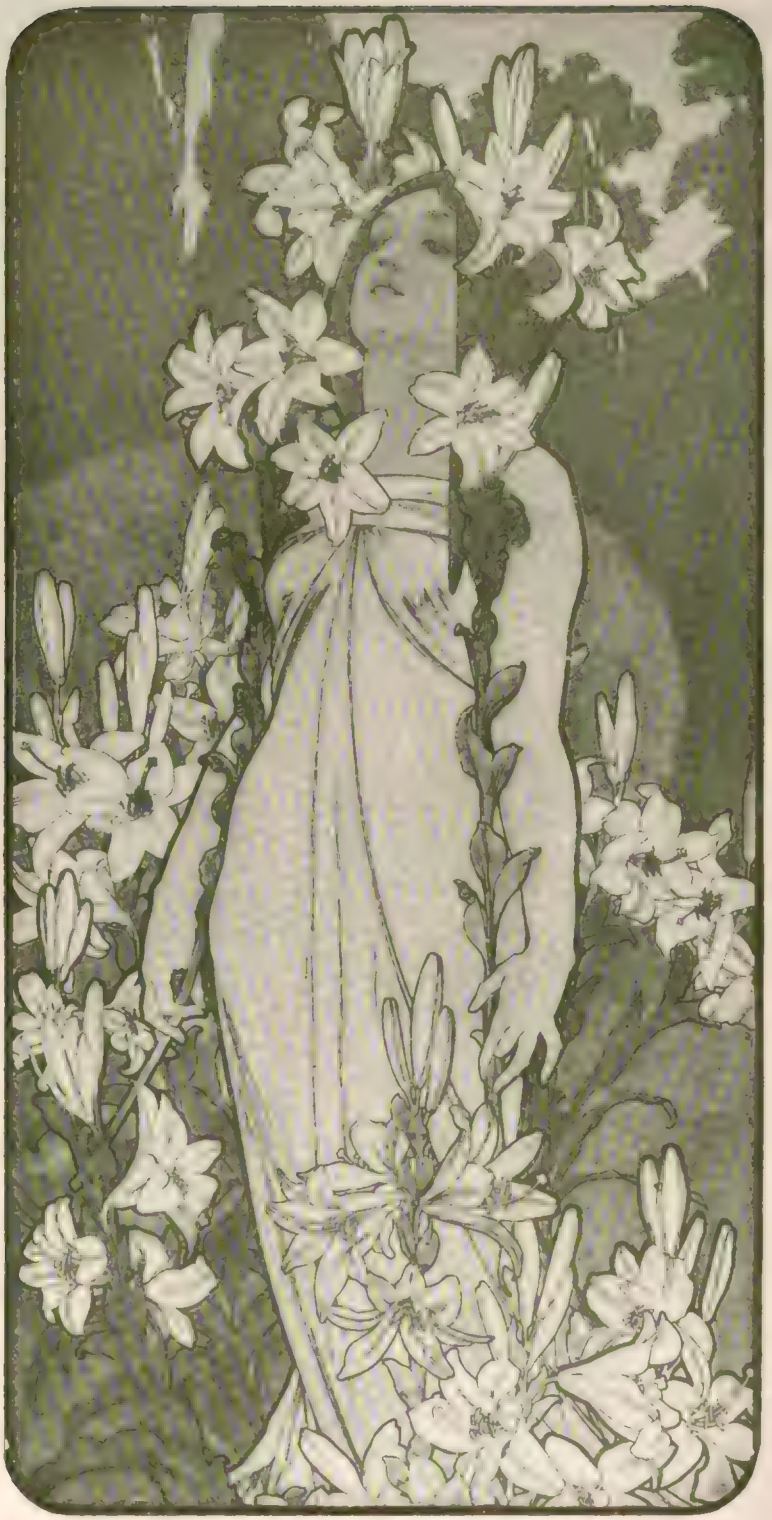

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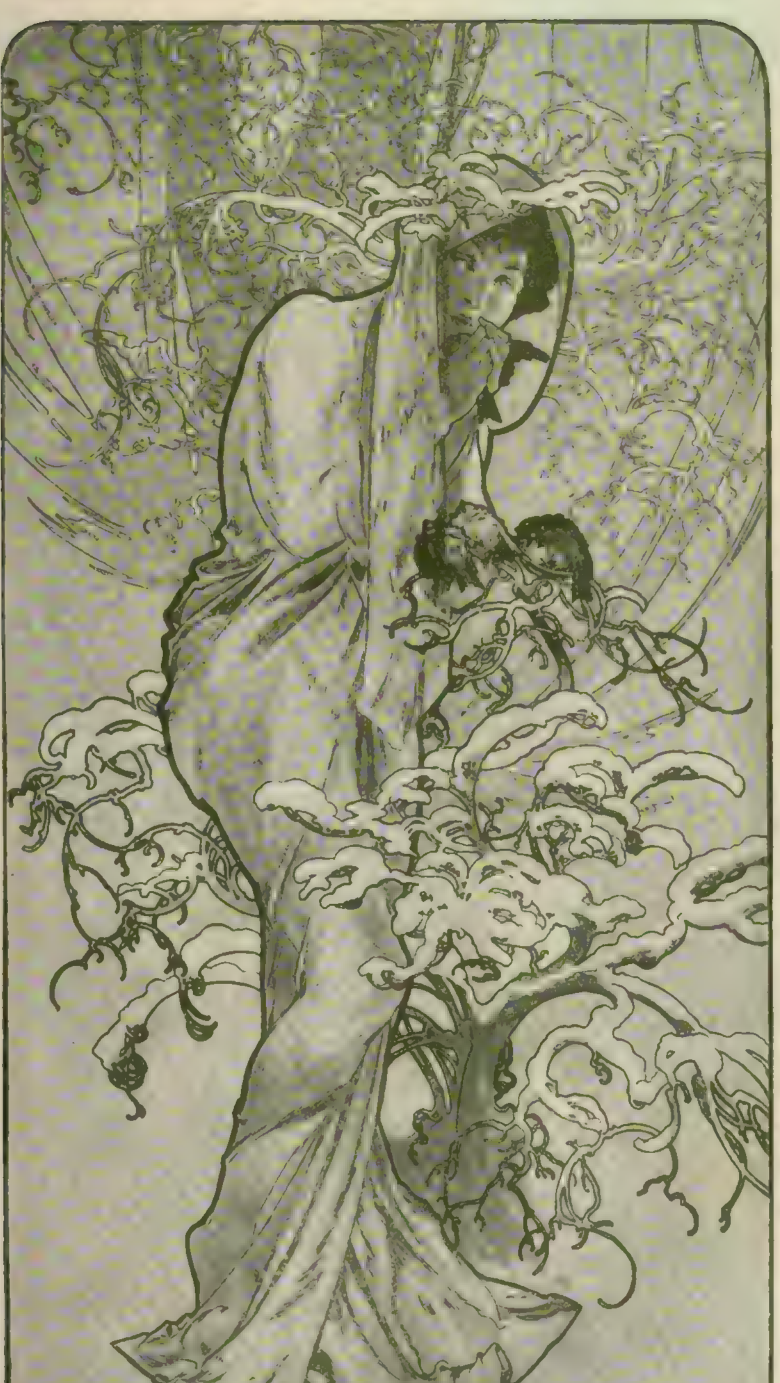

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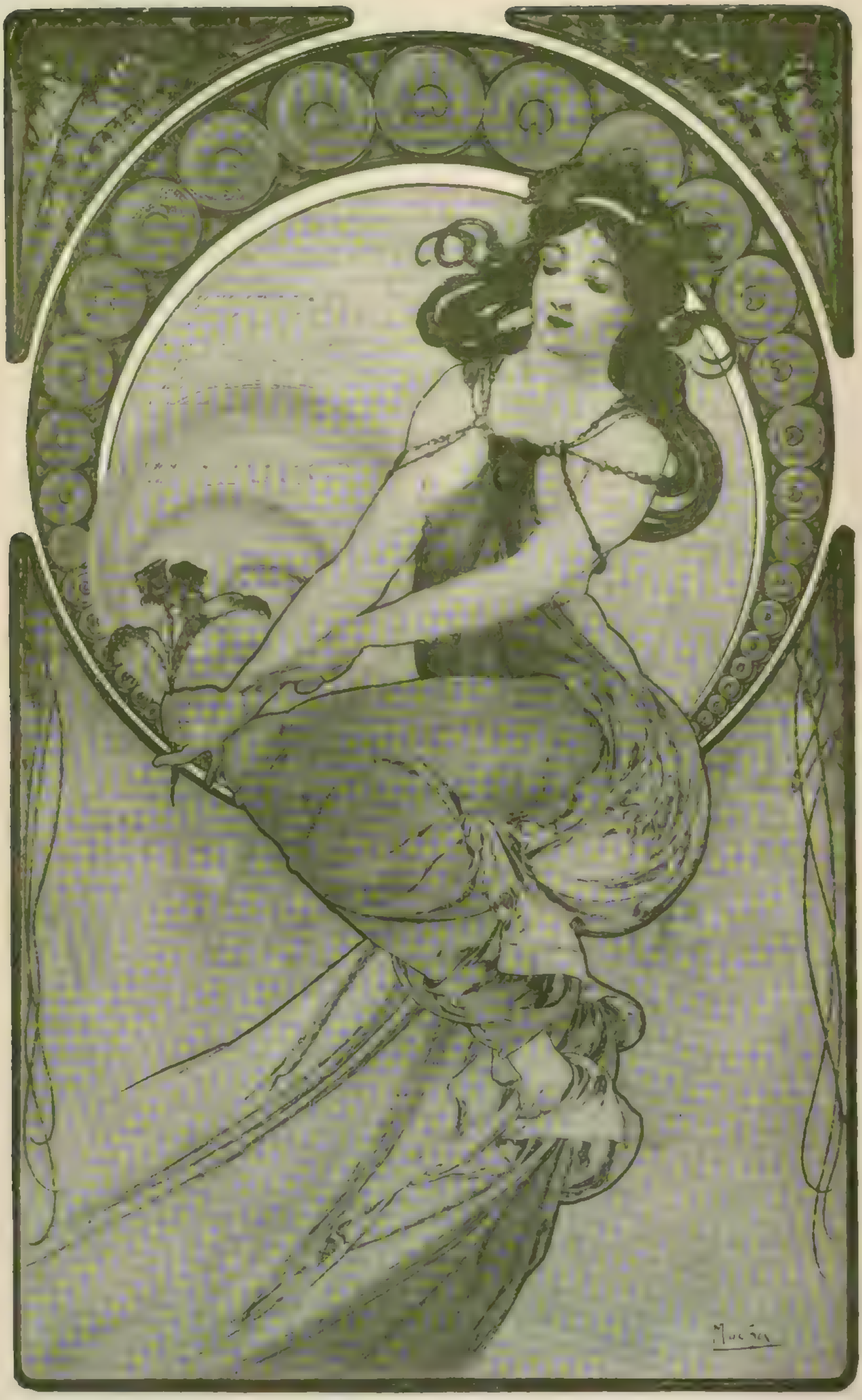

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Thoroughbreds. No. 2. Mr. Thomas B Clarke.
"The Smartest Girls in Town." Series.
Intimate Gossip of New York's Smart Set.
Don't be a Boor!—A remarkable editorial about Life Insurance and Life Insurance agents.
Gossip of the Theatres.—Pictures of Plays and Players.
A full page in color of Miss Blanche Walsh, now appearing in "Resurrection."

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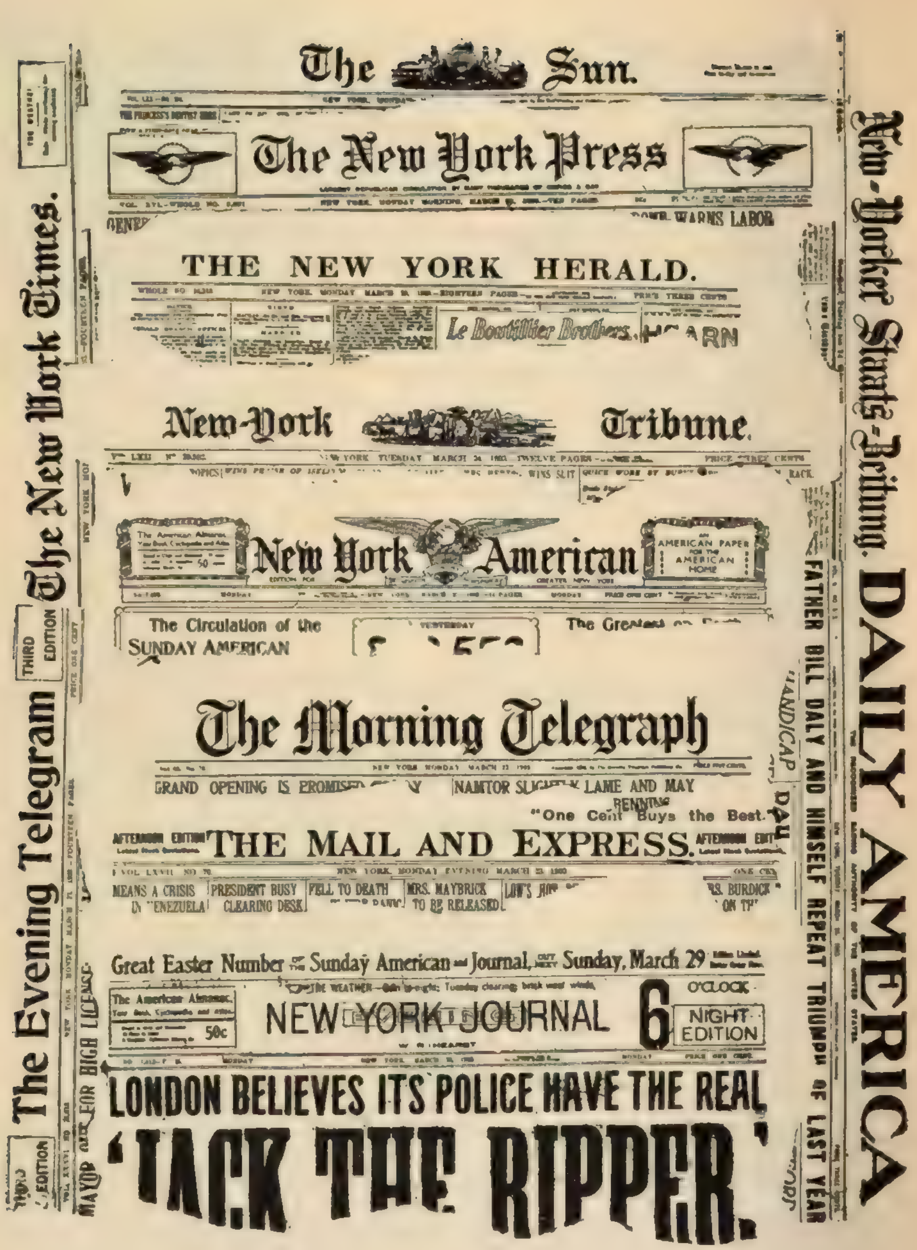

The Sun.

The New York Press

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Le Boutillier Brothers.

New-York Tribune.

New York American

AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN HOME

The Circulation of the SUNDAY AMERICAN

The Morning Telegraph

GRAND OPENING IS PROMISED

NAMTOR SLIGHTLY LAME AND MAY

"One Cent Buys the Best."

THE MAIL AND EXPRESS.

MEANS A CRISIS IN VENEZUELA

PRESIDENT BUSY CLEARING DESK

FELL TO DEATH

MRS. MAYBRICK TO BE RELEASED

Great Easter Number of the Sunday American and Journal, Sunday, March 29

NEW YORK JOURNAL

6 O'CLOCK NIGHT EDITION

LONDON BELIEVES ITS POLICE HAVE THE REAL 'JACK THE RIPPER.'

The New York Times.

THIRD EDITION

The Evening Telegram

MAYOR OUT FOR HIGH LICENSE

New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung.

DAILY AMERICA

FATHER BILL DALY AND HIMSELF REPEAT TRIUMPH OF LAST YEAR

HANDICAP

REPRODUCTIONS OF HEADINGS FROM RECENT ISSUES OF PROMINENT NEW YORK DAILY PAPERS.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

MAY 1903

VOL. XI. NO. 2.

New York's Great Dailies and Their Makers

By Alfred Judson Clarke.

SOME day there will be written an interesting book. It will contain the inside history of the leading New York newspapers. It will be a great work, and deal with the evolution of one of the chief factors of American life—an enterprise which has been most far-reaching in its effects, been imitated all over the world, and stands to-day the leading method of civilized nations in their exploitation of the events which occur to the human family at large. The pioneers of newspaperdom in America were few, but the effect of their conquest over ignorance and vice, over political trickery and boodledom brought such a vast clientele to their standards that their imitators and followers became legion. The effect of the crusades of such men as Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, the elder James Gordon Bennett and other of the great pioneers of the press, has been felt throughout the entire country and indeed the world, and their editorial methods regarded as the standards best suited to American life.

Horace Greeley was, perhaps, the most picturesque type of journalist that America ever produced, the late Mr. Bennett the best type of the world-wide newsgatherer, Mr. Dana the editorial polemic, strategist and pricker of shams. Mr. Greeley was without guile, innocent, aggressive for the right and looked out upon a buffetting, selfish world with a pair of the most honest and indulgent of eyes. His was the kindliest nature coupled with a political sagacity that amounted to prophetism, and he wrote like one of the severe old Addisonian school that he was.

Mr. Bennett, on the contrary, regarded news for the news' sake first of all, and the present James Gordon, proprietor of the *Herald*, lives up to this inherited trait—insatiable thirst for news, not merely local or national, but world-wide. His own "beats" which startled the world years ago were characteristic of the man, and to-day the editorial feature is subservient to the news. Indeed, so little do the department experts count that the moment one of them becomes known as the voice of the *Herald* in any particular way—literary, dramatic, political or otherwise—and is personally quoted rather than the paper, the chief functionary has no further use for him. While gathering about him in various branches the strongest men that can be found, as long as they are devoted to the paper they remain, in some cases, for a lifetime ; on the contrary, once their heads are elevated above the paper, and the latter made a vehicle for the furthering of personal talents, prejudices or ends, that moment they cease to be valuable constituents of the body politic. Mr. Bennett's late editorial setting forth that the Paris papers were following his illustrious precedent of sending "ordinary reporters" to give the facts and incidents of plays, rather than so-called dramatic critics, dealing with the situation as news and news only, is in keeping with this spirit.

As the *Herald* editorial is practically without point even if without prejudice, so the *Sun* editorial is its radical antithesis. It always has point, very often prejudice. It is the ablest editorial work in the world, being in no wise as heavy and heady as the Thunderer's leaders, nor still as social-

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istic as now and then characterizes the gothic-faced columbiads of the *Journal*. No man on the *Herald* could become as conspicuous on the paper as is Arthur Brisbane on the *Journal*, and yet there are several well-known men on the *Sun* who are recognized by the public as the powers behind thrones.

It was the well-substantiated boast of the elder Dana that he whipped into shape more newspaper men of the first-class than any editor that ever stood at the helm. It is undoubtedly true. His method was abrupt, severe and uncompromising, but it was eminently just. One of the best men that he ever trained was brought to him a raw recruit from a Harvard funny paper, full of campus-classics and valetudinarian logic. His father, a Congressman, asked Mr. Dana, as a personal favor, that his son be given a chance. Just at the moment a message came in that a mighty conflagration was raging at Paterson, and the youth was sent thither to cover it. On arriving he telegraphed back, "Fire worst I ever saw. What will I do?" to which Mr. Dana quietly replied, "Jump in!"

Mr. Kellogg was one whom the elder Dana took seriously and is to-day a power in the *Sun*. Of course, Mr. Hazeltine—"M. W. H." of fame—is regarded as the foremost literary critic of the metropolis, in spite of the fact that he clings to the old lines of Macaulay review, wherein he gives you the blood, bones and viscera of a masterpiece, often obviating the necessity of purchasing the book to prove his point of view. Some publishers balk at this, but when the *Sun* says it's so, it's so—so inconvenient to enter into a controversy on traditional points wherein the *Sun* has the advantage.

Of course, on the *World*, Bradford Merrill has the long draw and it is very long indeed. There are those who think that the *World* has been left in the race of late years, but they do not know the facts. Like the *Sun*, the *World* gives space to intelligent editorial contributions from the outside in the form of letters from the enlightened public, and they form a symposium of wonderful power, acumen and pertinence to the problems of the times. Since the lifting of Liberty's light over the Bay—the establishment of the Pulitzer dynasty in Park Row—the gold dome has been one of the landmarks of the metropolis, and to-day the Sunday section under the management of Mr. Noble is conceded in the craft to be the livest, most picturesque and altogether American Sunday magazine on the news-stands, not even excepting Mr. Goddard's marvelous work on the *Journal*, which for lasting qualities stands unique.

Mr. Hartley Davis is a moving spirit on the *Journal* and he moves swift and sure. There have been some mistakes on the *Journal*, but they are not sins of omission. The over-conservative spirit never afflicted the realm of Hearsticitis, and thereby stands the virtue of the red spreadhead and the gothic-faced posterior. It is fearless, original, agressive and unerring in its aim to meet fully the sentiments, traditions and sympathies of the great *sotto populo* of which this vast city is seven-tenths composed. Mr. Goddard can take a pin-feather and make a jewelled aigrette out of it in the twinkling of an eye, or polish an Alaska diamond idea and make it look like a Koohinor. This is a species of genius, and for a man scarcely out of his college togs, is success of that order which Americans most appreciate.

The indefatigable Frank Munsey, having made a very comfortable fortune out of his magazine, his groceries and other enterprises, undertook the herculean task

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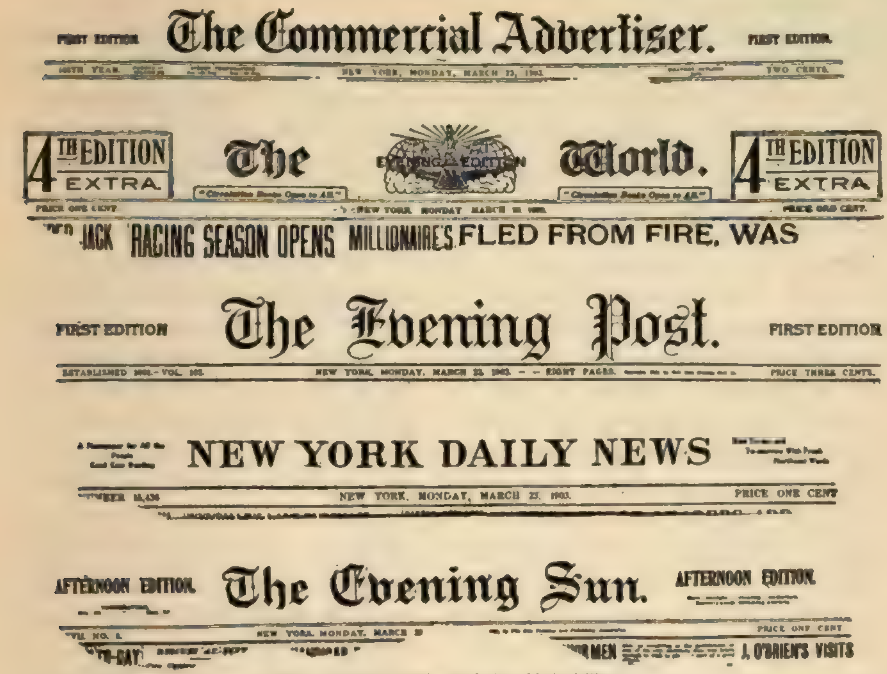

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4TH EDITION EXTRA The World. 4TH EDITION EXTRA

EVENING EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT — NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH — PRICE ONE CENT

RACING SEASON OPENS MILLIONAIRES FLED FROM FIRE, WAS

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NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

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J. O'BRIEN'S VISITS

Some clean-cut headings of New York dailies.

of making a chain of newspapers under one control, extending clean across the continent. He purchased the *Evening News*, which was the organ of labor, converted it into a morning paper, bought a newspaper in Philadelphia and one in Washington, and negotiated for others in the South and West. The project, however, seemed too great, for it was abandoned or at least deferred. As a newspaper plunger Mr. Munsey is one of the most successful in the country.

The *Times* was rescued in 1896 from a moribund condition by Adolph S. Ochs who came from the South, and by taking hold of the paper at the right time and place, dragged it into a position of prominence and power. Mr. Ochs has been everything from newsboy and drug clerk to financier, and the force of a strong personality was never more keenly felt. As a financial criterion the *Times* is regarded by some of the Wall street contingency well nigh infallible. A strong editorial force gives the *Times* a certain distinct flavor, and as a literary organ the Saturday supplement may be said to be quite as official as any periodical of criticism extant.

Both the *Evening Post* and the *Tribune* pride themselves on their conservatism, and whereas many of the old subscribers of the latter were possessed of the illusion that the late Horace Greeley wrote every line that went into the columns of the *Tribune*, so other adherents of the *Post* believed that the late E. L. Godkin wrote every line in this daily edition of the *Nation*, even to the advertisements, so strongly was it impregnated with the Godkin spirit and aggressiveness. Both papers adhere still to the old lines, and move on in the same stately manner consistent with the rigorous codes of newspaper ethics laid down in ante-bellum days—the days of one-man journalism.

Autocracy in journalism is fast disappearing. The day has gone by when an

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editor can exert over a newspaper more than a subsidiary influence. He can perhaps dictate its policy, just as a president can use his office to bring about certain measures which he believes will be good for his party or for his personal constituency, but he cannot assume more than a certain restricted power, any more than a president can arrogate to himself the prerogatives of Congress. There are certain traditions and rules in every newspaper office which are inviolable, and each succeeding editor conforms to them rather than attempt to ignore or overthow them. To do so means to disaffect a large body of regulars, just as in the case of the *Evening News* which was entirely changed and made a literary journal, thus disaffecting the laboring classes who regarded it as their organ, and compelled to establish a new clientele of its own—a most difficult thing to do. Later it was changed to a morning paper with better success.

When the late George W. Childs bought the *Philadelphia Ledger* he was asked why he did not take out the meaningless little old-fashioned cuts of houses, dogs and furnitures which accompanied every advertisement, but his reply was that for three generations the *Ledger* readers had seen those funny little caricatures there, and to discard them meant to change the entire aspect of the sheet—a thing that is always dangerous to do. Few people can realize how capricious the public is and how quickly disaffected. To print the *Herald* on the pink *Evening Telegram* paper would mean a newspaper revolution.

Not only do editors conform to the policy of the paper and the methods of the interior machinery, but even the reporter feels his way along the same lines. A man who leaves the *Tribune* to go to the *Morning Telegraph*, for instance, must needs be very versatile and assimilative. A horse race would get a scant and satirical "stick" in the former periodical, whereas the latter would give it, perhaps, a full page. Yet the competent newspaper man meets these conditions acceptably, as, for instance, in the case of W. J. Guard going from the *Herald* to the *Morning Telegraph* where he has made a record as Sunday editor never equalled on that paper under any management.

George W. Turner, the real factor in the building up of the *World*, only lacked the financial backing to make of the *Recorder* a power such as William R. Hearst has made with his money in the case of the *Morning Journal*, now the *American*. Mr. Turner gathered about him some of the brightest newspaper men in the country, such as, for instance, Joseph Howard, John W. Keller, the original "Cholly Knickerbocker," and others. Both these gentlemen, by the way, have graduated out of journalism, Mr. Howard being employed at a large salary to superintend all the printed matter of the New York Life Insurance Company, besides compiling a book of reference, while Mr. Keller has taken to politics. Journalism has proved a good school to hundreds of the most successful men of New York, the *Sun* probably having the record of graduating more recruits to all branches of metropolitan industry than any other newspaper. Financiers, critics, novelists, impressarios and statesmen are numbered among its graduates.

The writing of headlines is a fine art, and one in which every journalist is thoroughly drilled. Years ago the writing of headlines was given to one man, who received a large salary for contriving alliterative lines like "Britons Bully the Boers," but at present the clever copy-reader has all the catchy stock phrases of the paper down pat, so that he can fit any story with a suitable spread-

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head that will be at once the meat and kernel of the whole story, yet with interest to read it completely. In some offices the rule is to have the opening paragraph give the entire story in little for the benefit of busy readers, and in others the headlines themselves are sufficient. The headlines of the *Herald* are perhaps the best examples of this form of writing, which is far from easy, yet like all "hard writing" makes "easy reading."

The best stories of newspaper life in New York have never been told. There seems to be a certain feeling in the fraternity which forbids the exploitation of the tragic and comic events which take place in a newspaper office. It may be because it seems like a violation of confraternal laws and usages, but in a busy place like a newspaper office there is bound to be daily a great fund of material for the fictionist. The Managing Editor of any newspaper in New York can give any novelist all the material he could use and many of the reportorial staff are capable of reeling off a good story on themselves or their superiors. Every variety of "fake" in Christendom sooner or later comes to the newspaper office, and it is not alone the duty of the various editorial functionaries to exploit the material which is laid before them and well authenticated, but also to run down stories which lack foundation.

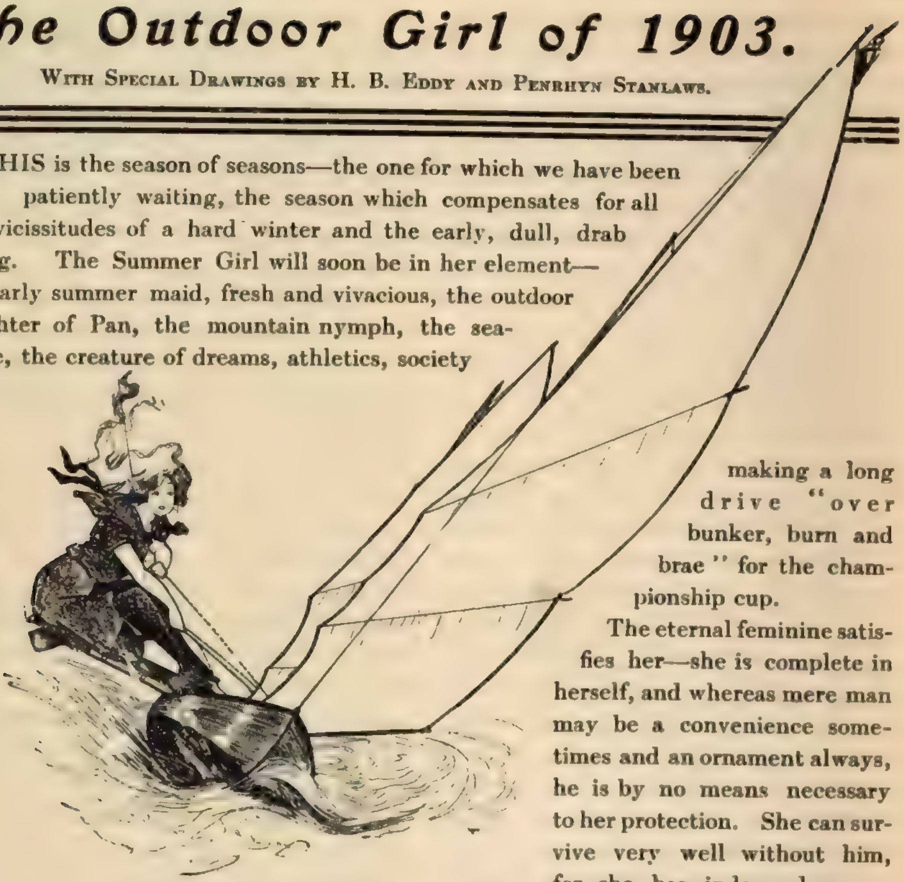
The vast fund of unreliable information possessed by the ordinary citizen of New York is amazing to contemplate, and to differentiate between that which is libelous and that which is safe, that which is expedient and that which is impossible, is a talent which at times approaches genius. An illustration in point: A learned scientist on one of the leading dailies wrote sometime since an editorial on the subject of quohaugues. The next day there came into the office a letter from a learned gentleman who appeared to be a Swede because of his signature, "Ol. D. Wells," wherein he expressed himself as highly interested in this subject of clams under the Indian synonym and said that he had been for several years perfecting a new food which was to bear the same relation to the clam that the soft shell crab bore to the hard shell.

It appeared that here was a new food and as the gentleman said that he had been at work for twenty years on the problem in his underground laboratory far out on Long Island and could place them upon the tables of Sherry and Delmonico for a dollar a dozen it struck the editor as being a fine feature. He dispatched a reporter and photographer to interview Mr. Wells, but after spending a whole day and about twenty dollars in money they were unable to locate the writer of the letter. The upshot of the matter was that the old postmaster of the district gave a clue to the situation by affirming that there were two old wells at the crossroads into which at dead of night he had dumped wagonload of clams in order to pollute the water because he wished the wells filled up and a driveway cut through. By the process of time these clams lost their primative integrity and became soft shelled and the editorial which appeared in this prominent daily had prompted some brilliant satirist to get back at the scientist in his own coin.

Every newspaper has its corps of attorneys who are liable to be called upon at any hour of the day or night to solve intricate questions of libel and responsibility. The touchiness of certain elements of society is proverbial and anything which offers the slightest foundation for a lawsuit is eagerly seized upon for the advertising value it may afford. Avoiding libel is one of the difficult things which the editor of a great newspaper has to accomplish every day.

The Outdoor Girl of 1903.

With Special Drawings by H. B. Eddy and Penrhyn Stanlaws.



"Craftily steering a frail bark."

THIS is the season of seasons—the one for which we have been patiently waiting, the season which compensates for all the vicissitudes of a hard winter and the early, dull, drab spring. The Summer Girl will soon be in her element—the early summer maid, fresh and vivacious, the outdoor daughter of Pan, the mountain nymph, the sea-sprite, the creature of dreams, athletics, society novels and sweet melodies. Soon she will shake the dust of the city from her feet and seek the freer air. She has a costume for every sport, a ravishing gown for each display of prowess on the wave or over the hills, on the veranda mooning in the twilight or on the tennis court or golf links.

She is eminently the American girl—Yankee from her very finger tips to the gleaming sheen of her patent-leather slipper. Whatever she undertakes she does well, whether it is tooling a coach, craftily steering a frail bark over troubled waters, conversing on Ibsen and Maeterlinck under the poplars, gracefully entering into the spirit of a lively game of tennis, or making a long drive "over bunker, burn and brae" for the championship cup.

The eternal feminine satisfies her—she is complete in herself, and whereas mere man may be a convenience sometimes and an ornament always, he is by no means necessary to her protection. She can survive very well without him, for she has independence, a spirit of self-reliance and a fearlessness which is sublime. She is the marvel of the foreigner and the joy of the native. Her English sisters regard her with a sense akin to awe, her French and German cousins look upon her with envy and hope. They long to pattern after her, but they are bound down to inexorable conventions of which the American Girl, the very incarnate spirit of freedom, does not know and certainly would rebel against if they were imposed upon her.

It was not many years ago that the American girl was frowned upon by her Continental cousins for what they believed to be her hoydenish ways, but which was only a natural exuberance of a well-bal-

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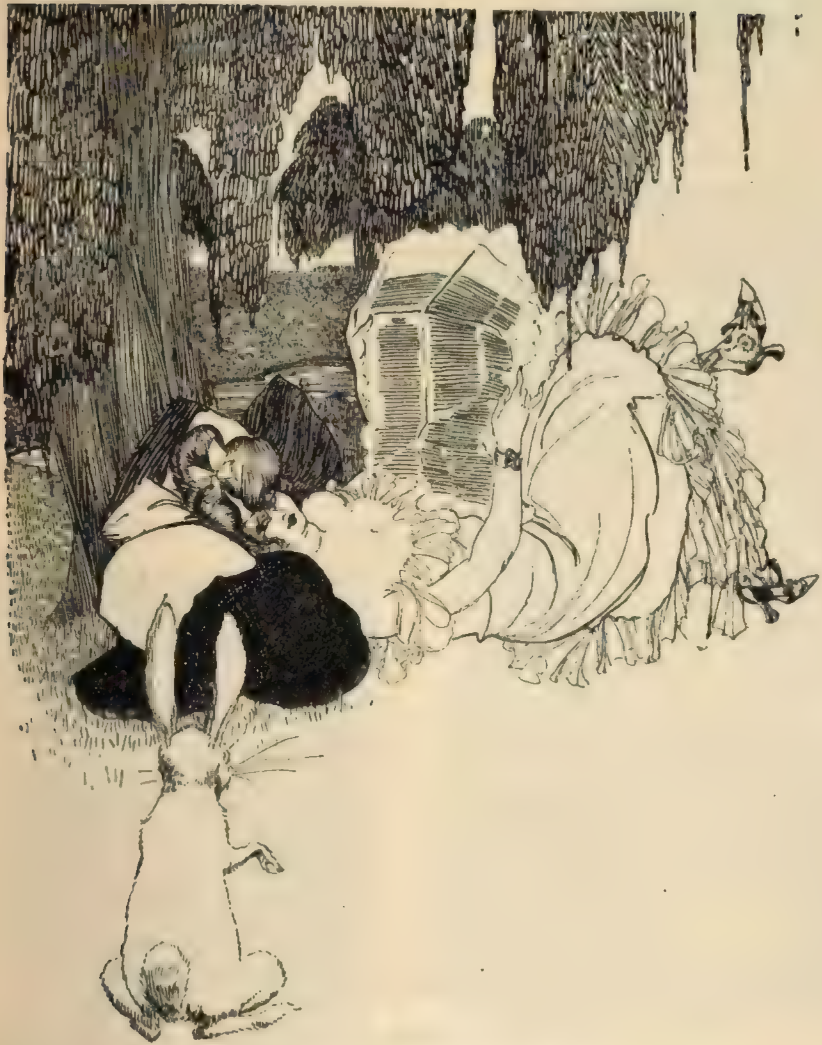
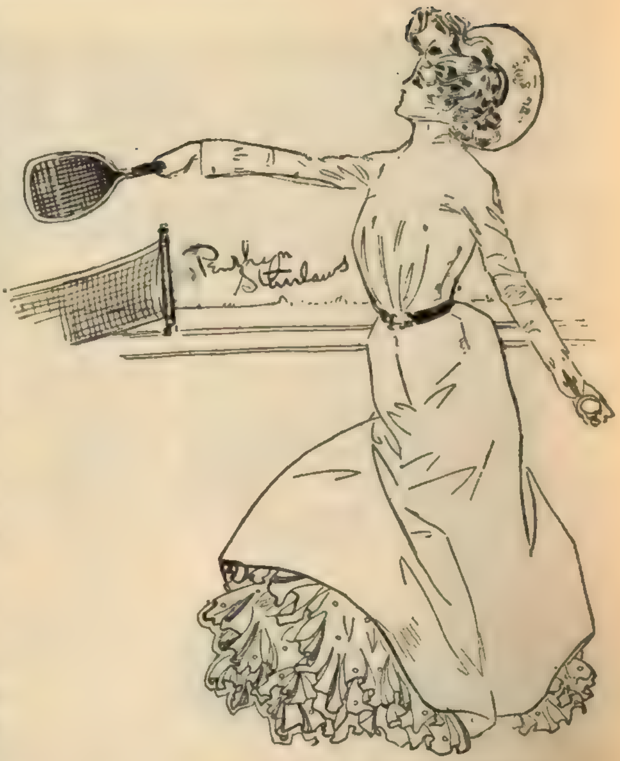


" Conversing on Ibsen and Maeterlinck under the poplars."

anced and ambitious organization. The Continental cousin soon began to regard the American girl in her true light, however, and from admiration grew imitation. Now the English and French girl pride themselves on being American at least in their love for the free athletic outdoor life that is a characteristic of the Yankee maid, and no longer regard it as good form to look pale, ænemic and "interesting," which is another form of invalidism.

The athletic girl was seen to get out of life all that was coming naturally to her, and the sports which men enjoyed she felt were quite good enough for her as well. She undertook to compete with him, with no small success, and in some regards stands his peer. In golf, for instance, there are some young women who are equal to the best of the men enthusiasts, and in other sports they give their brothers and cousins a swift chase. Year by year the athletic spirit grows and certain it is that the national character will be found highly benefited and the race made stronger for fair woman's interest in the sports that develop the best in body, mind and character. The colleges have realized this and have done all they could to give impetus and permanence to a rational system of exercise, chiefly out of doors. In fact, your young ladies' seminary of to-day must, if it is to be considered successful, include in its curriculum those outdoor sports that hitherto have been left almost entirely to the attention of the male student.



"Gracefully entering into the spirit of a lively game of tennis"

All joy then to the American summer girl! She is a delight ever and forever. For her thousands of inventive minds tax their brains day and night to invent new delights, new gowns, new pleasures. For her a thousand minehosts open their doors and bid her welcome. She is our true queen around whose standards the million rally with ever-increasing loyalty and delight. It is she who makes life worth the cost of living—not even excepting steam yachts and automobiles.

God bless the Outdoor Girl of 1903!

FROM THE OLD BACHELOR.

Thus to a ripe consenting maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia said:
"Would you long preserve your lover?
Would you still his goddess reign?
Never let him all discover,
Never let him much obtain.

Men will admire, adore and die,
While wishing at your feet they lie;
But admitting their embraces
Wakes 'em from the golden dream;
Nothing's new beside our faces,
Every woman is the same."

William Congreve.

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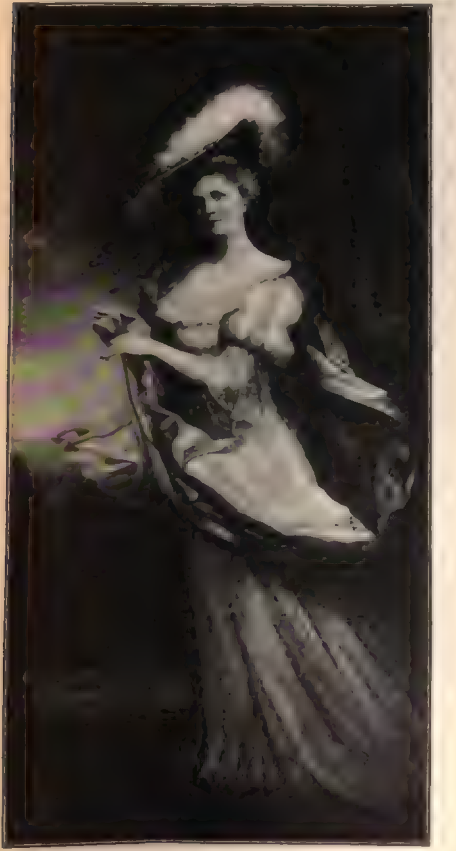
A Painter of Lovely Women.

GEORGE BURROUGHS TORREY DOES NOT BELIEVE IN "SCHOOLS"—
SOME NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK.

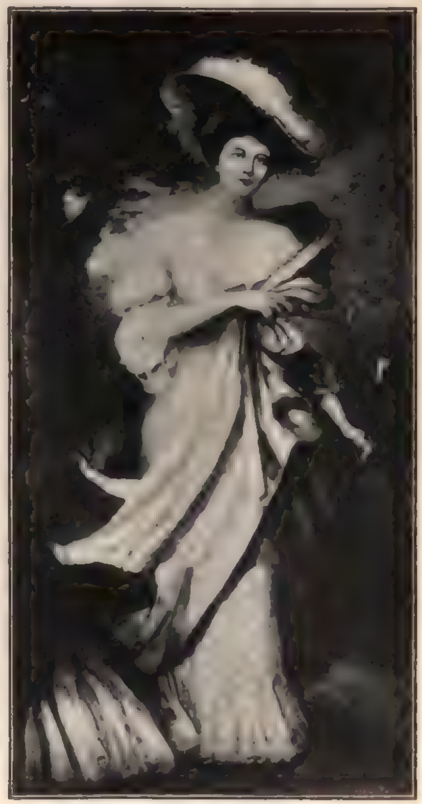
BY ALLEN GRAY SPALDING.

GEORGE BURROUGHS TORREY occupies a distinctive position among American portrait painters. This, in the main, is due to the fact that both his methods and his theories are audaciously and successfully unlike those of the majority of his fellow artists. That his work—*verve* and brilliant as it is—is appreciated by patrons of portraiture, is made manifest by the list of well known people from whom he has received commissions, these including Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Thomas Carnegie, General Nelson Miles, the late Collis P. Huntingdon, the late ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower, Prince Henry of Germany, Mr. Henry H. Sandford, President of the Adams Express Company; Senator J. B. Henderson, Judge Effingham Nichols, Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, Mr. Isidor Wormser, Mr. H. M. Alexander, and many



MRS. CHARLES PRENTISS NOYES

From a painting by George Burroughs Torrey



MRS. GEORGE BURROUGHS TORREY.

A faithful portrait of the artist's beautiful wife, as painted in Paris.

MR. GEORGE BURROUGHS TORREY.
Painter of Society's Beautiful Women.

well-known society women of America.

As Mr. Torrey drew his first breath in the Astor House, it is manifest that he is a New Yorker by birth. Furthermore, he is a great-nephew of George Bancroft, the historian, and a relative of John Torrey, Professor of Botany at Columbia College. From this it will be seen that he comes of excellent stock.

Unlike a good many other artists of repute, Mr. Torrey, during his childhood, did not exhibit any special indications of the gifts that, later, were to establish his reputation on the lines already indicated. And what is more, when at length he began to consider the possibilities of painting as a profession, he came to the conclusion that he would not affiliate himself with any school or schools, but would work out his artistic salvation by radically novel means. To use his own words:

"I never had a single so-called 'lesson' in art. It seems to me that the student

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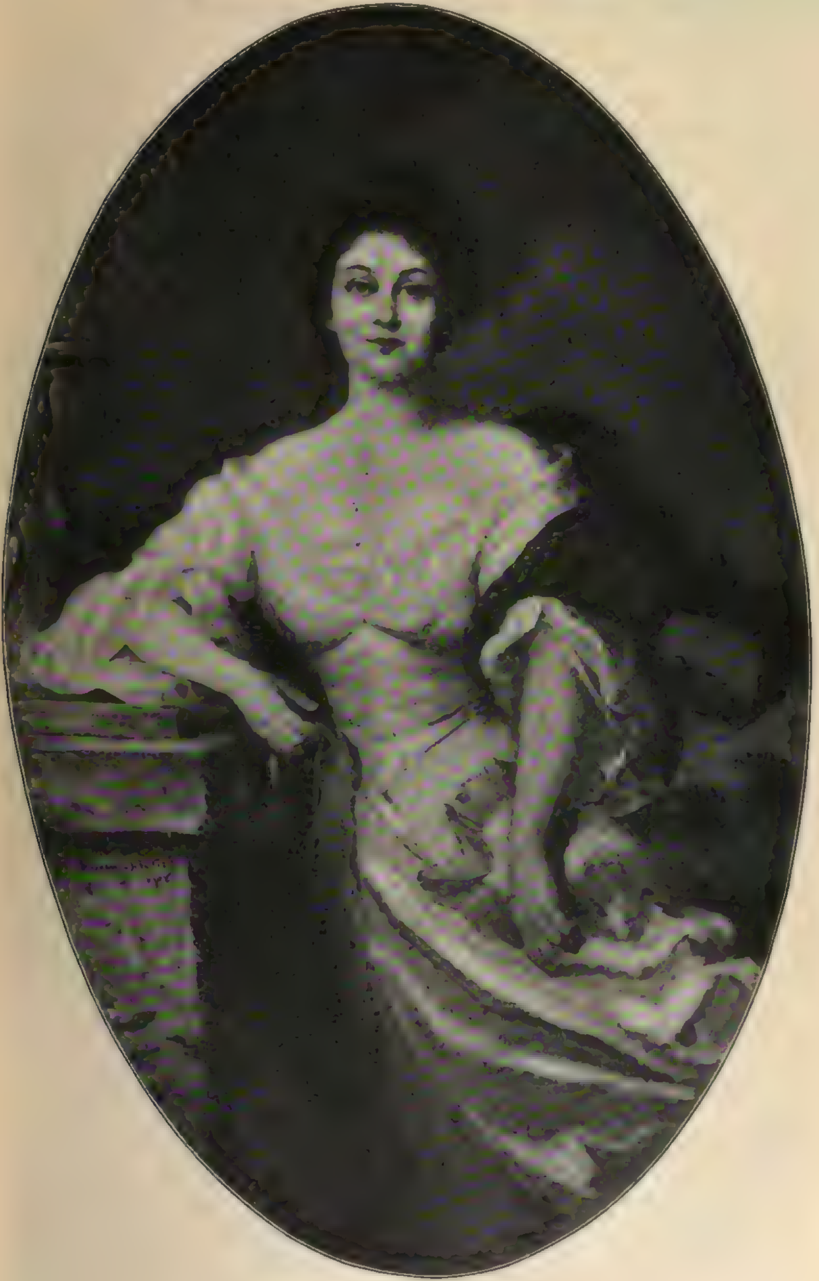


MRS. EDWARD DUDLEY.

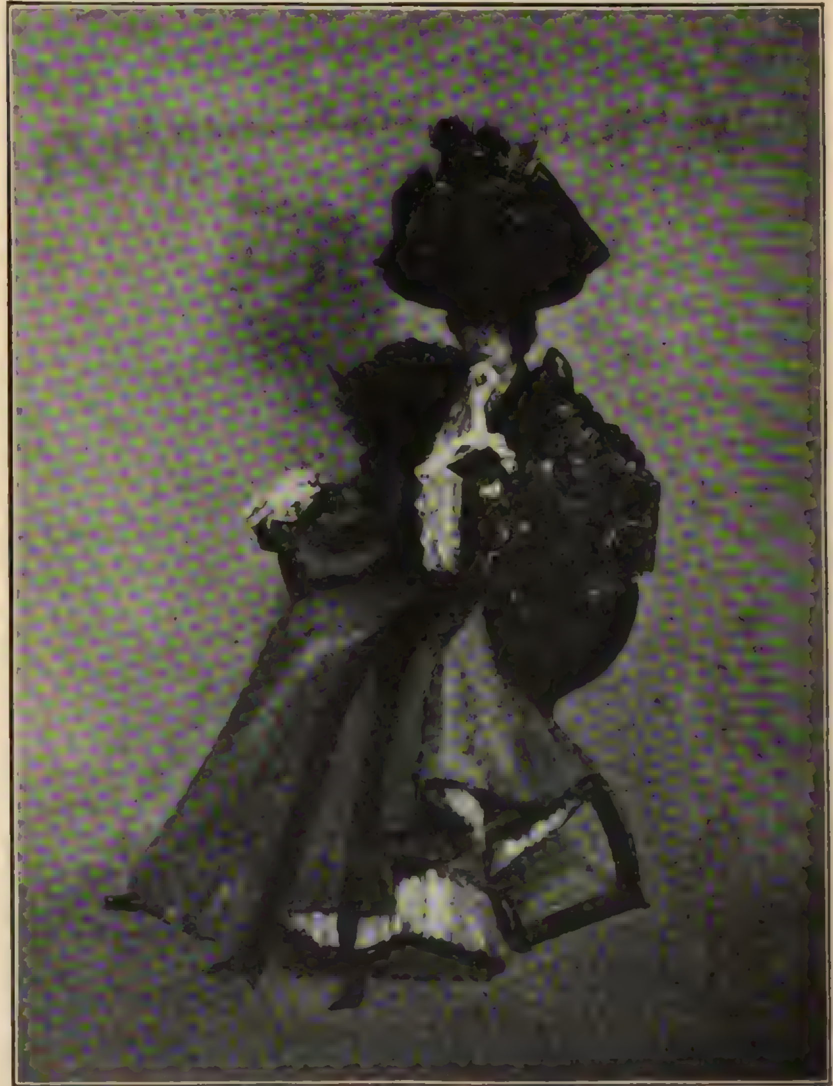
A Philadelphia beauty, from a painting by George Burroughs Torrey.

who sits at the feet of a given teacher must necessarily become more or less of a copyist. At all events, his power to originate—presuming that he possesses it—is in danger of being dwarfed or even stultified because he is taught to work along limited and usually narrow methods.

"As for me, I came to the conclusion

that by persistent copying of famous pictures—especially those of the old masters—I should unconsciously imbibe the principles that lie behind these immortal works. In art, as in literature, one cannot have an intimate association with the best without being influenced thereby for good. The faithful student of the masters learns technique, color and composition. Perhaps our modern drawing is more accurate than was that of earlier days, but in the matter of the other qualities referred to, the old painters are unapproachable.

"For ten years or more I studied and repainted the *chef d'œuvres* of the early French and Dutch schools. Later, I began to put the theoretical fruits of my labor into practice, and with a measurable degree of success. But even now, I spend six months out of every year in Europe



"CHIC."

An exquisite color study by George Burroughs Torrey.

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The Theatrical Syndicate.

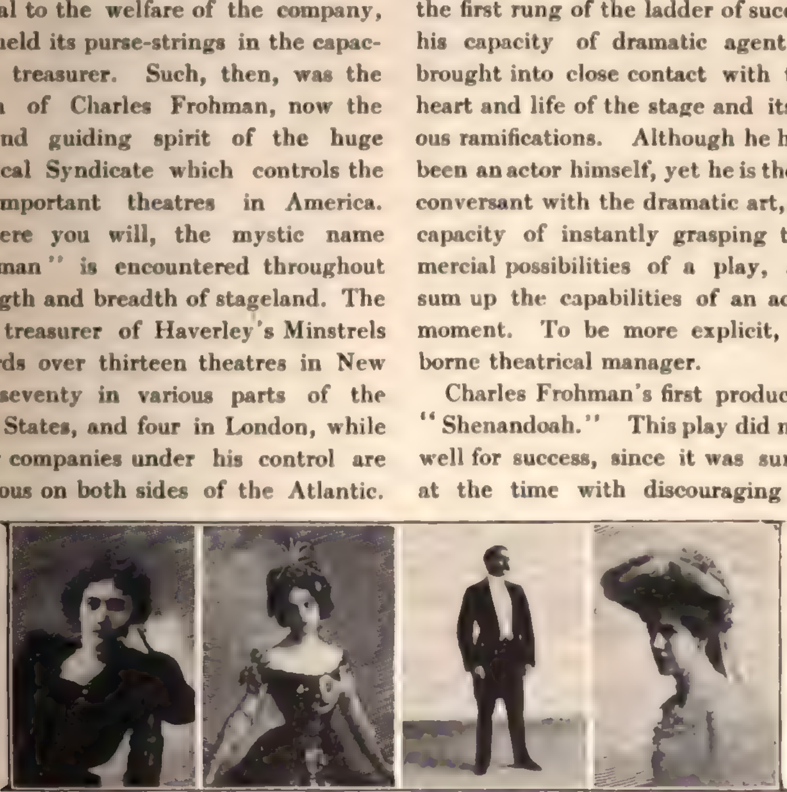
HOW IT BEGAN—WHAT IT IS—ITS PLACE IN THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

BY CHARLES A. WALLER.

INCLUDED among the members of Haverley's Minstrels some years ago was a short, heavily-built, clean-shaven man, with a cheery round face, piercing eyes, and a firmness of manner which impressed one directly one came into contact with him. His disposition was most unassuming, and so silent and unostentatious were his movements that one vaguely speculated as to his connection with the company. Yet he was the power behind the throne, and his work, though unobtrusive, was vital to the welfare of the company, for he held its purse-strings in the capacity of treasurer. Such, then, was the position of Charles Frohman, now the head and guiding spirit of the huge Theatrical Syndicate which controls the most important theatres in America. Go where you will, the mystic name "Frohman" is encountered throughout the length and breadth of stageland. The former treasurer of Haverley's Minstrels now lords over thirteen theatres in New York, seventy in various parts of the United States, and four in London, while touring companies under his control are ubiquitous on both sides of the Atlantic.

The story of the rise of Charles Frohman from a subsidiary position upon the board of management of a minstrel troupe to his present pinnacle of success, is only another glaring instance of the self-made man, so characteristic of the United States. When the Haverley Minstrels returned to the United States after a tour of England, Charles Frohman severed his connection therewith, and established a small dramatic agency. This move marked the turning-point in his career and set him upon the first rung of the ladder of success. In his capacity of dramatic agent he was brought into close contact with the very heart and life of the stage and its numerous ramifications. Although he has never been an actor himself, yet he is thoroughly conversant with the dramatic art, has the capacity of instantly grasping the commercial possibilities of a play, and can sum up the capabilities of an actor in a moment. To be more explicit, he is a borne theatrical manager.

Charles Frohman's first production was "Shenandoah." This play did not augur well for success, since it was surrounded at the time with discouraging circum-



Photographs by Sarony, New York, and Ellis, London.

Miss Jessie Busley. Miss Edna May Mr John Drew Miss Ida Conquest.

FOUR PLAYERS WHO HAVE BEEN BROUGHT OUT PROMINENTLY BY THE SYNDICATE stances. But Frohman had read the play and was confident that it would draw well. He determined to venture, and although efforts were made by his friends to dissuade him, he point-blank refused to be counseled in his selection, and bought the play. Capital he had little, but he pushed ahead with the production. It was with no little trepidation that he looked forward to the first night, and the reception which it would receive from a hypercritical public. But great interests were at stake, not so much financial from his point of view as his reputation, for he realized only too well that should the verdict of the playgoer be favorable, he would be well launched upon the road of success, while if it failed—well, the bankruptcy court stared him in the face. But Frohman possesses two valuable characteristics which stand him in good stead. He is far-seeing and what is more, he has the confidence of his opinions.

With the production of " Shenandoah " his judgment was vindicated, since with this play Frohman not only paid the authors' heavy fees, but wiped off all the debts incurred in its production as well, and reaped a handsome harvest which laid the foundation of his present international theatrical tame.

The success of this first attempt stimulated the new manager to further effort, but he recognized that to achieve success in a heavily overcrowded profession it was necessary to combine interests and to stifle small competitors, who rise and fall in the dramatic profession like meteors. He first obtained a good grasp of New York with the Empire Theatre, which was built specially for him, and which is now one of the most fashionable playhouses in New York. Fortune still favored him, and other theatres were rapidly acquired, not only in New York but in the other leading cities of the country as well. In this acquisition of theatres, however, he displayed further evidence of his shrewdness. The majority of the playhouses were somewhat small *i. e.*, the seating accommodation was limited, so that the building rapidly filled up, and Frohman, night after night, was compelled to turn people away form the box-office. To refuse money in this manner would appear to be heartburning and a tangible plea for enlarging the building, but Frohman was too astute to embark upon any such scheme. The announcement " house full " was to him a far more fruitful advertisement than columns of newspaper announcements, or other devices for attracting playgoers. As the lease of theatre after theatre expired in New York, Frohman came along and obtained renewals of the leases at a price that smaller managers could not afford to pay. In this manner gradually many of the most important theatres in New York came under Frohman's control, and this policy he is still continuing, for he has always more plays in hand than he can obtain stages upon which to produce them.

Then came the organization of the Theatrical Syndicate. Playgoers do not realize the full significance of such a combination as this. Our cities are separated by such enormous distances that a large proportion of the profits were once swallowed up in traveling expenses alone.

It will thus be realized that some organized system of touring the country was imperative to render a venture financially successful ; to reduce traveling expenses to the minimum ; and to provide a constant round of first-class plays for the people in the various towns and cities. Before the theatrical community of interests came into existence there was no regular touring programme. The result was that the theatres in many of the towns remote from the great centres, such as

Photographs by Sarony, New York, and Ellis, London

Mr. William Gillette. Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Sir Henry Irving.

THREE FAMOUS STARS WHO HAVE PLAYED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SYNDICATE.

Chicago and New York, were either closed for several days in the week, or were only producing indifferent plays, by indifferent companies, to indifferent audiences, at a loss to the managers. Furthermore, the touring companies were engaged in a "will-o' the-wisp" enterprise. Opening their tour at Philadelphia, they often had to travel 150 miles to the next theatre, thence another 200 miles in another direction for the third show, and perhaps back again to the vicinity of their starting point for their fourth appearance.

Frohman immediately set to work to reduce such a chaotic management to something approaching a regular system. He approached managers like Klaw & Erlanger and Nixon & Zimmermann, mighty factors in the Syndicate, and the result of the negotiations was that these managers joined forces, and their respective theatres were brought under one central control. Thus two or three hundred theatres were pooled, and regular systematic touring circuits were drawn up, which enable a company to travel, say, straight from one point of the compass to another, tapping all the important towns *en route*.

To give a realistic picture of the extent and methodical working of this Syndicate, we will suppose you have a play which you desire to send on tour through the United States. You enter the booking manager's sanctum :

"I want to book a tour with the 'Moneymaker.'"

"Which way ?" asks the manager, as he produces carefully prepared maps of the various circuits operated by the Syndicate.

"New York, Chicago and San Francisco."

The circuit embracing this route is produced, and you see at a glance the hundred or so theatres in the Combine.

"How many weeks ?" you are asked.

"Twenty."

You then select the towns you intend to visit, and you notice that you follow immediately on the heels of another "star" company.

You then discuss the terms to be paid to the Syndicate for the use of their theatres (if your attraction is wanted at all), and you pass out of the office ready to commence your tour at practically a moment's notice. You have drawn up a tour embracing some 4,000 miles of travel in less than one hour. And you marvel at the Syndicate!

Contrast this system with that in vogue years ago. Application had to be made to the various theatres you wished to visit for vacant dates, and you had to time your appearances as best you could in progressive order—a process which involved days and weeks of constant labor.

The cost of running a theatre always proves fascinating reading, and the outlay attending the maintenance of one of the leading Frohman theatres—the Empire Theatre—will render a very comprehensive and typical idea of the immense disbursements that are made in various connections by this Napoleon of the theatrical world concerning his numerous playhouses. The rent alone of this particular theatre is $45,000 per annum, and when it is remembered that the dramatic season lasts practically only for eight months out of the twelve, it will be seen that the rental per week averages about $1,000 during the season. But although the theatre itself may be closed, the rent continues, and during the closed months an empty house swallows a large quota of the profits accumulated when it is open. Then there is the play itself, which absorbs another large proportion of the funds. A prominent author demands from five to ten per cent. of the gross receipts as his share, together with, say, from $500 to $5,000 in advance royalties to be paid upon the delivery of the manuscript to the manager. The fees in royalties alone to be paid to the author by a theatre will often foot up to $1,000 a week. When the play is completed the caste has to be arranged, and in this connection further heavy disbursements have to be made. The leading lady will often cost $250 a week according to her popularity, and in one or two instances favorite stars demand $500, and what is more, they get it. Other feminine characters will vary from $100 downwards per week, according to their reputation and the rôle which they undertake. A leading man will be obtained for some $250. Villains are somewhat cheaper, being available as a rule for anything from $100 downwards. Walking ladies and gentlemen and other supers will be paid from $1.00 per night to $10 and $20 per week.

But the most serious item is the mounting of the play—scenery and dresses. In this direction there is practically no finality to expense. A farce is generally a cheap play to produce; but melodramas, on the other hand, replete with spectacle and remarkable mechanical effects, will often run to $30,000 and upwards. If the play be of the costume type, the dresses themselves will cost five times that of a modern domestic or problem play, though in this instance a good deal depends upon the caprices of the leading ladies. Taken on the whole, the salary list of a medium sized company will amount to some $2,000 a week. Many a play, which has cost over $25,000 up to the first night, has proved a dismal failure, and one cannot but sympathize with the unfortunate speculator who has been rash enough to tempt fate from behind the footlights. Fortunately, however, complete failures are rare nowadays, the modern theatrical manager having, by his long and careful training, acquired a good hold of the public pulse as to its requirements in this form of recreation.

Frohman, as the voice of the Syndicate, commands the services of all the leading actors and actresses of the day, and the refusal of all plays. To his office flows a steady stream of actors and actresses, eager to secure a foothold under the Syndicate banner, for each knows only too well that once a recruit in this organization's ranks, promotion looms largely in the future.

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There is probably no theatrical manager at the present day who has such a quick and keen capacity to sum up the abilities of an actor or actress. Many of the matinee idols of to-day owe their prosperity to Frohman. It was he who brought Miss Maude Adams to the front, and was instrumental in bringing out Miss Edna May, now one of the leading stars under his English management.

When speaking of Miss Edna May, one naturally associates this comic opera singer with the Salvation Army Lassie in "The Belle of New York." The story of how this play was imported into England provides another glaring instance of Frohman's perspicacity. The theatrical king did not want to produce this musical play in England himself, owing to the urgency of other preparations, yet he was convinced that it would draw the English public. He strenuously urged Mr. George Edwardes, whose name in connection with musical plays is so familiar throughout England, and with whom Frohman has since allied part of his interests, to secure it. "Even if you can't produce it yet, buy it and pigeon-hole it. If you don't somebody else will bring it to London, where it will prove the catch of the season." The English manager was at first a little dubious of his American confrère's optimism, but he decided to profit by his friend's advice and the play was produced under his auspices. That his speculation was not an ill-advised one, and that Frohman was justified in his judgment, was proved by the tremendous hit it made.

Photographs by Sarony, New York, and the Stereoscopic Company, London.

Miss Beatrice Irwin. Miss Margaret Gordon. Miss Maud Fealy. Miss Beatrice Morgan.

FOUR OF THE YOUNGER WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE THEIR FIRST SUCCESSES WITH THE SYNDICATE.

Frohman is autocratic in his actions. At rehearsals he will correct a character, and he is quick to realize an improvement upon the author's requirements, in gesture, action, or speech; even though the revision apparently be a flagrant breach of dramatic canons. The players may possibly think they know more about the art than the manager, but he or she, if wise, keeps his or her own counsel.

With the authors the same firmness is maintained, and in more than one instance a battle royal has resulted between manager and author. The contest between Mrs. Hodgson Burnett and Charles Frohman over the production of "A Lady of Quality," was very acrimonious while it lasted. The latter had bought the play for production, but dispute arose as to whom should fulfil the rôle of *Clorinda*. Frohman demanded that it should be undertaken by Miss Olga Nethersole, while the author's championed favorite was Miss Julia Arthur. Frohman was adamant, and the authoress was equally emphatic. A deadlock ensued. Finally, both parties threw up the sponge. Frohman an-

From photographs by Sarony, Fowler and Perkins.

Miss Ethel Barrymore. Miss Maud Adams. Miss Annie Russell.

THREE FAMOUS SYNDICATE WOMEN STARS.

nulled his contract for the production of the play, and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett secured another manager to produce it for her with Miss Julia Arthur in the part of *Clorinda*.

When Frohman had formed the American Syndicate, he promptly set out for fresh fields and pastures new to conquer. His choice fell upon London. "Secret Service," with William Gillette, had made a tremendous hit at the Adelphi, and the success of this play tempted Frohman to secure a London theatre. The first London playhouse he secured was the Duke of York's, and his first production there—"The Adventure of Lady Ursula," by Anthony Hope—was an instant success, and occupied the boards of the theatre for ten months. Frohman duly heralded his London success on the play bills outside his New York houses: "Also of the Duke of York's Theatre, London."

Frohman is an international play dealer. Not only are the triumphs of London produced in his New York theatres, but he trades upon the Continental successes and actors as well. And, in this connection, he is not actuated by purely mercenary motives. He has produced many plays during the latter part of his career, which, although they appealed to him, have failed to draw the public, and inwardly he felt they would not succeed. But they pleased him, and as he once logically remarked, "a successful manager ought to gratify his whims once in a while."

An evidence of the paramountcy of the influence of this individual taste was recently recorded when he imported, lock, stock and barrel, the whole of the morality play "Everyman," and the company of forty, from London to New York. The play deeply impressed him, hence his action. It was a daring risk, and not one upon which the average theatrical manager, to whom the balance on the right side is more the exception than the rule, would feel disposed to embark.

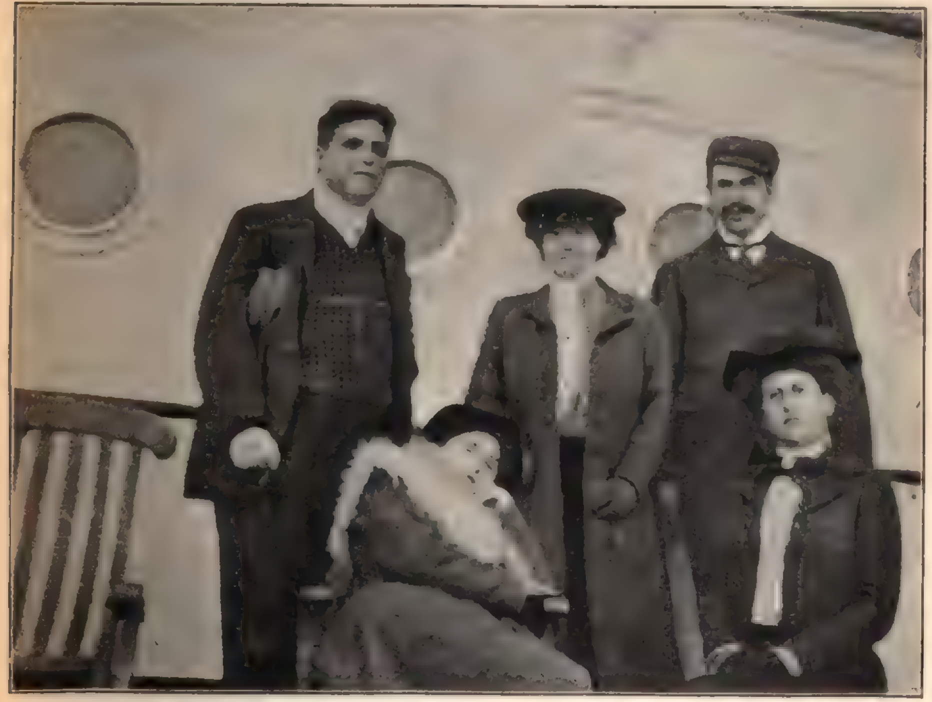
Yet the head of the Theatrical Syndicate is gradually emphasizing his force in England. At the present time, in addition to being the sole lessee of one London theatre, he has a part share in three or four plays occupying the boards of other well-known theatres, while he has no less than eight companies on the road. Frohman gives employment to more members of the theatrical profession than any other manager in England.

Mascagni on Board Ship.

WITH A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH.

IT cannot be denied that Mascagni has had his own troubles during the past year. Notwithstanding this fact, there are times when his brow is unruffled, his lips smiling and his eyes look unflinchingly at the sun. There are other times, however, when he breaks out in picturesque vituperation against American managers. However, this story merely is about Mascagni and a few others who evidently were quite willing to stare the whole world between the eyes through the medium of the camera.

This photograph which has been forwarded to BROADWAY MAGAZINE and is printed exclusively in this publication, was taken in mid-Atlantic on board the American Liner "Philadelphia." It shows the mæstro, together with some of the friends he made on shipboard. Mascagni here does not look particularly esthetic. Truth to tell, he might very readily be taken for a prosperous hotelkeeper in Hoboken, or manager of a lumberyard at Minneapolis. Even his hard right hand clinch of the perfecto he is smoking, bespeaks more the man of action than the dreamer.



Mascagni, Miss Frohman (sister of Charles and Daniel Frohman), standing, Miss Hertz and Mr Joseph Smith.
From a snapshot taken on board the "Philadelphia" of the American Line

It is not often, by the way, that a picture of a sister of Charles and Daniel Frohman, or for that matter, any member of the Frohman family, appears in print.

This picture is, of course, a reproduction of a snapshot, and was taken immediately after lunch on board ship.

MR. MARVIN DANA,

Who, after making a success of literature in England, came to New York to assume the Editorial Chair of the "Smart Set."

Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

THERE is no man in this country today who should be more interesting to the general reading public than Mr. Marvin Dana, editor of *Smart Set*, the publication which has been one of the marvels of the publishing business. The late Arthur Grissom was the first editor, and Mr. Dana is keeping up the fine quality which at the outset made this publication a notable one in current

MR. ALBERT LEE.

Writer and all-round newspaper man, who is now Editor of "Collier's Weekly."

literature. Mr. Dana is himself a writer of fine English and of a keenly literary mind.

Mr. Albert Lee, editor of *Collier's Weekly*, is one of the younger set of American editors. *Collier's* was the first of the weekly papers in America to prove conclusively that the weekly is again in the ascendant. Under Mr. Lee's editorial management, this publication has attained a position peculiarly its own. Its recent contract with Charles Dana Gibson which calls for one hundred center page drawings for $100,000 shows that weekly journalism is very much alive.

Mr. Lee is not bad looking.

Metropolitan Horse Experts—Their Mounts.

By James F. Jacques.

With Special Photographs by E. M. Bidwell, New York.

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MRS BURT PUTTING HER FAVORITE THROUGH AN EXHIBITION.

NEW YORK is the Mecca of the horseman and woman. There are gathered about Central Park some of the finest thoroughbreds that the country affords. Daily may be seen in Central Park the representatives of the horsey set, as they are denominated, and the various riding academies in the district do a thriving business. Riding clubs are also a feature of the west side of the park and call together society's devotees of the horse. The Spring meet is of especial interest. It takes place at Durland's Academy, and at this time there are competitions of much interest, and not only are there fine exhibitions of riding and driving, but also a display of horseflesh seldom equaled anywhere in the world.

Almost everyone in society is the owner of some particular prize, in many cases

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MRS. THOMPSON, TEACHER AT THE RIDING CLUB, ON KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED.

owners of ribbon-winners not only at the New York Horse Show, held in the autumn, but also at out-of-town events of national interest. The Vanderbilts are all enthusiastic horse-lovers, likewise the Goulds who keep a fine stable in the metropolis the year round.

Mrs. Burt has long been known as a prize-winner and has in addition a genius for teaching her favorites many of the clever tricks which she exhibits only to friends and before the accommodating camera.

Mrs. John Gerken has a fine stable on Long Island, and in the dull country season has some of her finest stock brought to the city. Miss Belle Beach is another thorough horsewoman with a special talent for form. Mrs. Meyer. widow of the late Rubber King, has a more extensive stable, and it is to be seen almost daily on New York's Rotten Row. Mrs. Stanton Elliott, née Henriques, has taken many prizes, and on her beautiful blue-ribbon bay, "Flashlight," makes as pretty a picture as ever commanded the admiration of the Park habitues.

This is but a small quota of the actual

number of the society women of New York who are experts in all manner of sports connected with the stable, from tooling coaches to driving tandem, and from judging the thoroughbreds to making time along the Speedway on a golden afternoon. In fact, there was never a time in the history of the smart set when there was greater interest in horseflesh, particularly among the fair sex, than at present, and the rivalry among them is very keen.

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

A THOROUGHBRED TEAM, BELONGING TO MR. HOWARD WILLETTS, ON EXHIBITION.

It is a matter of congratulation that the many riding clubs and coteries of the horsey set in society have kept up the interest and indeed increased it year by year, in spite of the fact that the motorcar has made such inroads on our metropolitan manners and life. The late competition brought to New York from the South and West some of the best riders and thoroughbreds in the United States, and proved that the interest in the breeding and training of the finest stock in the world is a science that is in the ascendancy instead of on the wane.

In Central Park, where many of these photographs were taken, it is a source of great delight to watch the riders and those interested in horseflesh who line the available spots along Rotten Row and watch with eagerness the passing throng, discussing points of form, costume, and all the niceties of stable lore. Strangers coming to the city regard this feature of the Park as one of the real sights, and as there are some good judges now and then among the spectators, those on exhibition, as it were, are very careful to preserve a scrupulous regard for excellence in all appointments and bearing. In fact, to the

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young devotee of the riding art it is as good a school in the fashionable mode as can be found anywhere in the country and even for those who are not especially inclined toward equestrian subjects, a source of instruction and pleasure.

One does not need to go to the statistician to get facts with regard to the rapid growth of the horse in the favor of society, not only in the East, but through the domain of the smart set. Schools of equestrian culture have done much to foster this enthusiasm, although they have come rather as a sequence than as forerunners of the science of horsemanship. The highest paid professors are now employed to teach young women how to preserve the best of form in the saddle and, moreover, to become *au fait* on the leading points in the judgment of horseflesh—itself a great achievement and one in which there are professors of the highest repute.

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MRS. MEYER, WIDOW OF THE LATE RUBBER KING, AND HER FAVORITE THOROUGHBRED.

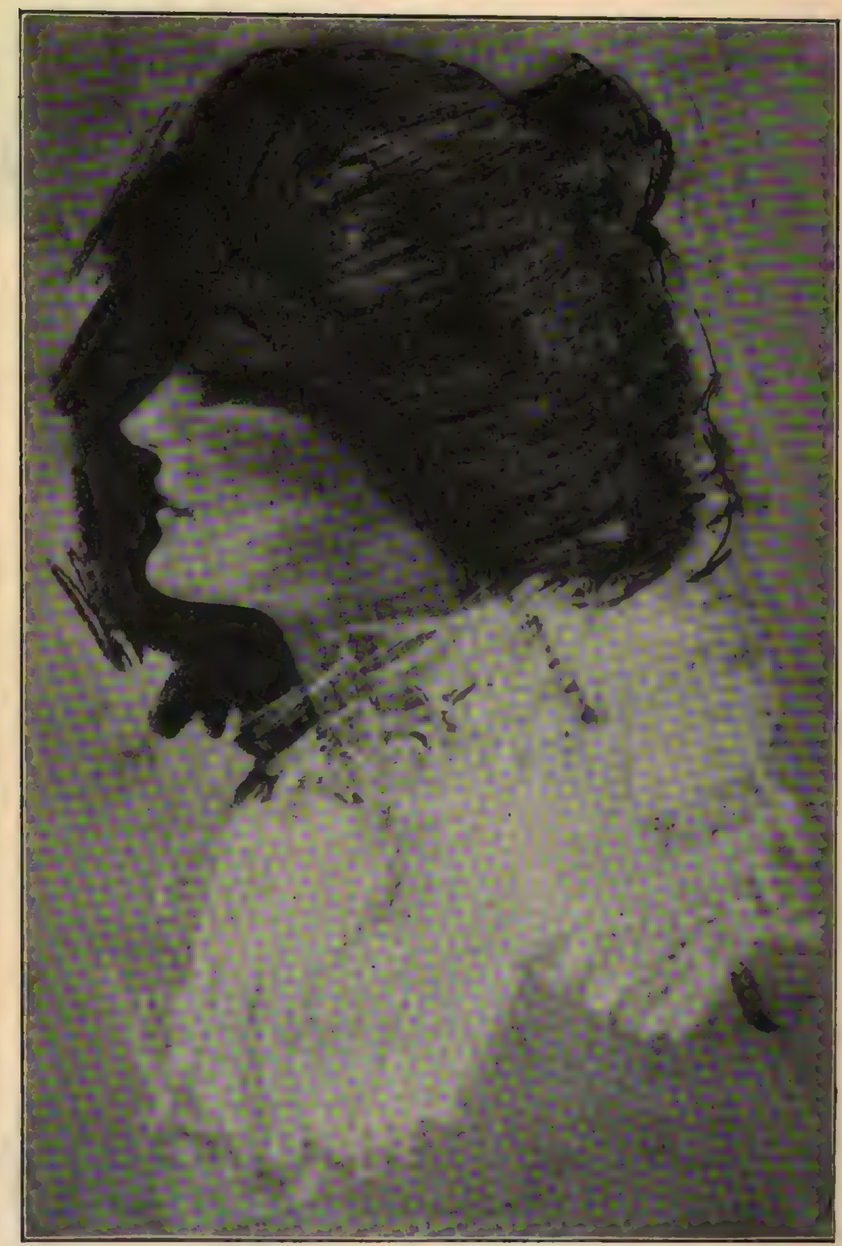
When the bicycle became a national craze some years ago, it will be remembered that the horse-breeders were up in arms against the intrusions of this inoffensive vehicle, and that the breeding of horses was said to have diminished to an alarming extent. There was a consequent reaction, however, as there always is in these cases, and when the tide turned, the breeders of fine horses found that the prices of good animals not only resumed the normal state, but exceeded it, so that to-day a thoroughbred is at a premium.

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MRS. STANTON ELLIOTT, NEE HENRIQUES, ON "FLASHLIGHT."

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

RIDING MASTER OF RIDING CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.



"DAPHNE." BY WALLACE ROSS.

HAIR-LINES.

When Daphne bound me with a single hair,
She held me like the Titan on the rock.
How can I now escape her golden snare
When I am fastened by a massive lock?

Fitz. B.

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How a Vanderbilt Is Making a Barony.

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERTS.

BY JOHN SIMS ALLISON.

JUST before the close of last year's gay season at Newport, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., accompanied by his wife, who was Miss Virginia Fair, his mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and the Duchess of Marlborough, arrived in America, after a long stay in Europe and repaired for a brief stay in Newport. The members of smart set were surprised, a short time afterwards, by the announcement that he, Mr. Vanderbilt, had closed his house and was leaving Newport for good. The reason for this move was believed by some to be that he was annoyed by the persistent prosecution of the local authorities for driving his automobiles at reckless speed along the highways. Those who were acquainted with the facts, however, knew that he was about to engage in the establishment of a magnificent country home on Long Island. His departure from Newport was that he might give his whole attention to the making of a modern barony.

Mr. Vanderbilt is the most recent of the younger American millionaires to become the proprietor of extensive country estates. He is following the lead of George W. Vanderbilt, at Biltmore, in the Carolina mountains, George J. Gould at Lakewood, Clarence Mackay at Harbor Hill and Howard Gould at Sands Point. They belong to a class not content with a country house, surrounded by a few acres of well kept lawns, with winding drives and ornamental shrubbery, but they must have a chateau of magnificent proportions in the midst of wooded hills, game preserves, fields for the husbandman and houses for the tenants.

The making of a modern barony is a stupendous task. The uninitiated may think men of unlimited means could have one for the asking. Agents possessed of the best information, abundant tact and diplomacy, whose services command large commissions, must be engaged. They are entrusted with the difficult undertaking of selecting a site, which possesses natural

Three scenes near beautiful Success Lake, the new home of Mr. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr.—The Lake as seen from the North, a winding road leading to the Hills, and a view of the old Inn, which was a landmark of the district for years.

advantages of forests, hills and plains. There must be an abundance of water and those advantages that make healthful surroundings. When such a place is found, it must be examined by those skilled in landscape architecture and stand the test of their critical examination to determine its adaptability. The agents then conduct the negotiations for the transfer of the property.

Mr. Vanderbilt's estate comprises over six hundred acres on the crest of hills forming the backbone of Long Island, a dozen miles from New York City. Some of the land is among the highest east of the Orange Mountains of Jersey. In the very midst, glittering and sparkling like a great Kohinoor, is beautiful Success Lake, famed in story and legend since the days of the Matinecock Indians. From the lake rise thick primeval forests, extending to the ridge of hills on the south and west, where the land recedes into vales and plains. Westward lie fruitful fields, which have been cultivated as farms and gardens for several generations. The whole ensemble is aptly described in the name "Deepdale," which has been chosen for the estate.

A point leading down from the new Vanderbilt Mansion, to be used for a landing dock

Old "Aunt Hannah's" home, where one of the characters of the "Deepdale" district lived for years.

The holdings of a dozen families were purchased at a cost of $300,000. To secure them the agents of Mr. Vanderbilt severed the ties that bound families to their old homesteads and destroyed some of the hallowed pleasures and rights of a large community. Few of the grantors were direct descendants of those who received the land by royal patents.

The new Pavilion in process of erection looks upward from the old "British Oak," a tree made famous by the British soldiers in Revolutionary days, when they encamped under it, as it commanded a grand view of the federal territory. The venerable oak itself is seen in the accompanying picture.

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They were tempted to leave their heritages and houses built before the revolution only by offers of double and treble the value of their holdings. The greatest secrecy was maintained during the time these purchases were being negotiated, and the real purchaser and his plans were not made known until every desired plot was secured. Even now Success Lake is not the absolute property of Mr. Vanderbilt. It has been the common property of the people of the town of North Hempstead since 1784, and at a recent special meeting they refused to relinquish to him, for $50,000, their right to use the waters of the lake for pleasure and profit.

From the earliest advent of colonists from the mother country, the land on this part of Long Island included within the boundaries of "Deepdale," has been considered the most fertile along the north shore of Long Island. Sturdy husbandmen came and turned the land into well cultivated farms. Mr. Vanderbilt has not interrupted the immemorial occupation of his tenants but, as soon as the land was acquired by his agents, he made contracts, mostly with the former owners, to continue the cultivation of the fields.

One of the places purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt has long been known to local fame as the home of the descendant of a faithful slave woman, who was presented the land in recognition of her faithful services to her master. She was a famous cook, and whenever there was an affair of unusual importance in the houses of the well-to-do country folk, she was called in to take charge of the dinner. Her arts and her calling descended, after her death, to her daughter, who has been known for a generation about "Deepdale" as "Aunt Hannah." Her neat and well kept little cottage stood on the shores of Success Lake and it was the resort for years of those who desired a quiet rest and a good, wholesome dinner.

Not so many years ago "Deepdale" was far removed from New York. It required a day's journey for the inhabitants to reach the city; the same time that is now required to reach Chicago from New York. They traveled a winding highway, passing down over the hills and through the Hempstead Plains on to Brooklyn. A stage passed over this road several times a week, bringing the mails and the news of the outside world. It started from Roslyn, near the country home of Clarence Mackay, and ran to the tavern of Jim Allen, in the Manhasset valley. From there it came to the old country store of James Poole, at Success, whence it went on to Floral Park, and thence to Jamaica, The great advance of modern times is no more forcibly illustrated than by the fact that Mr. Vanderbilt frequently makes the trip from New York to "Deepdale," in his automobile in less than an hour.

The plans for the complete development of this magnificent estate have not been fully matured by Mr. Vanderbilt. The creation of a country home to rival those of the English country gentlemen is not the work of a day or a year, and no one realizes that more than the owner of "Deepdale." An army of workmen is busy daily bringing into reality the improvements suggested by the most skillful landscape artists and architects in America. Mr. Vanderbilt, and his charming wife, are daily upon the estate, making suggestions that add touches of beauty and romance to the landscape. The forests, which are soon to be stocked with a variety of game, are being intersected with narrow driveways for riding and driving. A house has just been completed to the south of the lake to serve as a temporary abode for Mr. Vanderbilt. It is larger than many of the country homes on

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The Vanderbilt Manor Home at "Deepdale." Mr. O. H. P Belmont is shown in auto.

Long Island, yet its final disposition will be a lodge for the keeper of the estate. A manor house is to be erected on a site commanding a view of Success Lake and the broad expanse of the Hempstead Plains, extending to Wheatley Hills and the cathredral at Garden City. It is probable that on the plains of the estate there will be laid out an automobile race track, for the estate is on the direct line of a great automobile highway, which Mr. Vanderbilt and a number of other wealthy New Yorkers propose building from the East River to the easternmost limits of Long Island.

The beauties which nature has lavished on this estate, together with the charm of history and romance that gathers about it, and the development possible from the means at Mr. Vanderbilt's disposal, will make "Deepdale" one of the grandest of American baronies.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

She listened and a joyous smile
Illuminated all her face;
While in the oratoric style
Expressed his love with fluent grace.

But suddenly he lost a word,
And hesitated, quite distressed,
Quoth she, with accents like a bird,
"Well memorized! Now read the rest!"

NEMO.

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When Battery Park is Green.

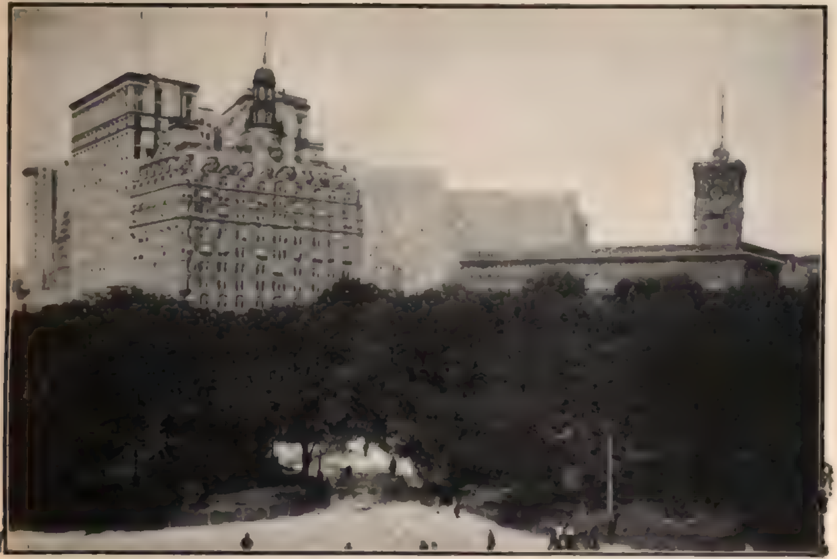
By John P. Slocum.

BATTERY PARK, New York, is one of the most interesting districts of the metropolis. It overlooks the water and has other advantages of a physical nature, but it is also an historical section—perhaps quite the most historical in New York. It was here that Hendrik Hudson landed, that the old Dutch settlers built their quaint homes, and where they played bowls on the green, as has been so characteristically painted by Edwin Abbey. It was here, too, that the British landed and whence Washington embarked after the close of the Revolution.

The point of view in this picture is from the Aquarium looking northward toward the Washington Building, the Stock Exchange and the great wall of skyscrapers beyond. The Aquarium is itself a wonderful old record, being Castle Garden of past fame, where thousands and thousands of immigrants set foot upon American soil for the first time, many of whom have become useful citizens of New York and other States of the Union.

It was at the Aquarium that the famous Jenny Lind gave her concert to the elite of the society of elder day—an event of great moment to the people of that time. Battery Park was once dedicated to profane use as a Potter's Field, and later when it was made a parade and drilling ground, the Potter's Field was removed to Washington Square. The property is probably quite as valuable as any to be found on the continent, but the encroachments of commerce will probably never disturb its serenity nor mar its inviting beauty.

As a breathing space during the heat of the summer, this district is, perhaps, the coolest and most satisfying in New York. The Syrian, Turkish, Greek and a dozen other nationalties are to be found here.



Copyright, 1903, by Hastings & Miller, New York.

Battery Park in Spring's Garb

THE NEW "MURRAY GIRL."

Romance of a New York Studio.

BY JAMES D. WELDON.

STUDIO life in the metropolis was never lacking in what Belasco might call heart interest, but in some quarters the bacillus of romance finds a more fruitful and abiding field than in others. It evidently found a lodgment within the precincts of the studio of Mr. Edward J. Murray, a young artist who came to New York from Worcester, Massachusetts, by way of New Haven, and has met here with a deal of success of which he is entirely worthy. Among the newer votaries at the shrine of Art with an emblazoned cap "A", Mr. Murray stands among the leaders as a man of promise, as many of the connoisseurs of

Google

New York have attested. He is entirely a self-made man, having educated himself in this most difficult of professions and solved the problem of his own artistic salvation, as it were. For a considerable period Mr. Murray lived in New Haven where he practiced his profession zealously, receiving much encouragement from the Yale students who saw in him a man with a future and who purchased his drawings for framing and hanging upon their walls. He also contributed to several periodicals in New Haven and illustrated "The Yale Jingle Book," one of the clever rhyme volumes of old Eli.

THE ARTIST'S BRIDE IN RECEPTION DRESS.

MRS. EDWARD J. MURRAY IN STREET GOWN

Coming to New York about a year ago, Mr. Murray fell into the mood of neo-Bohemia and set out to win his laurels. He early conceived the ideal head—the Murray Girl in contradistinction to the Gibson, Wenzel, Christy and all the other American types which have become so famous. In this he was assisted by a very pretty type, youthful, sprightly and finely proportioned of figure as well as attractive of feature, and as his model's enthusiam in his work increased, his admiration for her grew apace until it was deemed advisable to make a permanent combination

MR. EDWARD J. MURRAY, ARTIST.

and pursue the elusive ideal American type together.

Artist and model were married. Mrs. Murray poses for all of her husband's ideal figures and is a young woman of exceptional critical and artistic ability, which, encouraged by a tender interest toward her husband and his work, is bound to bring out the best results that the young artist conceals dormant within him.

The pursuit of the ideal American girl is something that has occupied the attention of every artist of the land from the inception of the illustrative idea. Every few months sees another aspirant for the admiration of the public and an endeavor to approach as near as possible the real goddess who rules our destinies here in the New World. Some we have already tired of, being over-familiar with them; others, rarer, and bearing more distinction of a subtle nature, we cannot meet too often.

People never tire of the beautiful, which is expressed best in the charms of young womanhood. Every artist strives to be the nearest possible exponent of the feminine beauty of his time. Titian did it, as did Velasquez, and in another way, Albrecht Durer and Fra Angelico, preserving the spiritual, intellectual, or the physical ideal of their generation as suited the mood of the painter.

Mr. Murray is a young man who has the courage of his convictions and the self-reliance to fight his own battles against odds that are hard enough in any profession nowadays, and still more difficult in the arts. And yet, when we hear of magazines offering and paying as high as a thousand dollars a drawing, for one hundred drawings, as was recently the case, one must realize that art is at least "looking up," as they say, in America, and that there are some grand prizes still in store for the successful competitor.

This offer of one thousand dollars a drawing, by the way, should be the means of driving many anxious spirits into art. It looks so easy and natural; but beware the seductions of art and the blandishments of example.

Mr. Murray's unpublished work is on exhibition at the Waldorf-Astoria Art Gallery. They are well worth viewing.

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

Mrs. Marion Murray, the model-wife.

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America's New Crop of Writers.

No. 1.—Justus Miles Forman.

AMONG the younger generation of writers, none has come to sudden prominence sooner and promised greater things for the future than Mr. Justus Miles Forman, a young novelist and short-story writer, discovered by "Smart Set" of New York, and since taken up by the foremost magazines of the country. Mr. Forman is a graduate of Yale and started out to become a painter. He was born in New York State, and like George Moore, of England, after realizing that perhaps painting was not his forte, took to literature out of the fullness of his experience in foreign lands.

Mr. Forman's work shows the keenest appreciation of the continental point of view, particularly the American and English colonies of Paris and the adjacent districts where there are hundreds of self-expatriated men and women of wealth and culture who live lives of elegant ease. Mr. Forman is still in his twenties and there is perhaps a possibility of his developing into the Balzac of the New World and writing the Comedie Humaine of America with all its shifting scenes, its conglomerate types and its restless, aggressive and withal hopeful spirit.

Photograph by McIan, New York.

Justus Miles Forman

Mr. Forman's English shows the very closest study of the best masters, and his conversance with European modes and manners is a strong factor in his stories, which have dealt with society as he has found it principally abroad.

Henry James began in somewhat the same way and remained there. It is to be hoped that Mr. Forman will not stop where he is. He need not.

"Proverbial Perversions."

By Walter Pulitzer.

In marriage—he who hesitates is—bossed.

Something that always has its face value—a kiss.

It's never too late to spend!

At the Dairy Lunch—Distance lends enchantment to the Stew.

Truth is most convincing when told by an experienced liar.

A rolling stone gathers no moss—excepting sometimes remorse.

A woman without a past should be happy—but she isn't.

If love is blind
How is it, pray,
That love will always
Find the way?

ODE TO THE CIGARETTE.

Leaf from far off-Turkey,
Flavor of Orient soil,
Rolled in paper murky,
Tipped with a gold-leaf foil!

Power there dwells within thee
Sorrow and care to strew;
Worlds, from grief and sin free,
Float on your clouds of blue!

Forms of Beauty's gladness
Waft upon spiral coils!
Songs like Wine's sweet madness
Play in your magic toils!

Visions, graceful, airy,
Pass and repass the view:
Even a goddess fairy
Casts o'er the scene rose-hue!

Solace, grace, derision,
These does your map enfold!
Cloud-evolved emersion
Tinged but by Fancy's gold!

Charm and sway to scatter
Thoughts of the question "Why?"—
Then, is't strange you flatter
Man to content with a sigh?

Grace B. Konopak.

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Robert Edeson in the Country.

With a photograph taken especially for Broadway Magazine.

MR. ROBERT EDESON'S summer home near Sag Harbor, Long Island, might be considered as a substantial monument to "Soldiers of Fortune," the play which placed him in the front rank of American stars and which provided him with a neat bank surplus. The Edeson residence is situated on a pine-covered knoll overlooking an inlet from the Sound. Its general outline is that characterized as Elizabethan, and is admirably suited to the topography of Long Island.

Mr. Edeson on his favorite mount.—Taken in front of Mr. Edeson's country residence, near Sag Harbor, Long Island.

The grounds when completed will resemble those of an English manor and will be surrounded by vine-covered red brick walls. They will contain an old-fashioned kitchen garden with its intermingling of vegetables and flowering plants; a tennis court, a croquet lawn and a green for outdoor bowling. The hill upon which the residence stands slopes gradually to the water front. A path bordered by box hedges winds down to the circular canal by means of which Mr. Edeson has drained and made more habitable.

This summer Mr. Edeson will place on the island thus formed a Philipino hut to be used as a studio where he can indulge in the pursuit of his hobby—painting—without fear of interruption from family or guests. Its prime object seems certain of defeat, for it promises to be quite the "show place" of the "farm," which is a portion of Humpback Manor, a title derived from the first halves of the surnames of its original settlers—Joseph Humphries and George Backus.

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York

"The Grace of Beauty."

The Grace of Beauty.

By John D. Furlong.

THE female form divine is like unto the female face in that it has many phases of beauty. We think of Diana or Juno as beings of statuesque and imperial presences. Cleopatra is mentally pictured as a creature of much alluring loveliness.

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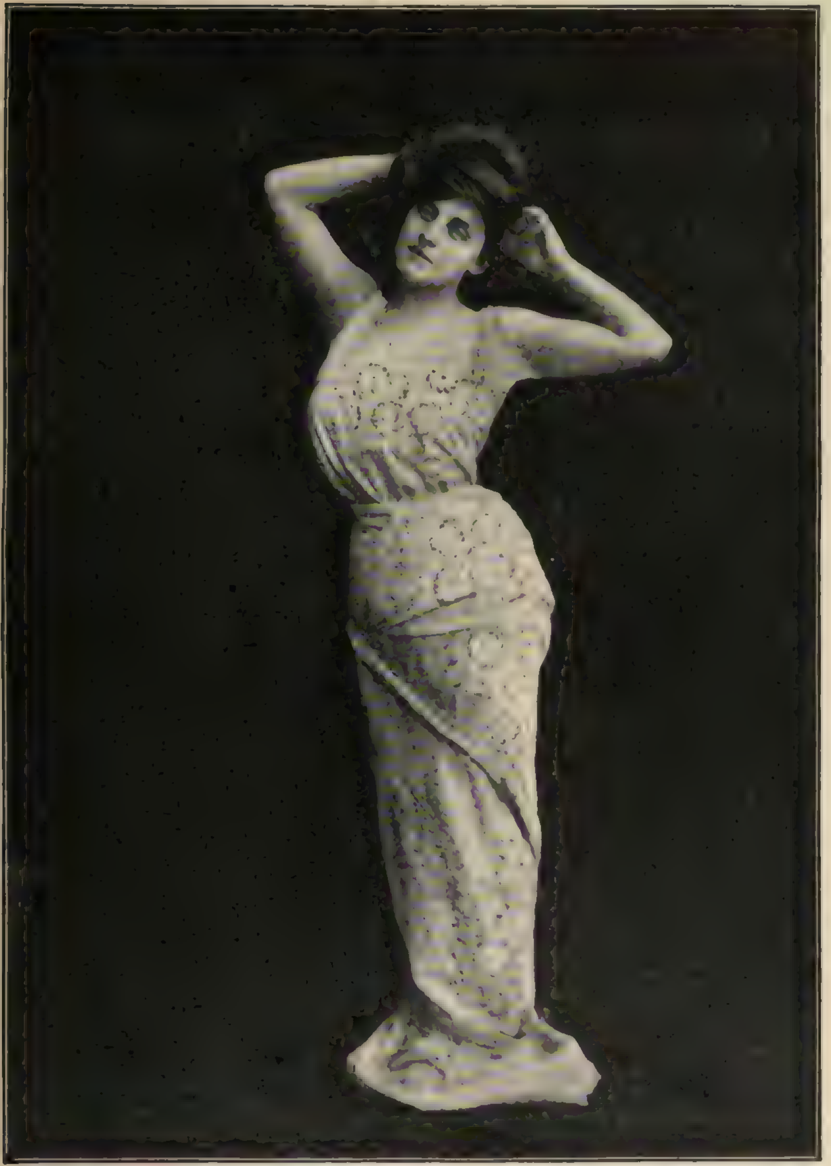

From a Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

Where symmetry is beauty, and pose is in accord.

An attractive subject is here pictured. Nature has been very good to this young woman, as her photographs testify. She is of regal proportions, fit mate for a prince, or associate of heroes. Yet she is so gifted with the indefinable grace of her sex that there is no undue suggestion of mere animal strength about her. Those shapely arms are capable of pulling a good oar for many miles, of holding a hard-mouthed mount in check. Yet she is the personification of womanly grace united to the beauty that comes from the possession of healthful strength.

What is New York Society Coming To?

By John Dugro.

SOCIETY s'amuse, like the French king, but in doing so, there would seem to be what in polite parlance might be termed a decent limitation. Within a short time we have had two exhibitions of bad taste—perhaps the severe casuist of morals and manners would designate at least one of them by a more realistic epithet — which have been food for speculation not altogether congratulatory, on the state of society in general as might be judged by those who set themselves up as arbiters of good form.

One incident, Mr. Robert Hargous, who paid his compliments to an esteemed woman of culture by offering her a dinner with a vaudeville attachment, after which he committed a breach of form by inviting a pair of dusky stage-folk to enter the supposed select circle on an equal footing with the other guests, and the second offense was one committed at Palm Beach by no less a criterion of form than Mr. Harry Lehr, who, as *Town Topics*, a well-informed society journal, states it, "lost no time in creating a sensation by appearing directly on his arrival in girls patent-leather Oxford ties with the regulation high French heels and bow on instep, probably borrowed for the occasion from Natalie Schenck, his hose of ladies' open-work drop-stitch silk, embroidered with real flowers."

Does Mr. Hargous want this kind of thing in our best American homes?

For the edification of the hoi polloi, we give a snapshot of Mr. Lehr in this amazing costume, so that there may not be thought any exaggeration of fact or unmerited exploitation of a doubtful *escalndre*, for whereas journalists may err, the camera is without fear, prejudice or favor.

It strikes me that Mr. Roosevelt's race-suicide menace is infinitely to be preferred to many other things, and if the coming race is to pattern after this amazing type of benedict, let the race-suicide "and be hanged to it," as Major Pendennis said. At least the fact that Mr. Lehr has married a beautiful and intelligent woman should have kept the Grand Blue-penciller of the Blue-book from making himself so conspicuous.

As for Mr. Hargous, it appears to me that race-suicide is likewise preferable to any abhortive and insolent attempt to

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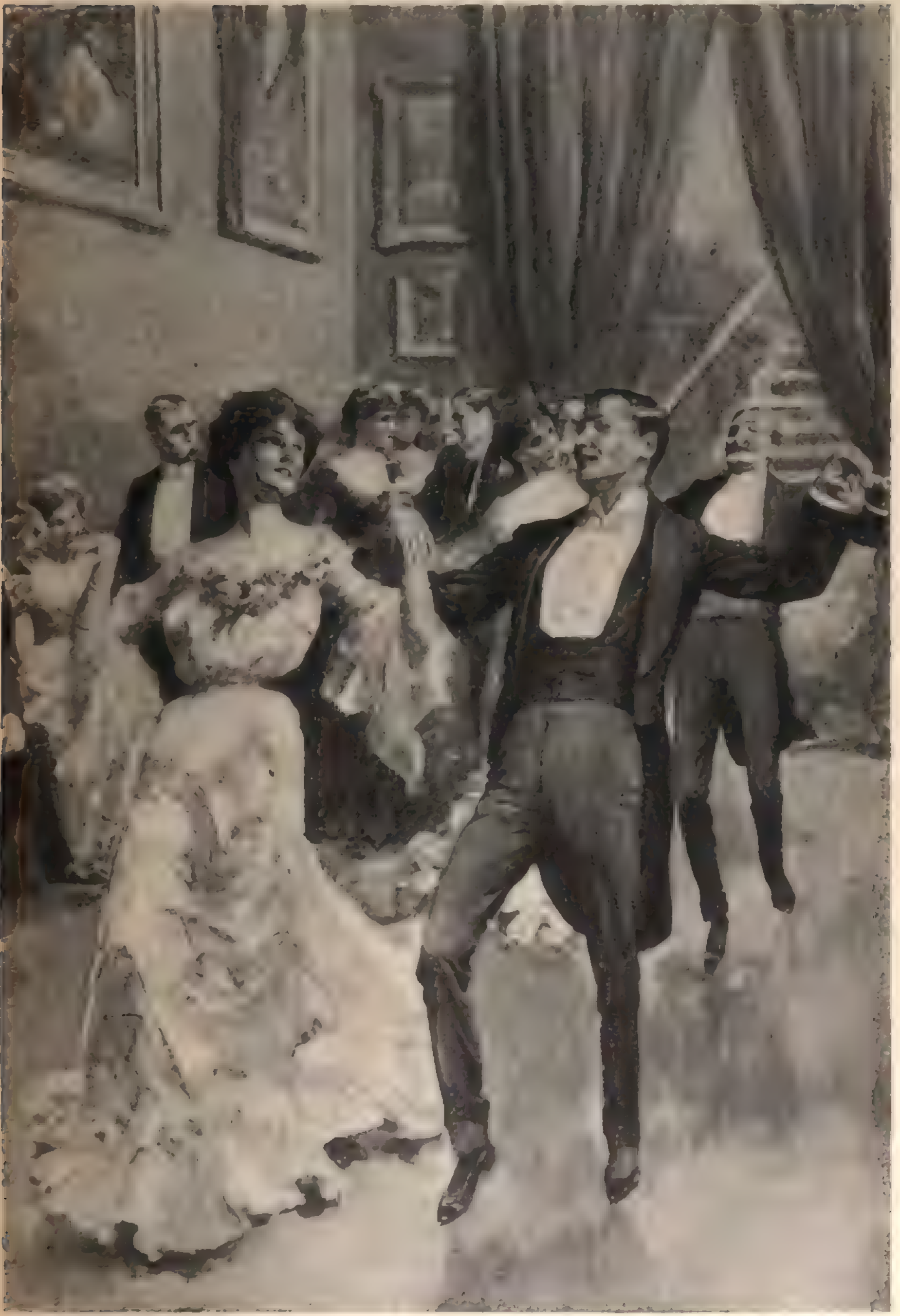

THE REVIVAL OF THE CAKEWALK AS A NEW YORK SOCIETY FAD.

Once again New York takes up the Cakewalk as a diversion. The elect has run the gamut from Ping-Pong to Bridge Whist and now goes back to an older love. Society must be entertained!

foist race-equality upon society at this period of our history. It took about ten thousand years, as anthropologists inform us, for man to develop from the naked savage to the cultured Harvard graduate in all his glory, and yet such insane sociologists have an idea that the naked savage can be taken out of the heart of Africa and put upon a footing of equality with civilized man in the short space of sixty years—in other words, accomplish in three generations what our own ancestors were unable to achieve in three hundred. After the vaudeville entertainment following the dinner referred to, Mr. Hargous invited the ebon belle to "tread a measure," as Lochinvar has put it, and also presented her colored escort to his beautiful guest for the whirl of a waltz. This appeared to be quite too much for some of the men and women, who, even if they are unconventional, have still a shred of self-respect remaining, and who immediately withdrew in a somewhat belligerent frame of mind.

Mr. Harry Lehr as he appeared at Palm Beach.

Yet this forceful protest went unregarded it would seem, for the affair proceeded and the cake-walkers were kings. Of course as an advertising scheme, it was the equal of the most daring conception of any king of Coney Island, but it was nothing short of reprehensible, having a doleful influence upon the better classes of society and as it was bound to be misconstrued by the lower strata of the black element, it exerted a vicious influence upon them.

As Mr. Hargous was not looking for votes among the Afric contingency, it is hard to construe his conduct, unless perhaps it was the display advertisement for which even traveling medicine-men have been known to stoop to "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

There is no doubt that the negro problem is one of the most momentous with which the nation has to deal, and the South is solving it in its own manner and entirely satisfactory to the minds of the best people. There is only harm in bringing the colored man or woman into social prominence, for no rightminded man who has the interests of the colored race at heart will fail to realize this. There will always be reformers who will insist upon bringing to the front the very types of character with which educators have had to deal and attempting to do in a day what scientific people have been unable to do in years. The negro is all right in his place, and will solve the problem of his social salvation if given a reasonable amount of time. To make this evolution premature is to work against the laws of nature. The instances of violations against all laws of morals and justice which have been vindicated by summary justice in the South show that as yet the negro is incapable of differentiating between right and wrong and is an irresponsible member of society. There are exceptions to the rule, but they are rare.

In New York City the negro has rights and privileges, too often abused, which are accorded him nowhere in the Southern States, and that accounts more or less for his lawlessness and his arrogance. A whole section of the city—quite the worst morally and the lowest mentally—is populated by the African gentleman and his usually numerous progeny, but it is a curious fact that this district is the last to be visited by the reformers.

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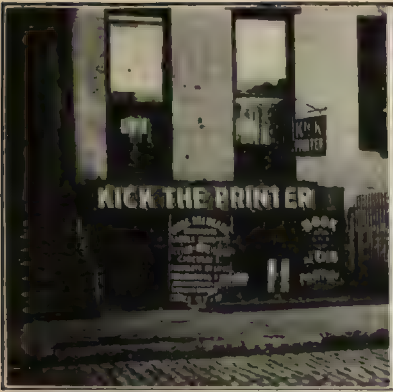
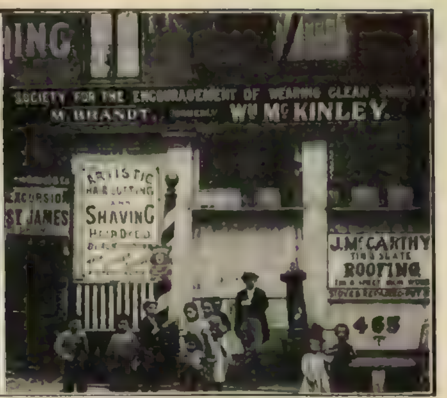

KICK THE PRINTER

A FUNNY SIGN NEAR THIRD AVENUE.


SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF WEARING CLEAN
M. BRANDT
Wm McKINLEY
ARTISTIC HAIRCUTTING AND SHAVING
ST JAMES
J. McCARTHY
ROOFING
465

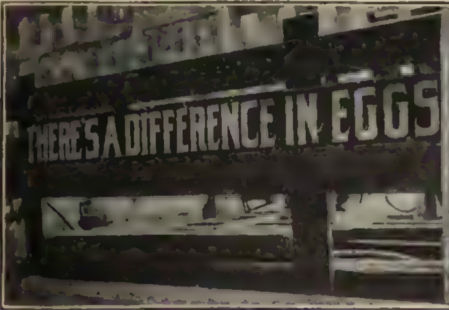
AN ENTERPRISING EAST SIDE TAILOR

New York's Queer Signs.

By Barry Dunn.

NEW YORK is a place where one may see more strange sights in a day than in all the other towns of the country in a year. One must have an observing mind and keep one's wits on the alert. Signs are the great drawing cards to many of the modest establishments which may be said to be composed almost entirely of signs and all out of proportion to the stock in hand. One may travel for miles through the streets of New York and see many queer signs, and some of them are classic in their unconscious humor. The camera has caught a few of these and given **Broadway Magazine** readers a taste of the spice that may be had by the observing for the very glance of the naked eye.

It was Dickens who got the names of the majority of his characters from the signs along the thoroughfares of London, it being his custom to sit on the top of a buss and record all the signs that struck his fancy. It was that way also with Balzac, it will be remembered, who, in company with a distinguished French savant, went on the hunt for novel signs, and so acute was the great novelist's sense of fitness that he could describe the sort of man a certain name fitted. Some of his names therefore seemed to have been fitted by nature to the personal idiosyncracies of the individual.


THERE'S A DIFFERENCE IN EGGS

IN TWELFTH STREET, NEAR SIXTH AVENUE

"CHARLES SKINNER, FINE FURS."

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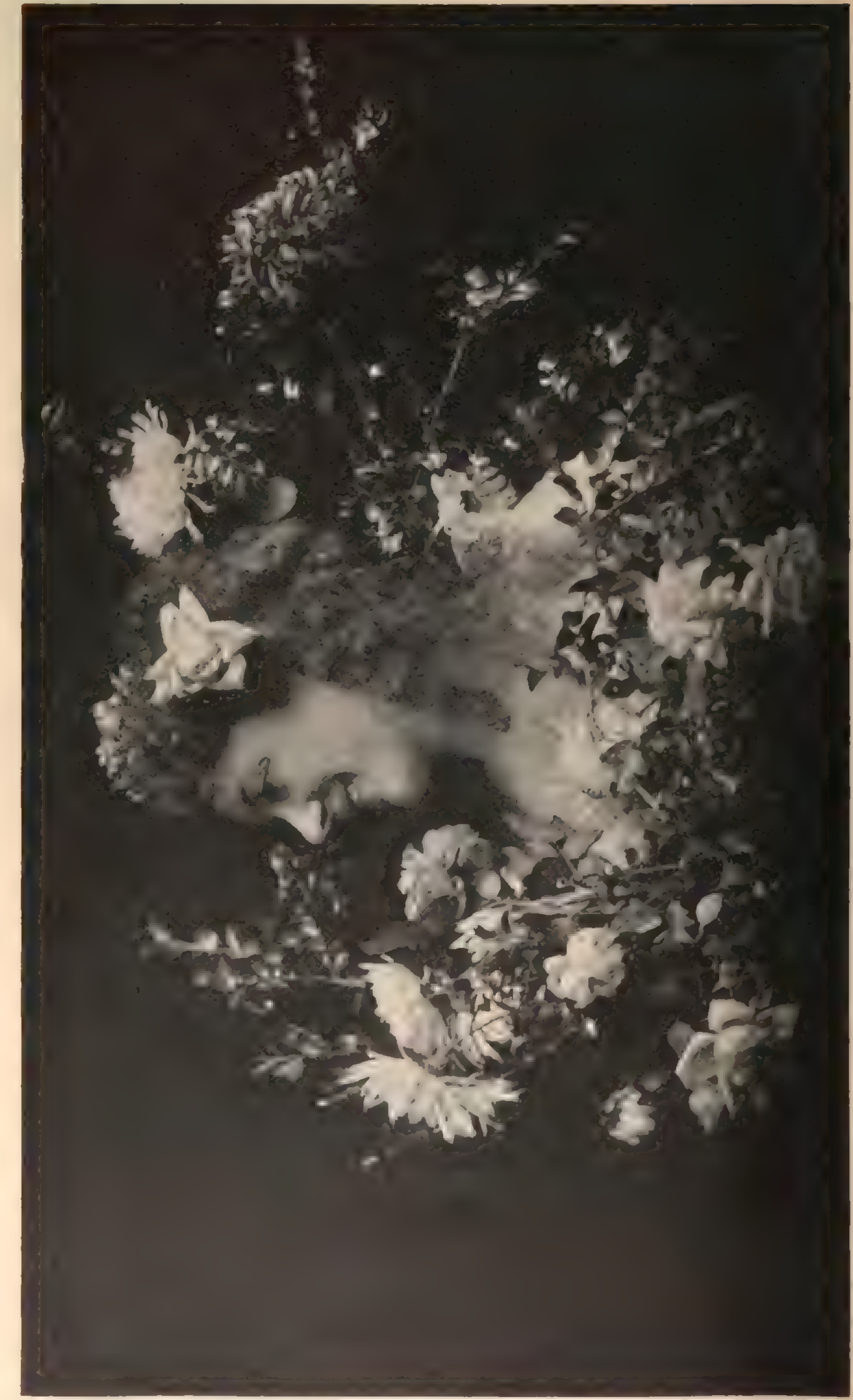

"THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS."

A new and beautiful photographic study from life by Bushnell. This is one of the most striking of photographic studies of the year and is reproduced exclusively in Broadway Magazine.

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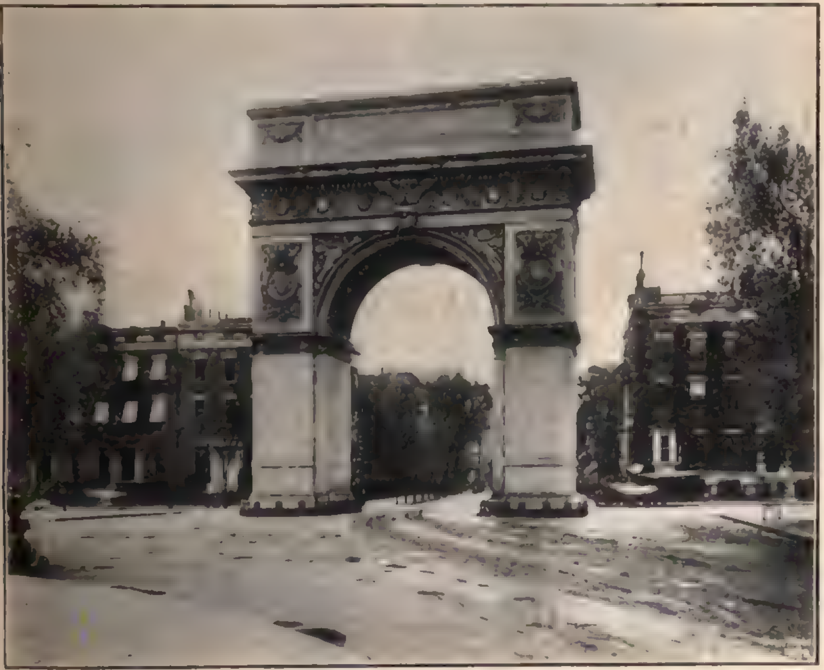
The Quaintest Part of New York.

By Alexander B. Grace.

AWAY back in the beginning of the century a fine old lady, having been providentially rescued at sea, and desirous of showing her gratitude to the whole seafaring craft by way of reciprocity, made a remarkable will, whereby she left to an obscure Staten Island charity organization known as the Sailors' Snug Harbor, a tract of land on the north side of Washington Square, New York, which square was then and previously a Potter's Field, and consequently not quite the fashionable residential district of the smart set of colonial days.

When the Potter's Field was made into a park and the pauper dead were forgotten, mansions began to spring up here and there, and within thirty years this same district was become the fashionable center, with the old families of the Jays, Tailers, Coopers, Van Renslaers and others of oldtime fame, established under the shadows of its venerable oaks whose roots thrived well on the graves of the forgotten pauper dead. These mansions, still standing, and in some cases occupied by the legatees ofthe honored names, and mansions were built on ground belonging to Sailors' Snug Harbor—leased for the most part for ninety-nine years. The rental from these plots of ground, the bequest of the old lady rescued at sea, has been so enormous with the march of time, that the institution which in 1805 was struggling for existence is to-day one of the wealthiest organizations in the world.



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The Washington Arch, showing houses on left and right built on the leaseholds of the Sailors' Snug Harbor.

LAVERGNE.

HAYGATE.

From Fascinating Paris.

Special Paris Correspondence to Broadway Magazine.

By Frank Lloyd.

Illustrated by Reutlinger, Photographs.

INTEREST in Paris centres just now, in more or less of a wavering manner, around four women whose doings have been chronicled eagerly by the Parisian journalists.

French newspaper-men, by the way, have a knack of recording topics of the Gay Capital in a fashion that is peculiarly their own. They can hardly be said to be candid, but treat them with a lightness of touch and semi-epigrammatic manner that are vastly different from the methods that observe in New York or London press circles. Especially is this so when their theme is women.

Mademoiselle Lavergne was engaged to play the leading part in a new comedy by Sointant, a young and hitherto untried playwright. The première was to have been on a Saturday night, and jaded Paris was looking forward to it with some show of interest.

At the last moment—before the rising of the curtain—the story spread that Lavergne refused to appear. An interval of half an hour proved this to be the case, and later information revealed to us that the playwright had married a younger member of the company. Sointant was unmarried and the young actress was unmarried, so they had a perfect right to become man and wife if they so wanted, but there was more than that to the story. Rumor asserted, later, that Lavergne was engaged to marry Sointant herself, and had indeed done much to further the production of his comedy, and that her reception of the news of his marriage to a mere nobody was the reverse of calm and patient.

At all events, there was no performance that night of "La Jalouise de Mimi"—as, by a strange coincidence, the comedy was called—and the piece has been in fact indefinitely shelved.

Mademoiselle Haygate is a girl whose father's family is English, but who is practically a French woman in every sense of the word. She meant to go upon the stage but changed her mind after a week of it and decided to live an intellectual life instead. She has a large fortune and her reputation is excellent. She has posed at times, to disperse her ennui, for the best painters in Paris, but her salon is, in a mild way, a matter of interest.

Mademoiselle Haygate endeavors to get together as many wits and clever men as possible each Wednesday night at her hotel—the word meaning something altogether different from what it does with you, being of course, used to designate a private house, as distinguished from apartments—and her success, while not absolute, is so far satisfactory to her.

The attempt to found a salon is one that the moneyed Frenchwoman finds it impossible to resist. Ever since Madames Adam and Roland made their homes the weekly gathering places of the most celebrated persons of their days, the ambition to follow in their footsteps is one that seizes many a less intellectual woman than either. But Haygate's success is moderately pleasing.

Mademoiselles Thérése and Silvain are cousins. Not long ago they were in love with, and expected to marry, the same man and hated each other "like fish," as the little French boy translated it. But the man cared for neither, it appears, and shot himself at Monaco after coming out of Monte Carlo without a single franc in his pocket.

After this tragedy, the two girls went on the stage and appeared in small parts, and became the best of friends. They have worn black since the man's suicide.

THERESE.

SILVAIN.

Miss Louise Dresser, Vocalist.

MISS LOUISE DRESSER might be considered noteworthy if for no other fact than that she is a sister of Paul Dresser, America's most famous song writer. However, Miss Dresser can lay claim to distinction outside of any family connection. In the first place, she is a beautiful woman, and then she has an exquisite soprano voice of great volume.

Miss Dresser has made a rather extraordinary hit in vaudeville in burlesque on illustrated songs. So successful has she been along this particular line of work that she is bound to be heard from later in more serious and important work.

MISS LOUISE DRESSER.

From her favorite portrait.

It would, by the way, be interesting to hazard a conjecture as to Miss Dresser's success on Broadway. It seems assured.

The Stage in New York.

By Roland Burke Hennessy.

MISS ELSIE De WOLFE IN "CYNTHIA."

THERE may, after all, be something in the much condemned idea of writing plays to order. If you want a well fitting gown, or top coat, and are willing to pay for it, you go to a good tailor who takes your specifications and the result (barring a few annoying try-ons and an occasional law suit), is generally satisfactory. Why, then, should not a player who wants to star, be measured and padded and generally rounded up by a playwright who can write to order, and still not be a machine?

All of which is apropos of Miss Elsie De Wolfe's venture in "Cynthia." This play by Hubert Henry Davies—that name has an eminently respectable ring—was no more suited to Miss De Wolfe than it was to Miss Marguerite Cline. The main character of the play is a little foolish but lovable wife, and requires the services of a purring woman of domestic atmosphere and homey qualities. If there is just one thing that Miss De Wolfe is not, it is purring. I can imagine her snapping or doing anything of a similar nature, but purring, never! Miss De Wolfe is essentially a woman of the world, knowing her New York and her Sherry's and her Casino in the Park, as a woman of the world should; consequently, it was foolish of her to take a ready-made gown that was intended for Miss Minnie Dupree or perhaps Miss Effie Shannon and try to make it fit.

Instances of bad judgment—or is it merely flying in the face of Providence?—are common enough on the stage, but why is it that an intelligent woman like Miss De Wolfe does things that might be expected from a woman with plenty of money and stage aspirations but no experience or brains?

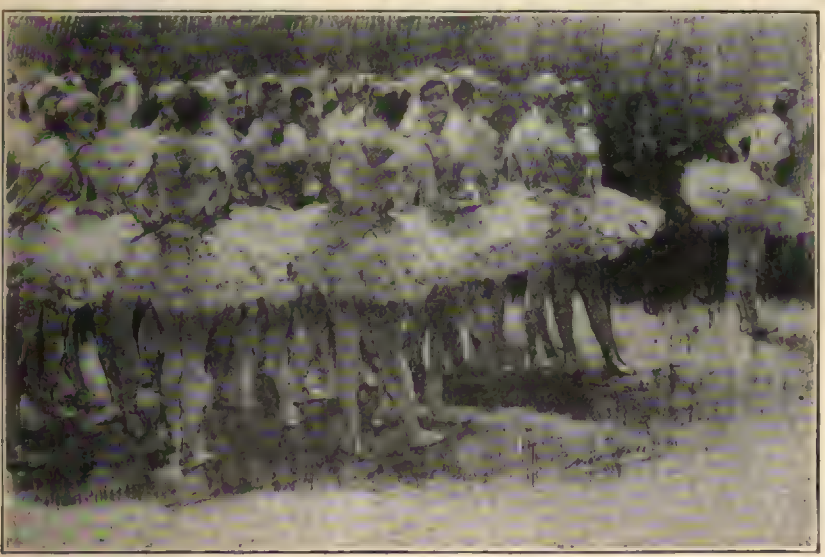
MR. THOMPSON IN "THE BISHOP'S MOVE."

WHAT is the matter with William H. Thompson? Here is acknowledgedly one of the finest tempered actors on the English speaking stage. Every critic will tell you that Mr. Thompson's art is mellowed, that his personality is magnetic and his technique unimpeachable. It is generally admitted that he should have been a successful star years ago, and yet, he has less of actual, tangible success than usually falls to the lot of actors with half his ability.

When the announcement was made that Mr. Thompson was to appear in "The Bishop's Move," at the Manhattan Theatre, it was predicted that he would make a hit in New York. "The Bishop's Move," however, did not draw well and finally moved over to Mrs. Osborn's Play House.

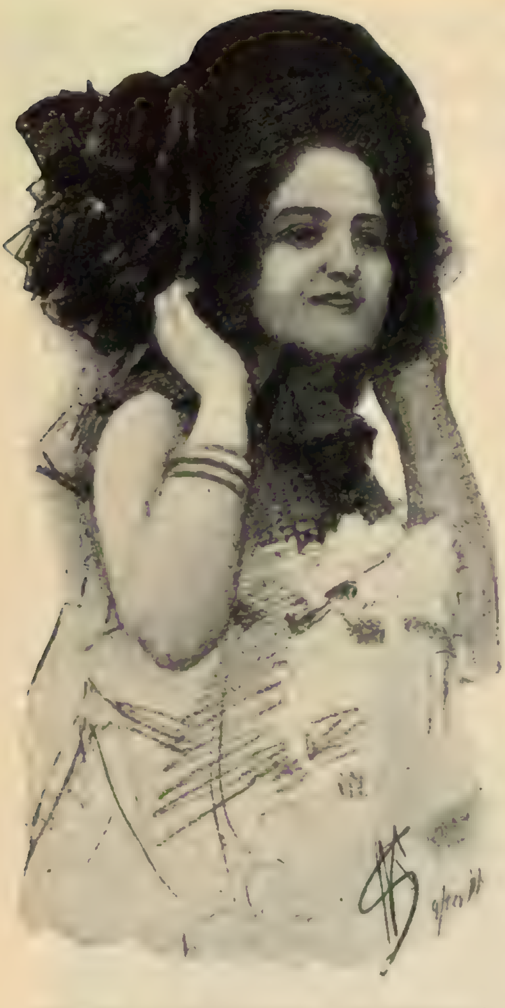
It was like stepping from the calcium into eclipse.

"The Bishop's Move" is a pretty play, refreshing in tone, clean in sentiment and not unclever. The central figure is the *Bishop*. He is a fine old man that you can't help loving, and



At a ballet rehearsal for a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

From a pencil sketch by Strathman.



Miss Beatrice Feinberg, who is starring; happy theatre-goers!

From a pencil sketch by Strathman.

Mr. Thompson does good work in the rôle. Now the point is, what's the trouble? Is it the play or the star? At any rate Mr. Thompson deserves a better fate than a sojourn at Mrs. Osborn's Play House.

"PRINCE OF PILSEN."

PERHAPS the principle feature of the production of "Prince of Pilsen" at the Broadway Theatre is that here is a musical piece that is really musical. Mr. Luders, the composer, has the happy faculty of not twanging away at one string until it becomes frayed at the edges. He has the facility and grace of expression and fecundidy of invention that would equip a half dozen of the ordinary jingle writers of the period.

"Prince of Pilsen" from first to last is filled with airs that are catchy, and more, they show the able handing of a technician who is not afraid to be occasionally unconventional, without being at all freakish.

Mr. Pixley's book is just a plain every day libretto—neither better nor worse than we have had along Broadway all season. Librettists of exceptional ability are few and far between. However, Mr. Pixley should not fret and pine away. "Prince of Pilsen" does not shame him. It is merely a libretto.

Mr. Henry W. Savage, a figure in the theatrical world that must be reckoned with hereafter in considering the situation, has made a good production of "Prince of Pilsen." In seeing this piece, however, one is not so much impressed by the prodigal magnificence of the settings and costumes, as by the fact that it is well acted and sung from start to finish. Mr. Savage has singers on his pay-roll who sing. Wherein there is a striking difference between Mr. Savage and just a few other managers.

"THE JEWEL OF ASIA."

THE JEWEL OF ASIA first seen in New York at the Criterion Theatre, and later at Daly's Theatre, gives Mr. James T. Powers a chance to arch his eyebrows and be funny, which is about all that any sane person could expect of Mr. Powers. This comedian has his limitations, but it should be said to his credit, however, that within them, he is perfectly satisfying to his admirers. His comedy voice, his nimble feet and his quaint method, appeal to those who don't mind a little horse play, so long as it is leavened with humor and a pleasant personality.

"The Jewel of Asia" is another Lederer show. It is pert and pretty, smooth and sinuous. The girls, while not as fine and rosy as some earlier Lederer crops, are nevertheless, sufficiently stunning to be interesting. The libretto by Smith and Rankin is not deadly. There is some good rhyming in it, and Mr. Rankin as a book constructor is handy with his tools. The music is pretty without being feverishly fine.

"GHOSTS."

THE GHOST—singular and plural, at the same time—walked. There is no intention to be mystic, but simply to remark that "Ghosts," with Miss Mary Shaw as a star, left Mrs. Osborn's Play-House when

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

Francis Wilson, who will appear in a new musical production next season.

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"The Bishop's Move" went in. "Ghosts" has gone on the road, but in all likelihood it will not affect the business of "McFadden's Flats," or "The Gambler's Daughter."

By the way: is it not remarkable that Miss Shaw does not occupy a more prominent position in American theatricals? She is intellectual and hardworking. It would strike the casual observer, however, that her views of matters theatrical are altogether too academic. She is too much given to dramatic-isms. Ibsen and Suderman, and other apostles of abnormality appeal to her; whereas, if she had stuck to Clyde Fitch or Theodore Kremer, she might now be a star with an income of $50,000 a year. Art is very nice, but so are country houses and steam yachts.

"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH."

THE BARNUM & BAILEY GREATEST Show on Earth was produced in the early Spring at Madison Square Garden with a fine investiture, as the press agent hath it. Although there were, according to the program, "100 startling acts," the performance occupied only about three hours. The company, all of whom, according to Mr. Tody Hamilton, were stars, there not being a single second juvenile or third old woman among them, included Cyclo, the Kinetic demon, three herds of Elephants, two Giraffes, two droves of Camels, several Lions and a few Bears. The management claimed, by the way, that there was no jealousy in the company and little or no complaint about the dressing rooms. Even the bare-back riders covered themselves with glory.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, N. Y.

Miss Marie Rawson, the pretty young woman who plays *Jessica* in Mrs. Bingham's company appearing in "The Climbers."

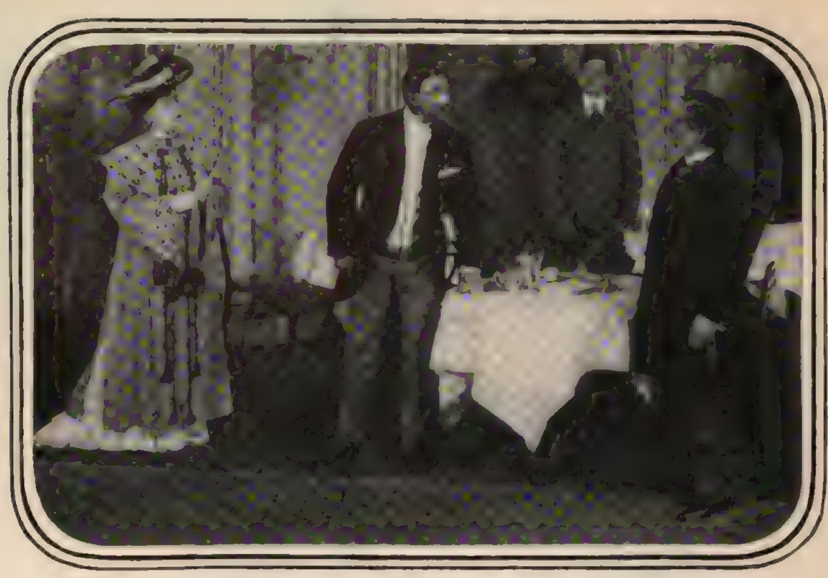
GRACE GEORGE IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

THERE is much that is not admirable in "Pretty Peggy," as produced at the Herald Square Theatre, with Grace George in the title role. Naturally one would expect a play based on the life of Peg Woffington to be a quaint comedy, and more particularly when written by a woman. However, the comedy of "Pretty Peggy" occasionally descends to buffoonery, especially in the opening act, which shows the interior of *Madame Violante's* circus booth.

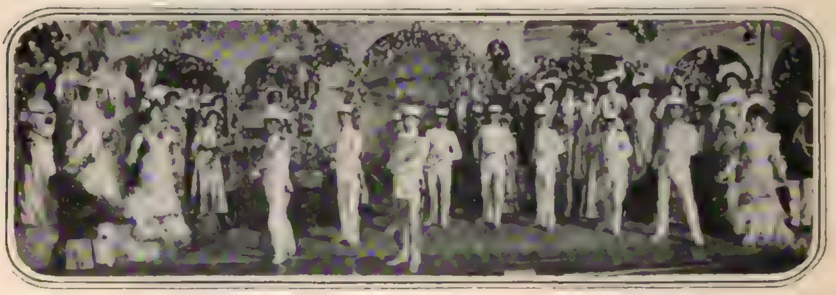
"Pretty Peggy" treats of *Peg Woffington* entirely as the young girl who, starting as a booth dancer in Dublin, was taken to London by *David Garrick*, and there brought the town to her feet. There is a minor and not effective love affair, in which *Peggy's* sister *Polly* and *Captain Cholmondeley* are concerned. *Pretty Peggy* is a star rôle from first to last. It shows *Peggy* in Dublin, where she and *Garrick* fall in love with each other; in London, where she is the undisputed queen of the stage, and ends with a performance of "As You Like It," where *Peggy*, sick at heart, because of her neglect by *Garrick*, forgets her lines and collapses. Previous to this and during the same scene, a sensation is created by the appearance in the auditorium of a horde of London gallants who run pell-mell down the aisle and shout derisively at *Peggy* (she is supposed to be in sympathy with the French), and who create a most decided disturbance. These supernumeraries are so splendidly trained that they create a fine illusion, and easily turn into good dramatic effect a piece of business that could be easily made nothing more than noisy and ridiculous.

Miss George, as *Peggy*, is a surprise, and a big one. Her comedy is sprightly and her pathos convincing. She is not the *Peggy* as she has been given to us by maturer players, for Miss George still has all the winsomeness of youth. She does not rise to the full power of the scene in which she denounces *Garrick* in the third act. Sarah Bernhardt would play this as a termagant. Miss George plays it with pathos rather than anger. In the closing scene she makes a pretty, shrinking, wan-faced girl, whose heart is broken.

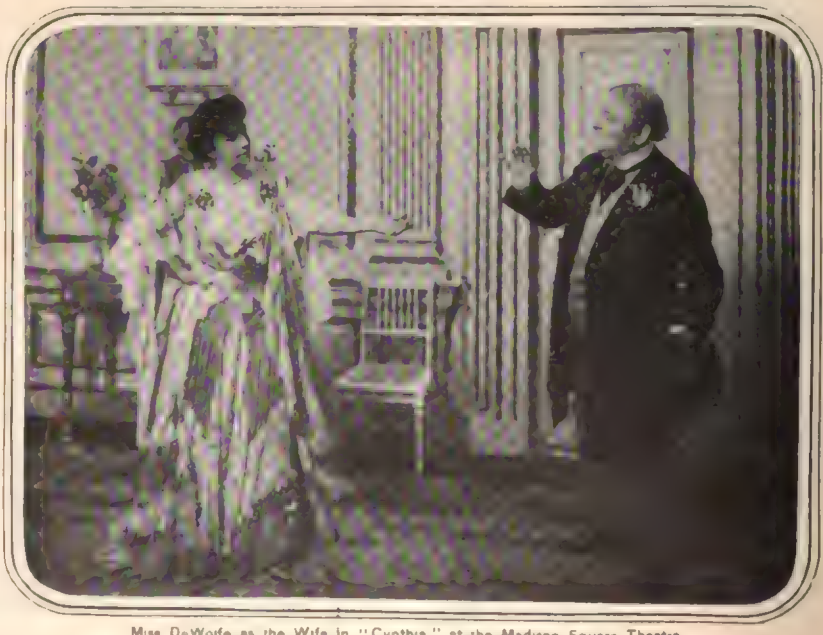
The men as a whole are bad. They are stilted



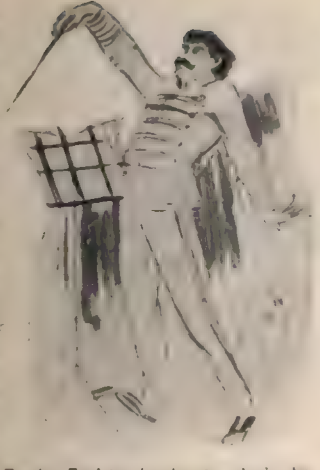
Miss Tyree, Mr. D'Orsay, Mr. McWade and Mr. Deane in a scene from "The Earl of Pawtucket."



A brisk scene from "Prince of Pilsen," at the Broadway Theatre.



Miss DeWolfe as the Wife in "Cynthia," at the Madison Square Theatre.



Puzzle: Find the bandmaster who is also a contortionist.

From a pencil sketch by Strathman.

and do not carry conviction. The *Garrick* of Mr. Robert Loraine makes one wonder just why *Peggy* should have lost her head.

Miss Frances Aymar Mathews has written a play that is only fair. Her lines prove this. It is the business that has been worked up by Mr. Brady, and not the playwright's efforts that serve to make "Pretty Peggy" a play that will be talked about for months to come.

AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

O. H. P. BELMONT occupied a box with some friends at the Herald Square Theatre recently. Mrs. Belmont was not with her husband; notwithstanding that fact he looked particularly happy and smiled oftener and more openly than anyone else in the house. When Mr. Belmont smiles he does so from the top of his forehead to the tip of his chin. It is not exactly what would be called a pretty smile, but it seems to suit Mr. Belmont immensely. This representative of a famous American family does not go in very strongly for serious drama. He is more likely to be seen at the lighter productions.

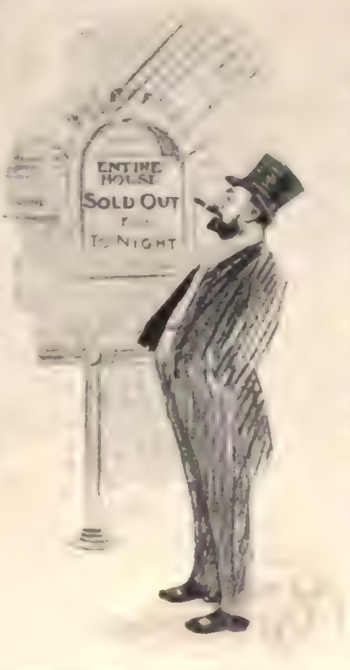
ALTHOUGH Lawrance D'Orsay does not consider the fine character of *Dundreary*, so inimitably played by the elder Sothern, as great a part as the *Earl of Pawtucket*, it is not at all unlikely that the English actor will be seen in this favorite rôle at some special performances next season. From present indications, Mr. D'Orsay will be able to play in the Augustus Thomas piece all next season. "The Earl of Pawtucket" is the style of play that may reasonably be expected to last for two or three years.

MISS NELLIE BEAUMONT, well-known for years as one of the Beaumont sisters, is frequently seen at Broadway performances. Miss Beaumont is addicted to picture hats and her brunette type of dashing beauty is set off by creations that often are quite the most effective to be seen in our orchestra chairs.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND, whose stories of New York life are attracting considerable attention, is said to be putting the finishing touches to another play not unlike his "Chimmie Fadden" which did a good business some few years ago. Mr. Townsend, by the way, has almost entirely given up newspaper work. His royalties are netting him a very handsome sum yearly and keeping the wolf from the door in easy and graceful fashion.

AMELIA BINGHAM is considering the advisability of sending her stock company to London next season. This organization is a pretty well balanced one of the kind that appeals strongly to London. On the other hand, its members are not very well known to English theatre-goers. During Miss Bingham's tenancy of the Princess Theatre, where she has appeared in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," she received applications for positions in her company at the rate of fifteen a week. This speaks either very well for Miss Bingham or very badly for the unemployed playerdom.

GEORGE ADE is said to be receiving royalties of about fifteen hundred dollars a week on his stage productions. His "Sultan of Sulu," which ran for months at Wallacks' Theatre, alone brought him in between eight and nine hundred dollars a week. In addition to this income, Mr. Ade also makes about four hundred dollars a week from his syndicated Fables. All of which is not so very bad for a young man who a few years ago was working on a Chicago newspaper for fifty dollars a week.



Puzzle: Find the New York Manager who is very much pleased with the world in general.

From a pencil sketch by Strathman

JACOB LITT was obliged to wait nearly a year before he was able to get a hearing for "The Suburban" in New York City. His original intention was to produce this latest play by Dazey (of hallowed "In Old Kentucky" fame), at the Broadway Theatre, but he was unable to get time, and was, therefore, obliged to have his premiere in Chicago, where the

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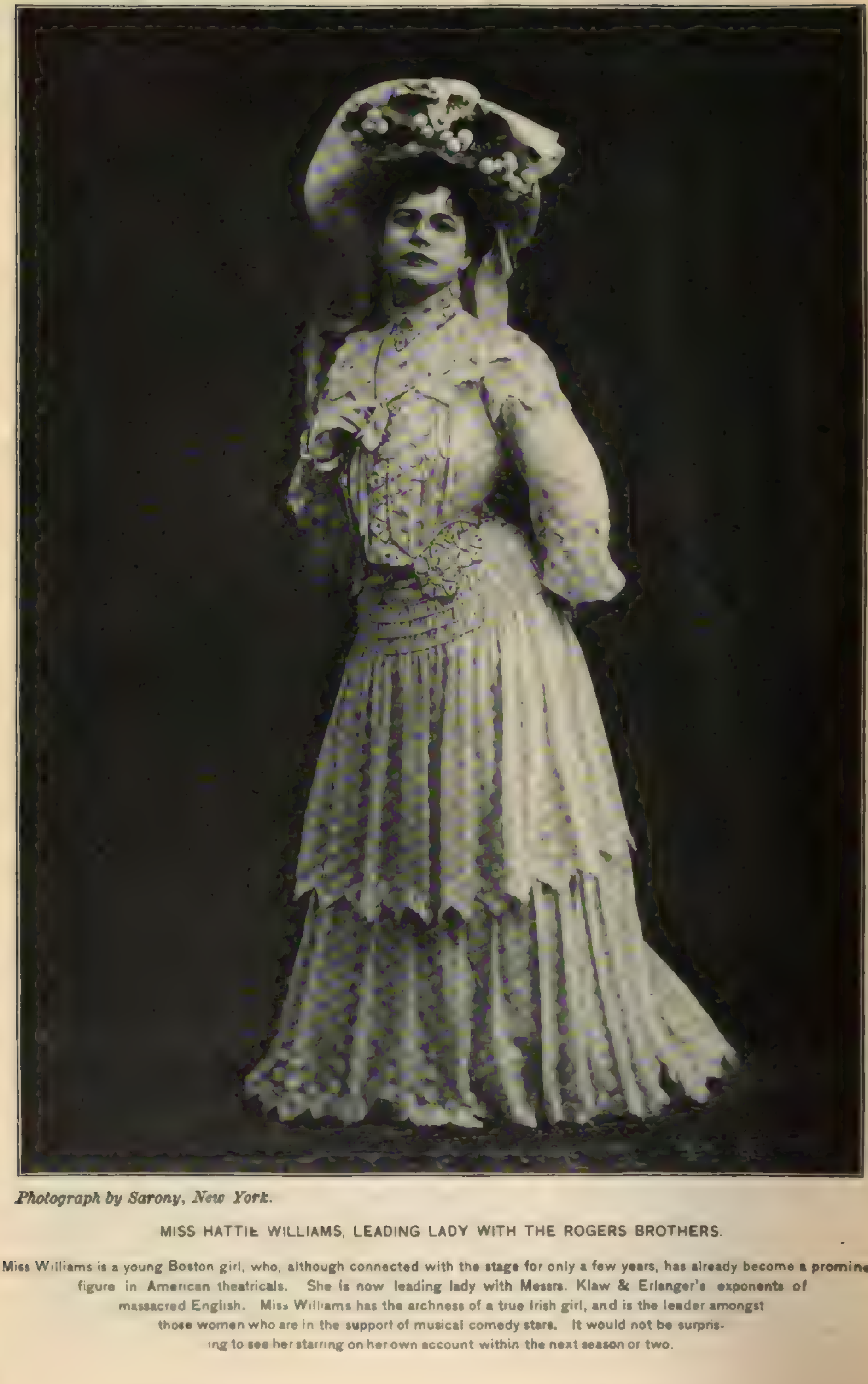

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MISS HATTIE WILLIAMS, LEADING LADY WITH THE ROGERS BROTHERS.

Miss Williams is a young Boston girl, who, although connected with the stage for only a few years, has already become a prominent figure in American theatricals. She is now leading lady with Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger's exponents of massacred English. Miss Williams has the archness of a true Irish girl, and is the leader amongst those women who are in the support of musical comedy stars. It would not be surprising to see her starring on her own account within the next season or two.

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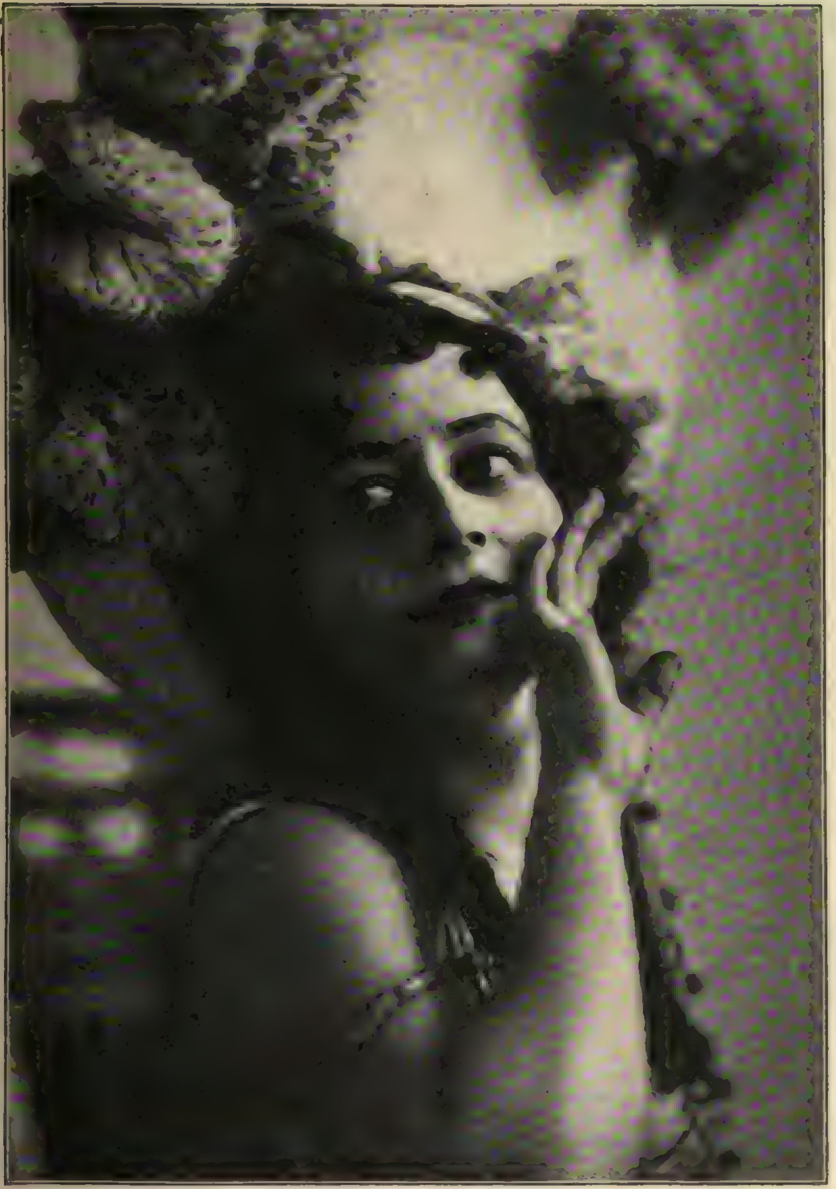
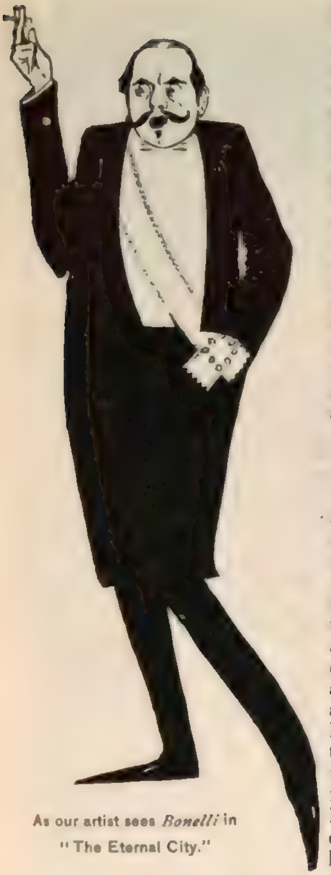


From a photograph by Alling, New York.

MISS MAY McKENZIE, ONE OF THE WEBER & FIELD BEAUTIES.

She is a clever dancer and has been accepted as an agreeable substitute for Bonnie Maginn. Miss McKenzie is ambitious and a hard worker, and hopes some day to spread her wings to greater flight. If she will leave the progress to her dainty feet she will certainly arrive. Miss McKenzie, by the way, is one of the prettiest girls connected with Broadway theatricals and no one who knows the trend of public likes and dislikes can declare that good looks are not finer than silk and better than gold.



As our artist sees *Bonelli* in "The Eternal City."

play ran during several sultry but very successful weeks last summer. Its production at the Academy of Music, in New York, is notable chiefly on account of the splendid racing scene, which is quite the most stirring that New York has ever seen.

A BOOK of poems by E. H. Sothern is announced for publication next fall. Mr. Sothern is an enthusiastic follower of his muse and is quite as serious in his attitude toward poetry as he is in following out his dramatic career. It has been suggested that a prize be offered for a long distance rhyming contest between Mr. Sothern and Mr. Mansfield, the latter of whom is also very handy with his pen.

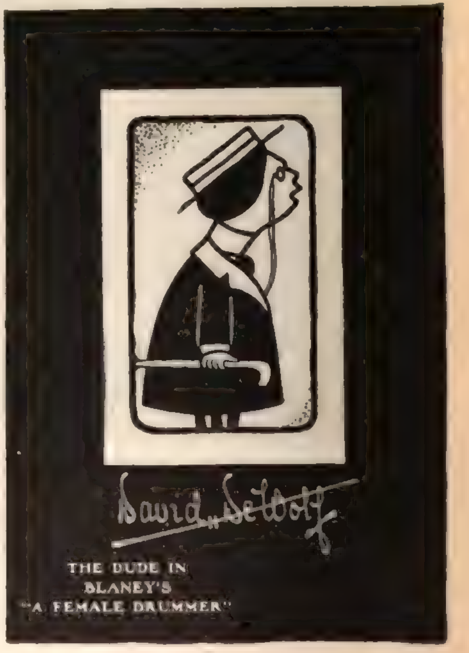
MISS ADA LEWIS, who made her leap from the Harrigan tough girl to a Japanese maid in "The Darling of the Gods" with surprising ease, is a familiar figure on Broadway these Spring days. She is a slashing sort of girl, not very much given to picture hats or furbelows of that character. She is under contract with David Belasco for several years. Miss Lewis is a San Francisco girl and does not come of a theatrical family.

AGAIN there are starring rumors in connection with Thomas Q. Seabrook, who appeared for so long in "A Chinese Honeymoon" at the Casino that he became as prominent a feature of the town as the Greeley statue. Mr. Seabrook breaks out as a star spasmodically about every other season. This time it is said that a New York manager with a plethoric bank account is willing to back him in a new musical comedy.

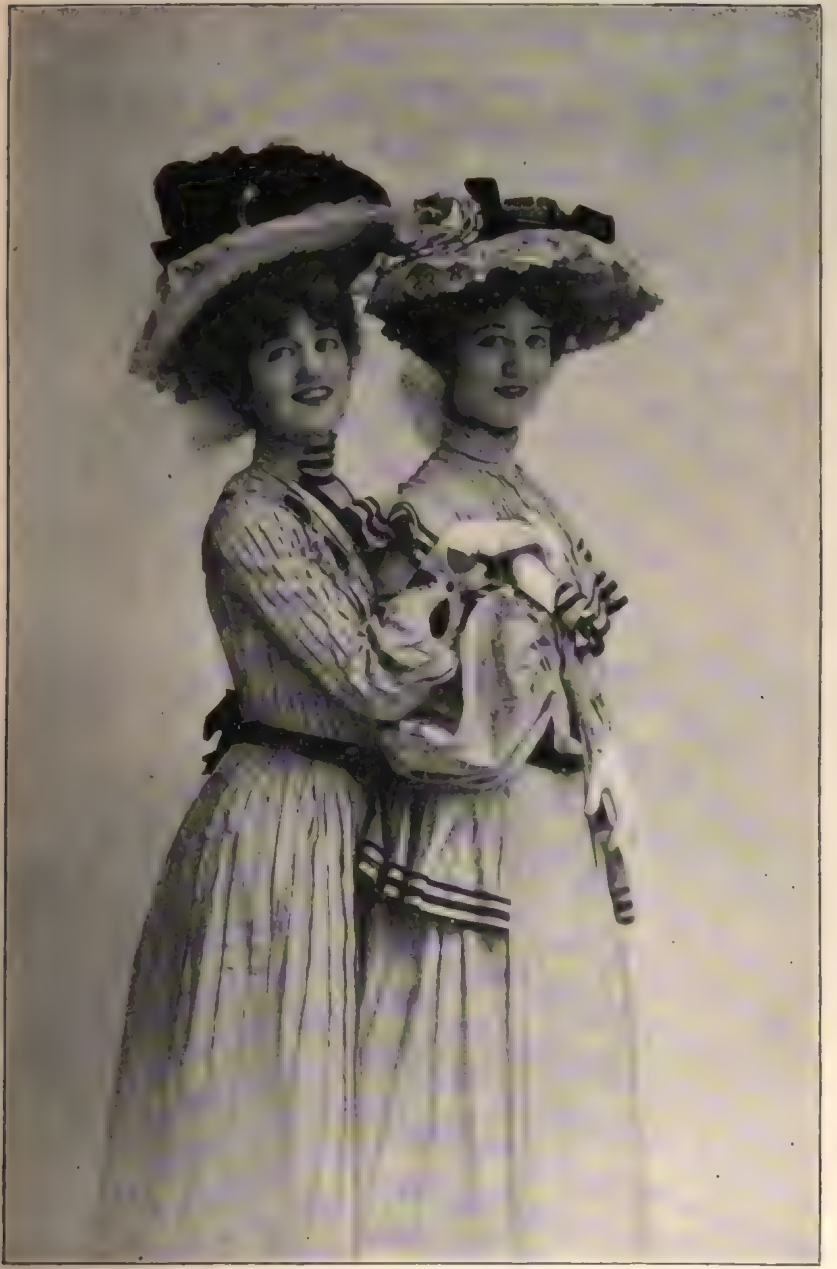
BROADWAY WEEKLY was the first New York publication to print the fact that J. Pierpont Morgan had been considering a plan for subsidizing a National Theatre of Dramatic Art for New York City. **Broadway Weekly**, by the way, has acquired the habit of publishing a great many interesting things before any other publication gets hold of them.

THOMAS A. WISE, who has been meeting with great success in a joint starring tour with John C. Rice, has written a comedy which is said to be so excellent in construction and novelty of invention that at least one prominent manager has made an offer to produce it with a first-class company in the near future. Mr. Wise, by the way, after having wasted his ability for several years in the tall grass, has, during the past couple of seasons, come into his own and is now pretty generally accepted as a player of sterling worth and a man who is absolutely bound to take very first rank on the American stage.

WHAT has become of Mr. Charles Fuller Golden? This refined, urbane gentleman who does not think that he is the best actor in vaudeville, who is absolutely certain that he is not a dramatic genius, and who has never been known to refer to himself on or off the stage, seems to have suffered an eclipse since the White Rats scrambled for their holes. Mr. Golden who, as has just been remarked, is of a retiring nature, should hang out his lamp.



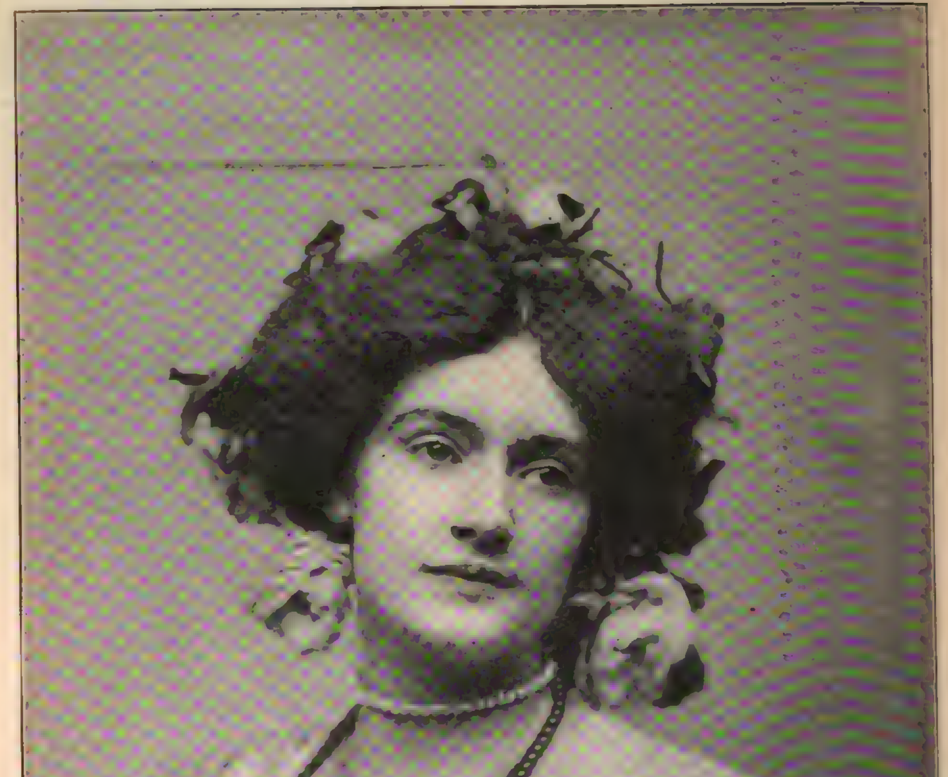
From a pen-and-ink sketch sent by Mr. DeWolf himself. It is eloquent; it is fine.



Photograph by Marceau, New York.

TWO SISTERS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

They are the Misses McCoy. They have appeared in New York several times and are well known on the road. Whether they are as pretty as the Hengler Sisters is a matter of taste. If their ability and grace equal that of the Misses Hengler, they are indeed fortunate. That is entirely a matter of opinion.



Photograph by McIan, New York.

MISS MARGUERITE LESLIE

One of the minor members of "A Chinese Honeymoon," which has had such a long run at the Casino, New York. Miss Leslie is here shown in one of the effective costumes worn in the piece.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

MISS OLIVE MURRAY AS *BLANCHE* IN "IF I WERE KING."

Miss Murray is a handsome young woman, who has made an impression with Mr. E. H. Sothern's Company in "If I Were King," which ran for so long at the Garden Theatre. Miss Murray made the best of her opportunity to convince metropolitan theatre-goers that she was a woman of considerable promise and natural ability. Miss Murray is pretty; the picture seems to show that conclusively.

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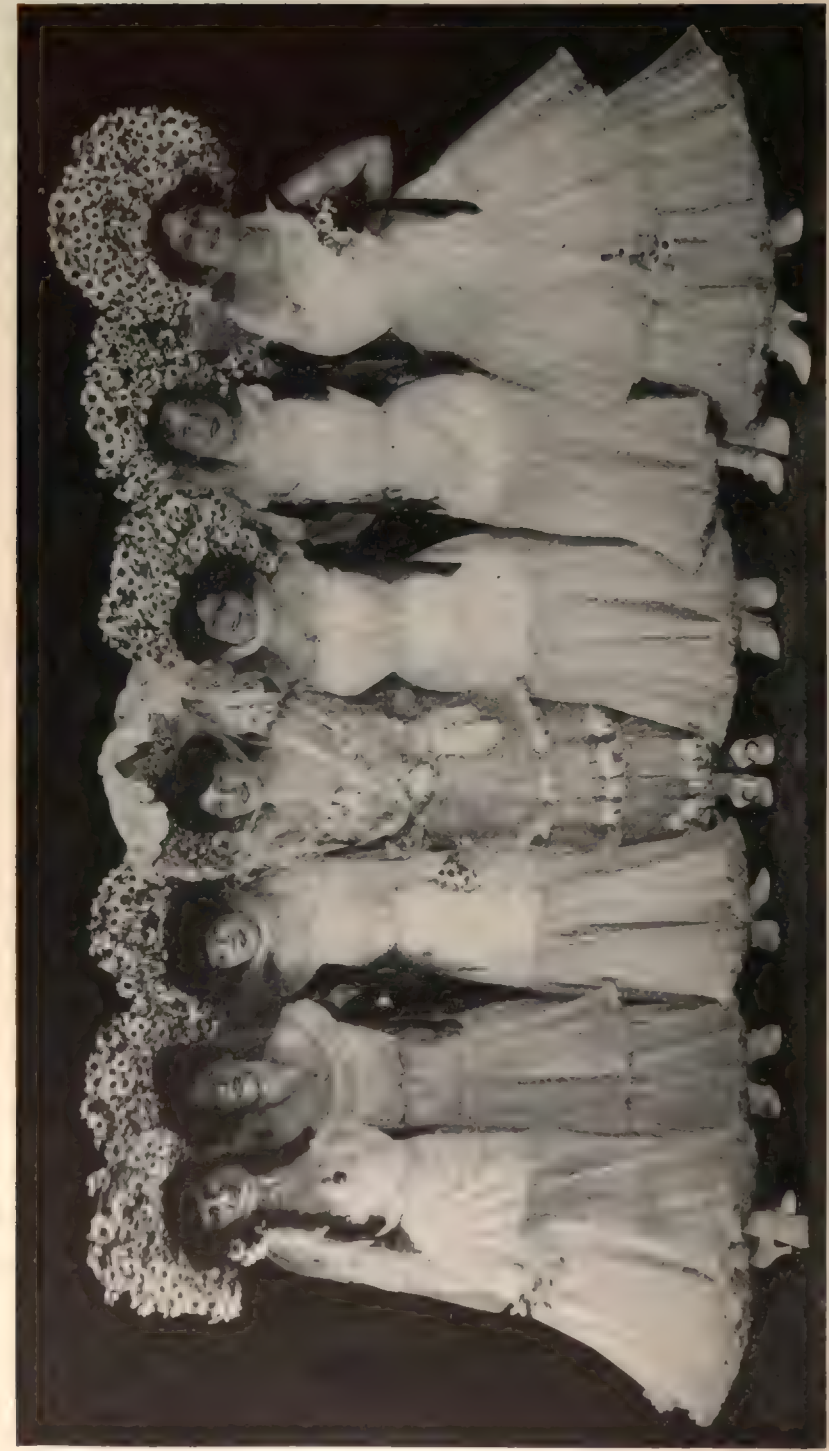

THE SEVEN BEAUTIFUL DAISY GIRLS IN "THE JEWEL OF ASIA"

This piece has been running in New York for weeks. It is pretty, without being too clever.

From a flashlight photograph by Dadman.

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Tales by the City Editor.

By Marcus K. Smart.

"I ALWAYS like to see a cool-headed man, one that doesn't get rattled in a pinch," said the City Editor.

"One of the best moves I ever saw a reporter make was at a murder trial some years ago. The trial took place at a town about fifty miles from the city and it was one of the most interesting and bitterly fought cases I have ever seen.

"The trial lasted nearly a month and after the lawyers for the people and the defence had exerted their powers to the utmost in pleading their respective cases it went to the jury.

"Of course I had to have somebody there, so I sent John Alling, a man I knew I could depend on. From the start he sent his copy in regularly and as it was up to the usual standard I felt easy in regard to getting the outcome of the trial as quick as the best of our big local sheets.

"The jury had been out twenty-four hours, and the public for miles round were eagerly awaiting the result of the verdict.

"At five o'clock the next day I was getting ready to leave for home when the telephone bell rang. I slowly walked over and hollered the 'hello,' when I recognized Alling's voice asking for me.

"'Jury brought in verdict of guilty; will hold the 'phone so these other fellows can't get the news to their papers,' were the words he shouted into my ear.

"I called a man to talk to Alling about the weather, or whatever he pleased, while I made a dive to the composing-room to get out my extra.

"The outcome of the matter was that we had the news on the street half an hour before any of the other papers did, and I tell you it created a good deal of talk for our sheet.

"Alling came back next day and told me that instead of crushing into the court room as the other reporters did, he waited outside and when the foreman gave his decision he made a jump for the only telephone in town and held it while the other fellows ran around trying to find a telegraph office.

'Poor Alling was sent down to New Orleans a little later and there died of yellow fever."

"SOME men seem to be able to pick up a good story with little effort while others will hustle round all day and get little or nothing" remarked another seasoned City Editor. "Now, there was Jack Knowlton. Perhaps some of you fellows know him. I believe he is working on a Western paper at present. Knowlton was doing Sport on the *Banner*, a paper that used to be well known in the East. Knowlton had been drinking a little at the time and was neglecting his page so much that he was put on City Hall work for awhile.

"Everything in that direction had been quiet for a couple of weeks, and Knowlton decided to stir things up a bit, and he was the one to do it if any one could.

"About this time a mesmerist struck town and was billed to appear at one of the local theatres where he claimed he would give some wonderful exhibitions in second sight. This spiritualist, or whatever he was, had ideas of his own about getting advertising for himself and he made it his business to get in with all the newspapermen he could.

"Knowlton fell in with him in the reporter's room at City Hall this particular afternoon and both being good talkers they were soon engaged in deep conversation; and it was plain to see that they were hatching up something.

"It seems that Knowlton induced the mesmerist to go to the Mayor and get him to hide his bunch of keys, after which the second sight gentleman, while blindfolded, was to lead the Mayor to where they were hid.

"His Honor, being a good friend of the reporter, entered into the game, and while the reporter took the mesmerist into an adjoining room, the Mayor hid the keys.

"After the second sight man had groped all round the room he grasped the Mayor by the hand and started to go upstairs.

"First he took him for a chase up to the top floor of the building, then for a sprint to the cellar and he kept the distinguished municipal executive running all over the building until the Mayor was thoroughly exhausted.

"I tell you it was a funny sight to see the Mayor of this great city being led up and down stairs by a blindfolded man, and those who witnessed it had the laugh on the Mayor, or anyway the drinks.

"Of course Knowlton planned the thing so well that none of the other reporters heard of it, and after the sport was over he wrote a two-column story that was not only exclusive but it was a dandy.

"What became of the keys?

"Oh, the Mayor had them in his pocket all the time.

"Did the mesmerist know it?

"I don't know, I do know though that he got a two-column advertisement free."

The Woman of the World.

By Carolyn Lowrey.

ALAS! DAISY LEITER!

SO the Leiters return to America with Miss Daisy still Miss Daisy.

During their visit to the Orient, Lord Kitchener was a marked man, but he refused to soil his white duck trousers by kneeling at Miss Leiter's feet, and retired to a lone island in the Nile until the Leiters' departure.

He has grown hilarious since, and has been giving "relief" parties.

Miss Leiter has still the Bar Harbor season, and there are others less near-sighted than Lord Kitchener.

THE SEPARATION OF THE GOODWINS.

EVIDENTLY, the ambition of Nat Goodwin's life is to be accepted by the public as a Shakespearean actor. Mr. Goodwin is taking himself seriously, but it is a question whether his audience will be willing to do so.

On one occasion when he gave "Richard III" the public went, expecting to see a burlesque performance, and were indignant when they realized that the actor was trying to give the real thing. Nothing daunted, Mr. Goodwin expects to open at the Knickerbocker next October in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but, for fear the public may not see him as he sees himself, he has generously offered his wife, Maxine Elliott, a professional separation, that her light may not be hidden.

In his old line of clean comedy Mr. Goodwin had many rivals, but no equal.

THE PICTURE HAT AT NEWPORT.

THE milliners are a joyous lot this season, and the price of hats has gone up fifty per cent. owing to the fad started at Palm Beach by the Countess de Castellane and Duchess of Manchester of wearing picture hats at a dinner. It is a very charming fad, and will probably become the rage at Newport.

The effect, with bare shoulders and sparkling jewels, is unique, and there is the element of the picturesque in the waving plumes which dance at the will of the owner.

It has struck consternation to the hearts of the butler and waiters, who refuse to keep their troubles to the pantry.

They claim that serving at these "picture hat dinners" will be a fine art, as it will be next to impossible to interpose a dish between inclined heads and unruly plumes.

The little French Count has suggested that the bald-headed men wear toupees in honor of the hats.

IS THERE TO BE A MRS. AUGUST BELMONT, No. 2?

A LITTLE southern bird chirps that Mr. August Belmont has been enjoying trysts under a southern moon, and that a certain desk in the New York office has been minus its owner, who has lately become engaged in an enterprise not pertaining to the stock market.

When this subject was broached, little Countess Fabricotti, who was a guest at the same house party, tried to look unconscious.

The Countess is a very dainty bit of womanhood, with the wit of her Irish ancestry, and a magnetism as subtle as her beauty.

Her former husband proved that he could not be true to eyes of blue if he looked into eyes of brown, and so the little lady gained her freedom.

She has had her visiting cards finished minus the Countess—simply Mrs. Isabelle Fabricotti.

Society seems to think that this has been a waste of plate.

MRS. CRUGER'S EYE FOR ART.

MRS. VAN RENSSELAER CRUGER has started the color fad; possibly it may be more of a success than some of her other aspirations.

Mrs. Cruger has her drawing-room in old rose, her boudoir in violet and her dining-room in red.

One of her pet conceits is to be gowned in robes the color of her surroundings, and a whisper to her particular friend disclosed the fact that even her lingerie was of this same tint.

This is all very charming, and Mrs. Cruger has been noted for many things, but we are curious to see what roads to rapid transit she will use in changing as she passes from boudoir to drawing-room and dining-room.

To so sensitive an eye, an old rose gown in a geranium red dining-room would be distinctly painful.

WOMEN AND HORSES.

MRS. VICTOR CROCHAN is one of the best whips in the park.

Her high steppers are easily recognized in the distance, owing to a conceit of their mistress, who has her horses' blinkers fastened with dahlias of the most vivid coloring.

Lillian Russell uses violets. Speaking of Miss Russell, her kindness to animals is well-known. She had been driven to her singing lesson at the hour her horse used to feed. The groom told her that the animal did not seem well, and thinking this might have something to do with it, she had her lesson hour changed.

About "Broadway Weekly."

NO. 7 OF BROADWAY WEEKLY contained the latest and most characteristic portrait of J. Pierpont Morgan ever published in America; and there was also an interesting article, illustrated with a picture of the building in which Mr. Morgan transacts all his business.

A portrait of Archie Gunn appeared in No. 7 of BROADWAY WEEKLY. Mr. Gunn has done some of the best work of his career in this publication.

The Seven Beautiful Daisy Girls from "The Jewel of Asia" was the centre-page of BROADWAY WEEKLY No. 7.

The same issue contained a stunning full page of "The American Heiresses" from "Nancy Brown."

"Men That Women Like" is the title of a series of pictures in BROADWAY WEEKLY. Amongst those published recently were pictures of Richard Harding Davis, Herbert Kelcey, E. H. Sothern, James K. Hackett, and Charles Richman.

Among the recent subscribers for BROADWAY WEEKLY are Senator Thomas C. Platt, Mr. Andrew Freedman, Miss Lillian Russell, and Mr. Clyde Fitch.

No. 8 of BROADWAY WEEKLY contained one of the most beautiful front pages ever seen in this country. It was a reproduction of "The Hankins Girl." Artist Hankins, who also drew the front page of this number of BROADWAY MAGAZINE, was originally discovered by BROADWAY WEEKLY.

No high-class American weekly contains half the amount of reading matter or one-third the number of pictures relative to the stage that BROADWAY WEEKLY devotes to the American footlights.

The publishing trade is still wondering how BROADWAY WEEKLY can give such magnificent value every week for ten cents. BROADWAY WEEKLY is generally acknowledged to be the best printed and the most artistic weekly publication in the world, not even barring the remarkable French and German publications that appear in color. The chromatic effects produced in BROADWAY WEEKLY are not to be found elsewhere.

BROADWAY WEEKLY is published every Thursday at 10 cents a copy, or $4.00 a year. By addressing the publication office, 121 W. 42d Street, New York City, or any newsdealer, you can have BROADWAY WEEKLY sent to you three months, thirteen weeks, for $1.00.

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Autobiography of an Actress.

By Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman.

From "By the Stage Door," published and copyrighted, 1902, by
The Grafton Press, New York.

"BORN on the stage" would apply to the manner of my coming into the world. As nearly, at least, as it would to anyone, for that is a figurative phrase more particularly descriptive of our parents than of us.

My father was a non-professional. My mother an actress. Six months before I was born they separated, for reasons that did not reflect upon my mother. She applied for a divorce, and worked harder than ever, so that she might not only earn her living, but pay the lawyer for her freedom. She did the hard work of a stock actress in the bad old days when they put on four Shakespearean productions a week, with an occasional melodrama thrown in, and she hadn't much time or money to waste on ruffled, lacy things for me, good old mumsey!

But she cried when the nurse laid me, a red lump of appetite and clamor, in her arms, and said: "You'll help me to live, won't you, little one?"

And that was the beginning of a loyal comradeship that lasted thirty years. Without an interruption, too, although there might have been one once, and it came about in a strange way. It was when I was seventeen.

Mamma was playing character parts in Pittsburg, and I had just left Cincinnati, after a riffle with the manager. There was a photograph of a very handsome man in her dressing-room.

"Who is that?" I said.

"John Harmon, a friend of mine in New York. He is Rosa Elton's manager."

I was leaving for New York the next day and the man in the picture made me resourceful.

"I will tell you what to do if you are worried about my being in New York alone," I suggested. "Telegraph that man to meet me." And so she did.

He met me at the station. I thought he was the handsomest and most agreeable man I had ever known. He was very nice to me.

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" he asked me, after we had reached my boarding-house.

"I think I will shop in the afternoon."

"Then I'll take you to the shops."

We saw each other every day after that until mumsey came back, and when I told her about it she cried and wouldn't tell me why. Then she didn't come for nearly a week, although some letters arrived for her addressed in his handwriting. And she was mopey and locked herself in a great deal, complaining of headache. Dear mumsey! I did not know until years after we went to the Little Church Around the Corner and were married that she and John Harmon were as good as engaged when I met him. John told me in one of those conjugal confidences that have such harrowing results, and I never liked him quite so well afterward.

But this is a long way from where I set out. I was telling about mumsey's welcoming me in that queer way. When I was three weeks old she had to begin playing again, and when I was two months old she used to take me to the theatre when they played matinées. The women in the company took turns at taking care of me while she was on. I liked it from the first and never cried once. So, from playing around the dressing-rooms, and even pulling the manager's whiskers, it came about very naturally that I should make an early début.

It happened when I was four years old. I was the child of the heroine, and was told to "just play around the room as if you were at home." When I was at home I always "played around" my mother, climbing about her dress and swinging from the arms of her chair and trying to reach and play with her hair. I followed the stage manager's instructions and tried to "play around" as I was used to doing. When Miss Edith Linton, the leading woman, made her exit she caught me in the wings and shook me. "Don't ever spoil my scene again, you little beast!"

A little thing, do you think? If it hadn't been for a big-hearted actor, as broad as she was pretty, it would have ruined me as an actress.

Dear old Pop Cranston! My next attempt was with him in "Blue Jeans." You know the scene in which he bids everybody "good-bye"?

I had seen my mother play a part the night before, in which she cried a regular gale, and I felt a consuming ambition to do the same. That same ambition held me on the stage after he had bade us good-by, and I should have exited with the rest. I ran back to where he stood and clutched the seam of his trousers and screamed and sobbed more good-byes. It stopped the action of the piece, but the audience, seeing real tears in my eyes, cried too, and the scene "went." The stage manager liked the "new business," and kept it in as long as we played "Blue Jeans. Pop Cranston called at the theatre two blocks away, where my mother was playing, and told her I had made a "hit."

Dear old man! Thus he restored my lost confidence and spontaneity, and, I say it in genuine seriousness, saved me as an actress.

I never forgot Edith Linton's harshness. Years afterward she wanted to join the company in which I was leading woman. Hearing of it, I told the manager it must be she or I, not she and I. She did not join the company. Wrong, now, wasn't it, but human?

When I have played with children myself I have tried to be most careful of their feelings, and to encourage them to be natural. It is a crime against art to snuff out a child's individuality as that woman would have destroyed mine.

For three years I played only special engagements in Philadelphia, where I was born and where I lived at a convent when I was not playing. My mother could not always stay in Philadelphia. Her companies were usually "on the road," so that nearly a year passed sometimes when she could not come to see me. It would have been a lonely life without the good, black-robed sisters. When I was eight years old I went "on the road" in my mother's company, playing a boy's part, and that was practically the end of my school life. The members of the company helped my mother to teach me such things as I needed to know, and probably some that I could have gotten on very well without. For instance, in that haphazard education of mine there was something mightily needful left out. Every one of my well-meaning preceptors left it to the others to teach me that self-control is the corner-stone of character, and that without it no structure will stand. What I did learn while I was not learning this potent thing was that if I was stormy enough and persistent enough everyone would yield to my wish—for a time.

Perhaps the greatest fun I had during that Bedouin life was when I was ten years old and a little friend of the same age in the company and I played the part of two old gypsy crones and our mothers were gay young girls, who giggled and danced about us and whose fortunes we told.

I learned to travel all day without food on the "big jumps" out West.

I learned that it was a not unusual thing to arrive in one town at three in the morning and leave at six.

I learned the disciplinary value of cold rooms and cheap food in bad hotels.

I learned that "the carriage into which the actress stepped and ordered the coachman to drive her down the avenue to her hotel" was a golden myth confined to dime novels. Before I was twelve I had learned the grim prose of plodding through snowdrifts as high as my waist to and from play-houses because the storm had stopped the street-car service and mamma and I could not afford a carriage.

And I had learned the loneliness of the actor's life and the craving to put out one's hands to whomsoever might grasp them to spare one's self the horrors of loneliness.

And I had learned that multiplied stage motto, "Work! work! work!"

I learned my own method of studying a part. Everyone has a different one. Mine was to be entirely alone, except for the tables and chairs in my room, and even their company I found inconvenient sometimes, because I fell over them in the heat of my acting. I studied my part and acted it the same time, addressing the chairs and tables as my friends and enemies, as the part required. Of course they had sharp edges, instead of the presumable curves of the real people, and I was sometimes bruised by contact with them, but the black-and-blue spots were among the sacrifices laid upon the altar of art, and I never rued them.

To regard a manager in the same light as a landlady, as a suppressor of individuality and a restricter of liberty, was one of the things I learned which I should never have learned, for what begins as mere opinion often eventuates as fact.

And so, after eight years of life "on the road," with occasional intervals in stock companies in the West and South, and playing children and old women, and all the grades of age and emotion between, the supreme hour had come. It was the opening night of my first

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New York engagement. It meant much to me.

My part was a sympathetic one, and I never played better, in spite of "first-night" nervousness. I am not sure that I was nervous. There was much more of the spirit of the queen coming to her throne. I had so many sweetly prophetic friends who had said, "Once get a hearing in New York, and you will make the greatest hit ever made on Broadway," that I thoroughly believed it. My serene self-confidence could not be shaken after the fourteen curtain calls I received that night.

As we walked home from the theatre the man whom I afterward married said: "Lucy, you're made. You'll have offers from twenty managers by every mail." Again I believed. I always was so trusting. And I believed the more when I read the papers next morning. Everyone praised my work and talked about my "intelligence," my "beauty," and my "magnetic charm." One snarling old sheet the other papers called "Grandma" said: "She will be a Broadway star within two years."

What followed? Nothing. We went on the road in the play, and so far as I could learn were forgotten in New York. We seemed to have been lost in the South. When our season closed I came back to look for that permanent place in the fixed affections of Broadway. I didn't find it waiting for me, and I had to make the rounds of managers and agents as though I had never had those fourteen curtain calls and all those notices.

Being ambitious and believing I was "made," I went first to see the manager who stood for the classic, often at a heavy loss to all concerned, though there was prestige in his name. I found him a dark man in the dark office of a dark theatre. He hardly looked at me.

"You might do for the juvenile of the new production," he said, while he read a letter. "I'll give you $25 a week."

"Did you say $125?" A thrill of hope fought with a frightful sinking in my heart.

"I said $25."

"But I get $100 on the road, and am offered $110 in the Indianapolis stock. My mother is an invalid and I am sending her to Europe next week. I can't manage on less than——"

"Your private affairs don't interest me, young woman. I can get plenty of society girls at that figure. Good morning!"

From the temple of the classic I went to a then famous producer who would give me a splendid part in what promised to be a big metropolitan success. He offered me $30 a week. I had visions of pawning some old stage dresses and my few jewels and getting on with the $30 for a while. Mr. Mackay promised that if I "made good" he would increase the salary "as much as consistent." For a moment hope danced dazzlingly before me; then I'll have to admit, leading lady or no leading lady, I cried in the manager's office, for I had forgotten mumsey. She must go to that specialist in Berlin. The manager had unfolded the blank contract and was filling it out while I cried there miserably behind my veil. He waited for me to sign it.

"Make it fifty."

I might live in a cheap boarding-house and sell my sealskin that I had bought to impress managers with my prosperity, for managers do measure you by your clothes.

"Thirty or nothing."

"Good-morning, then!"

What was the use of telling him about mamma? The sunny offices were just as indifferent as the dark ones to suffering, sad mammas.

A third manager admitted me so promptly and greeted me so kindly that I was sure the fourteen curtain calls had had their influence.

He offered me a better salary than the others and was just unrolling the contract when the leading man came in. He looked uncomfortable when he saw me, although I nodded pleasantly and would have shaken hands if he had come near enough.

He went around the other side of the desk, and, leaning over, whispered to Mr. Elkins.

The manager said, "Excuse me one moment," and they went into another room and talked in a low tone. Mr. Elkins came back and rolled up the blank contract again.

"I am sorry," he said, "but Mr. Palmerton has personal reasons for not wanting to engage you. As he is financially interested in the production I must respect his objections."

It was not until I had told the strange story to one of the know-alls of the Rialto that the light came. Palmerton, I knew, had called often at a theatrical boarding-house where I had stayed last season. Everyone knew he was enslaved by a devil-may-care dancing girl, who was one of the boarders. That was dangerous knowledge for one who was to play in the same company with his wife. So it was that I lost my most promising New York engagement.

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The girl that proved that "ignorance is bliss" "made good" in the part and has since become a Broadway star. I sent Mumsey to Europe and joined the Indianapolis stock.

From that time I date my "theatrical ruin," for I am convinced that anyone who does stock company work for more than five years is ruined, so far as high-class work goes. Her methods must become crude and sloppy. For a few years I played six evenings and two matinée performances a week. Then the demand came for two performances a day. It was an economic measure. The managers of the houses reduced their rates of admission by half and had to double their performances to make the same profit as before. The bill was changed every week. We played on Sundays in the Western cities. That made fourteen performances each week. We rehearsed all morning for the next week's production. There was no other time to study my part for the following week than at midnight after the performance. Often it was hard to rid my mind of the heavy, emotional parts I had played that night and get down to studying the new part. By the time I have cleared my mind of the part of the present week and the part we were rehearsing for the next, and actually gotten into the study of the part for the next but one, daylight would be creeping in past the window-shades and mocking my flickering gas-jets. My sleep would be short and disturbed by the three combating parts. I would awake depressed from exhaustion and oppressed by the terrible foreboding of every leading man or woman in stock, the fear that our memories would be paralyzed by overwork. I have seen that direful thing happen to a score of my associates in a few years. Sometimes a few weeks' rest restored their memories and made them over. But the warning frightened them, and whenever it was possible those who had the warning got out of stock or out of the profession. Many I have seen go to the insane asylum, where, dazed, unseeing what is going on about them, they are still searching for the lost thread.

Do you know how many words a leading woman in a stock company has to memorize in a season? Take a season of twenty weeks. I have saved the memoranda of one average season. Here are the parts I played and the number of words in each:

Mrs. Winthrop in "Young Mrs. Winthrop"	7,000
Floradilla in "A Fool's Revenge"	6,750
Louise in "The Two Orphans"	7,250
Cecile in "David Laroque"	6,500
Adrienne in "A Celebrated Case"	7,000
Camille in "Camille"	7,300
Carmen in "Carmen"	7,200
Portia in "Julius Cæsar"	6,500
Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"	7,500
Ruth in "The Wages of Sin"	6,000
Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet"	7,500
Dora in "Diplomacy"	6,900
Portia in "The Merchant of Venice"	7,600
Ophelia in "Hamlet"	7,000
Mrs. Gregory Graxin in "The Tragedy"	6,500
Desdemona in "Othello"	7,000
Alice in "Spite of All"	7,500
Frou-Frou in "Frou-Frou"	7,000
Vera in "Moths"	6,000
Roxane in "Cyrano"	8,000
Total	140,000

But figures are not always convincing. You are not sure what 140,000 words mean to you, are you? Let me make it clearer. The average number of words in a novel is 60,000. There are 120,000 in "Les Miserables," and about the same number in "Quo Vadis." That would make 166 3-4 feet of solid type and 100 columns, or 14 pages of a large newspaper. This in five months, besides the wear and tear of two performances a day, the weariness of daily rehearsals, the worry of new parts, and the unescapable friction with the manager and company in producing new pieces. And the collisions with the ignorant dressmakers and careless wardrobe women, for the costuming may make or ruin a part. Add to this the family cares that are intensified by a neurotic's point of view. I am yet to be convinced that there is any punishment reserved for our sins hereafter.

Perhaps I should have explained before that I had long ago become a widow. My husband, like other humans, had his good and bad points. "God rest his shade!" You would have to know much that I cannot in mercy say of the dead to understand and not blame when I say that there was a sense of relief mingled with my natural tears at his funeral. Enough to know that the deepest hurts this world has given me came from my husband's hand. Mamma, though a confirmed invalid, was left to me for five years after, and how glad I was to work hard for her, remembering that fretful, red baby that she had welcomed so tenderly in

Philadelphia, now a good many years ago. At last this faithful friend was taken, too.

I was free to go to New York and work for a small salary, if need be, and be that late-in-arrival but still predicted Broadway star. I had not saved any money. The home drains had been heavy. Besides, I never knew a stock actress, no matter what her salary, who saved money. Her new stage clothes every week cost from a third to a half of her salary. If she accepts any social attentions she must return them. The luncheons and dinners she gives to admiring and troublesome society women cost a good part of her salary. She ought to forego all these unprofitable functions, but she doesn't, because she considers them a "business investment." Huge mistake! The illusion of mystery is a thousand times more profitable than romance-dispelling knowledge about you by the public.

So my capital was my experience. It was a telling one. I was much older than the one-part-a-year actress at thirty. A nerve specialist had told me that the strain of stock work would ruin my health and steal my beauty. But what could I do? There was Mumsey until last season.

Agents and managers cared nothing about my experience in the West and South. "You'll have to demonstrate your ability all over again in New York," they said, with an unpleasant smile. "Very few memories go back twelve years."

Oh, those thrilling, forgotten fourteen curtain calls!

The managers and agents made a good many references to "young girls." Wasn't a woman a girl now at thirty? I glanced at a shop window one morning. A pale, anxious-faced woman was looking frowningly at me. She looked as if she had dressed hurriedly. She walked nervously, yet as though she was tired. With a shock I recognized my own gown, finally my own face. How long since the papers had called me a beauty? The nerve specialist was right.

Yet I had to go back to another year of stock. There was nothing else "open." The next season it was the same. That was the season that I had my warning.

I had become irritable without just cause.

I had no longer any interest in my friends.

I was always "too tired to go anywhere."

I had sudden attacks of blindness and dizziness.

I had sharp pains in the back of my head.

My work, that I had always loved, had grown hateful to me.

I slept little and I had strange, wild dreams.

My lines came haltingly.

Until then I had always scorned stimulants, but now I reminded myself of a lame beggar who needed a crutch. When the men in the company talked about "bracers" and "pick-me-ups" I had a wild craving for them. I must have something to carry me through to the end—what end?

It was then I read about Mollie Shannon's death in San Francisco; such a sad death. I can't bear to write about it. Only the despatches told how she had tired of the stock companies in which she had been leading woman for twenty years and joined any fly-by-night company that would take her. The companies had stranded again and again. She was sick and despondent and had taken to stimulants.

I wired an order for some flowers for Mollie's funeral. "A broken column of the largest white roses" the order read. Then I went to the manager and told him that the doctor had ordered a rest.

"When?" He was surprised, for he had been asking me to call a physican.

"Five years ago, only I couldn't obey him then."

So I packed my things and went down to visit some old friends in Virginia. I lived outdoors in the wonderful sunshine and rode and drove over those splendid clay roads. I played with my friend's children and helped her entertain her visitors. I went to bed at nine and slept until seven. And in a little while I could laugh naturally again, and the wine of life again flowed in my veins, and——

I came back to work? Not I. I married a neighbor of my friend's and lived a quiet, wholesome life in one of the dear, old, historic "places" on the James River, and I haven't a nerve left.

We go to New York once or twice a year. I drop in at the Professional Woman's League, just to be reminded of what I have escaped. They talk to me about "hits" and failures, principally failures. Once the secretary said: "Oh, Miss Standard! If you had only held on a little longer! Mr. Boreman didn't know you had left the stage. He sent for your address the other day. He wanted you for the lead in a New York piece, just the part to fit your personality. It will be a big success."

"Tell him I've made a big success."

A messenger arrived with a note for me. "From the gentleman waiting downstairs."

He explained, "I dare not venture into the sacred, manless precincts," it said, "but I haven't seen my wife for an hour, and I'm jealous of those ambitious women. Shall we have a drive in the park?"

"I've made my big success," I repeated. "I've married the best man in the world, and that is the greatest of all 'hits.'"

Broadway Localettes.

AFFAIRS have been moving briskly since Inspector McClusky's men have been *en evidence*, as they say in dear old Paris. Some of the aforesaid affairs have long records in such popular resting resorts as Joliet and Ossining. That's why affairs have been moving.

There's no use talking; Broadway is becoming very citified. John De Pannter was seen in the Metropole the other day drinking Ruinart. Other drinks are popular, according to the depth, length and breadth of the pocket. Ehret's, Pabst and Schlemmelbinger are popular words just now along our Main Street.

Speaking of the Metropole reminds me that John and George Considine are the Siamese twins of Main Street. They seem to get along well together, to be popular together, and, incidentally to make money together.

"Alan Dale," the critic, wears glasses. He wears them on his eyes. This in itself is not remarkable, as the President also wears glasses in the same place. I call attention to the matter merely to fill a few lines of space.

George Kessler, the greatest dealer in fine country sarsaparilla America has ever known, was seen opening a quart of Carter's Little Lavender Ink at the Stopem House recently. Mr. Kessler is not afraid even of hard cider.

THE GADABOUT.

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____

Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

MISS CAMILLE DARVILLE WHO IS TO STAR AGAIN.

When Miss Darville appeared in "Madeline," at the Bijou Theatre, some years ago she was proclaimed the leading prima donna of America. Then began the craze for high-priced features in vaudeville and Miss Darville was lost to comic opera. She has for some seasons been a star in vaudeville, but now it is said that she will appear next season in a new comic opera if the proper vehicle is available. Miss Darville has a voice that should be described as brilliant. She has been resting for a number of months and this fact is apparent in the added brilliancy and power of her voice so noticeable since her re-entre in vaudeville.

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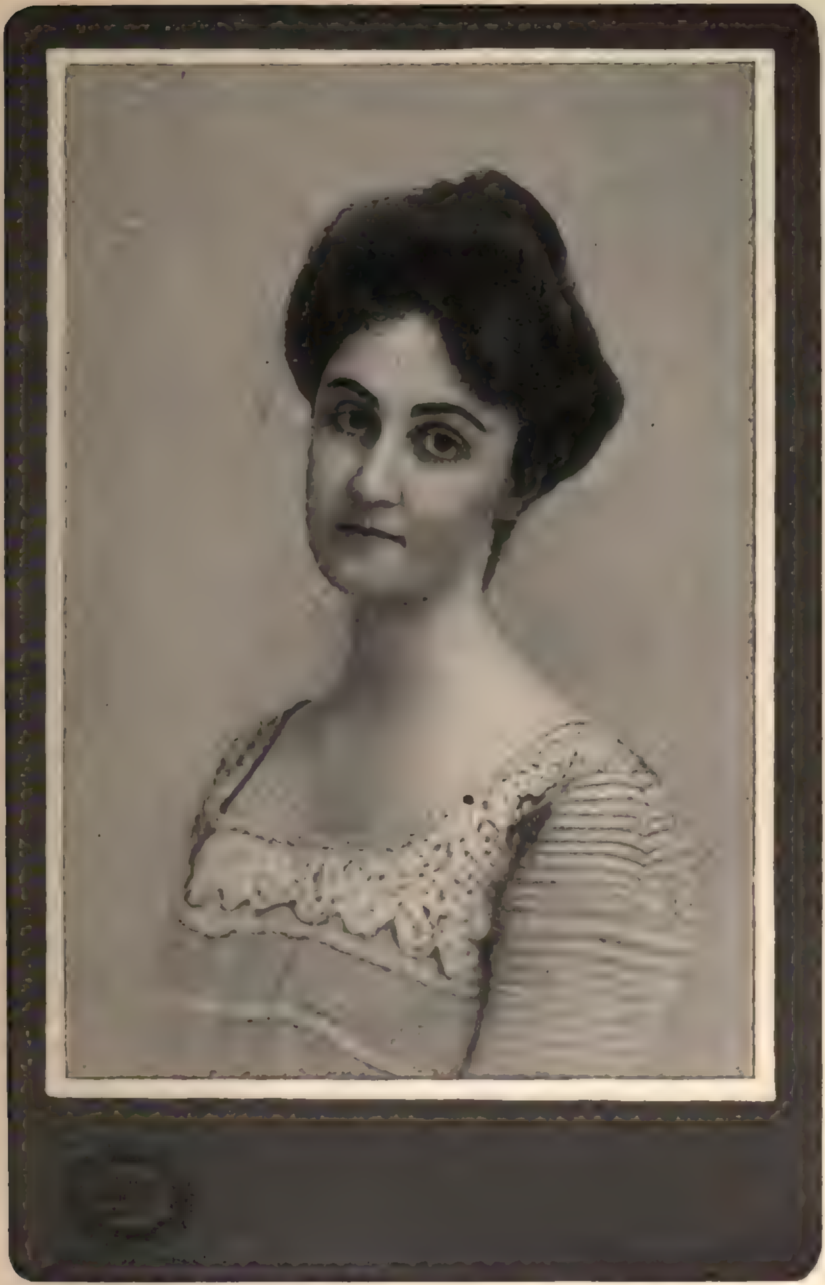

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

MISS RUTH HOLT, WHO PLAYS THE ROLE OF *GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY* IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

Miss Holt is one of the younger women of the stage who have come forth prominently during the past season. The role of *George Anne Bellamy* is an important one in the Peggy Woffington play by Fannie Aymar Mathews. Miss Holt enacts this important part with a firm hand and a sure touch. It is one of the truest and most convincing pieces of work in "Pretty Peggy." Miss Holt has not by any means reached the limit of her ability. She undoubtedly will give us greater work.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

AS A PERSONAL FAVOR.

The Editor of BROADWAY MAGAZINE asks you as a personal favor to get a copy of a late issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY if you are not already buying that publication regularly. You will find it bright, handsome, clean and clever. It is not only different from any of the other publications on the news stands—it is better mechanically, smarter editorially and prints illustrations that cannot be found in any other publication on the face of the globe. It is published every Thursday and sells for 10 cents a copy or $4.00 a year. However, price has little or nothing to do with it. The main point is that BROADWAY WEEKLY is good at any price. Its regular features, to say nothing of the special ones that can only be considered from week to week, make it easily a publication that interests every live American man or woman, young or old. Therefore, as a favor to the Editor, ask your newsdealer for a copy or send for one direct to publication office and you will be so pleased that no second request of this nature will be necessary.

There are stories of the stage and of newspaper life that have never been told, and perhaps some of the latter are the most interesting. Newspaper men are very apt to tell stories on themselves and their fellows, but seldom to write them. The consequence is that if one were to collect all the good newspaper stories that are extant, and publish them in a volume it would make a book that would interest thousands. Some of these are grave, some gay, some analytical, but none of them would be "stale and unprofitable." Here is one that has been whispered about Park Row and regarded as typical of the fortunes of the ordinary journalist. A very clever newspaper man, tiring of the New York grind in which he was not over-successful, owing to the fact that he lapsed now and then from habits of industry under the stress of good fellowship, resolved to strike into pastures new. He was expressing this sentiment to a friend who regarded the rather shabby figure, and drawing a check for fifty dollars, advised his brilliant friend first of all to get himself into proper trim. Accordingly the young journalist arrayed himself in "purple and fine linen," with top hat, patent leather Oxfords, yellow gloves and a stick, betaking himself forthwith to Philadelphia where he sent up his card to the managing editor of the foremost daily in Quakertown. The latter received him kindly and asked what he could do for the applicant. "I want a job," said the newcomer frankly. "Yes?" said the managing editor. "What sort of a job are you seeking?" "Oh, any old thing, thanks—reporter preferred." The man at the desk looked at the applicant and widened his eyes. "Reporter!" he gasped, "why, you look as if you were looking for the position of financial manager." "Oh, don't mind these togs," returned the other archly, "You see, I've been out of the newspaper business for nearly a year." Which *bon mot* caught the manager so neatly that he opened his heart at once.

Get BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. 17 ("Theatrical Types"),

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OFFER TO OUR READERS

For the past few months, we have been telling you that we are as anxious to please our readers as they are to have us do so. No opportunity has been lost to make our readers feel that we think only of their tastes, and that Broadway Magazine is published to please them and them alone. No doubt this is why our subscription list has been increasing during the past month at the rate of nearly 2,000 weekly—and thousands of these subscriptions have come from newsdealers who have called their customers' attention to our offers.

We recently made an offer of the "Art Portfolio of American Stars." This was the biggest and best subscription offer ever made in any American magazine. So popular was this offer and so unusual was the value that the entire stock of pictures absolutely ran out and last month we were obliged to substitute another premium offer in its stead.

GOOD NEWS FOR OUR READERS

As soon as we found the supply was being exhausted, we immediately ordered another edition of the "Art Portfolio of American Stars" and we take pleasure in announcing that we are now able to furnish these pictures to yearly subscribers to Broadway Magazine only. If you have already seen these pictures you know how beautiful and handsome they are. If you want another set, you can get it by increasing your subscription for another year. If you have not received these pictures, you will certainly want them.

The "Art Portfolio of American Stars" consist of twelve etched photogravures (size each 10 x 12) on gray mats and the most beautiful and exclusive pictures published of the following favorites:—*Maude Adams, Virginia Harned, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Mannering, Edna May, Julia Marlowe, Viola Allen, Grace George, Maxine Elliott, Anna Held, Lulu Glaser and Edna Wallace Hopper.* You can only get this magnificent portfolio by sending $1.50 direct or through your newsdealer for a yearly subscription to Broadway Magazine.

Take advantage of this offer to-day, or you may be disappointed. Already thousands of people know that these pictures are magnificent value. Therefore, be sure that YOU are one of the first to take advantage of this magnificent offer.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK TO-DAY.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE COMPANY,
121 West 42d St., New York.

Enclosed herewith find $1.50 for which please send me BROADWAY MAGAZINE for the coming year beginning with Number, and also all express and other charges paid, your "ART PORTFOLIO OF AMERICAN STARS."

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Miss James as she appears with her latest pet

Delights of Automobiling.

BY MILLY JAMES.

TWO SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS JAMES TAKEN IN HER PRIVATE AUTOMOBILE.

TO automobile should be as natural to a woman as to dance. The rhythm of music and the pulsation of the auto sing the same delightful tune. To spin along a country road, past farms and woods, skimming over rough places, now sturdily climbing a hill, and anon floating down to the level stretch ahead, easily and gracefully as a bird on the wing—what can equal such glorious sport? It makes life worth living.

I remember reading somewhere of a French writer who declared that in the beginning of the automobile era woman was the new machine's worst enemy. He said that she naturally regarded it as one more interloper destined to rob her of the society of sweetheart, husband, or brother, and to perpetuate the masculine selfishness of the bicycle. He may have been right, though I doubt it. The first idea suggested by an automobile would be the pleasure of riding in it. There are always seats for two at least, and what woman would ask for more? Instead of discouraging companionship, it would seem to invite it, even as a cozy sleigh suggests a jolly wintry ride.

Riding in an automobile and running it oneself are very different. The array of faucets and levers and handles and wheels is so confusing at first that one might think it almost impossible to learn exactly what each one is for. To sit beside a man who is driving is delightfully interesting, if only because it is all so mysterious and wonderful. - You see him push one of the little handles at the side, and instantly the car leaps forward as if it were a fast horse under the whip. In front of you a slow-going wagon may block tbe best part of the road—especially in the country, where the market wagon appears to own the whole highway. It looks as if you must run into the obstruction. Your companion toots his horn, but the driver ahead seems to be deaf and pays not the slight-

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est attention. But a second later you are sailing past the heavy wagon, shaving its wheels by a hair's breadth, with barely room on the off side to escape toppling over into the ditch. It looks so easy that you can't help laughing in sheer glee as the wagoner's maledictions grow faint in the distance behind you.

But when you come to a wide, even stretch of road, and, after being dared to do it, try steering the machine yourself, you speedily find out how difficult it is. You take hold of the steering-wheel, and the next moment the machine is headed for the ditch. You give the wheel a sudden twist, of course in the wrong direction, and you come near toppling over. Then your escort takes hold, and without the least apparent effort rights the machine and keeps it going straight.

You try again, after being told to hold the wheel just steady, so! But try as you may, the best you can do at first is to keep it wobbling from side to side exactly like a learner on a bicycle. After a while, however, you find it easy enough, and begin to wonder how you ever came to make the machine play such pranks at first.

When a woman has once mastered the first principles of running an automobile—that is to say, when she knows which handle to move to make it start, how to make it go fast or slow, when to put her foot down good and hard on the pedal, and how to steer—she is likely to get more enjoyment out of a car than a man does. Where a man will go poking into the machinery whenever anything goes wrong, or rather when he imagines something is going to go wrong, a woman just simply does what she has been taught to do, and leaves the car to do the rest. No one ever saw a woman automobilist with her hands covered with axle-grease, or crawling backwards under a car to twist something with a monkey-wrench.

Any chauffeur who is accustomed to driving fast will tell you that no matter at what speed he is going, he would prefer to have a woman by his side than a man. It may sound improbable, but it is nevertheless true that women in automobiles don't alarm half so quickly as the so-called stronger sex. A woman has more faith than a man, and she is not so likely to jump out at the slightest sign of danger.

Any one who has handled an automobile, and knows how easily the machine answers the steering wheel, when the knack of managing it has once been acquired, can readily understand why women ought to make the best kind of drivers. I was going to say "chauffeuses," but that word always suggests to me something kitchen-maidish. The delicate touch of a woman's hand will steer a car to the narrowest edge of safety, while a man in the same situation, if not an expert, might give the wheel a wrench and send his machine headlong into a ditch.

I was once asked what I would do if I were a real Little Princess instead of a poor make-believe.

"Automobile around the world," I said, and I meant it.

Yes; I *do* love automobiling.

Little Miss James and a great big trouble

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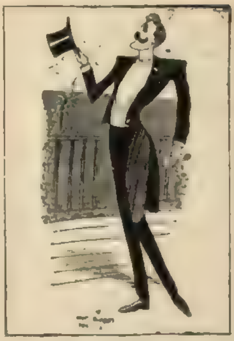
Men's Dress Guyed.

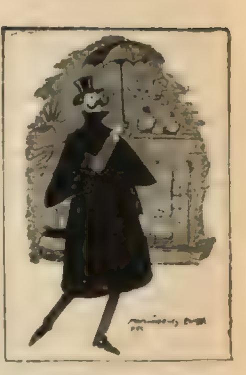
A FEW hints on evening-dress may be useful to those of our male readers who may be in the habit of adopting that attire when engaged in lounging about the parks in broad daylight. The dress-coat of the moment may have a roll collar or a notched one, and as there is no other variety of dress-coat collar in existence, the reader is sure to be in the fashion if he chooses either one or the other. The coat should be cut so as to curve in at the waist (but only very slightly), and the shoulders should be broad or narrow, according to the figure of the wearer.

The waterproof coat as worn by the gentleman who is taking a walk beside an interior background is the famous "Aquasquirtum," as produced by Messrs. Scantyvery & Common, of Fifth avenue. Its praises have been sung in both verse and prose (the latter for choice), and it is a well-known fact that Noah always had an "Aquasquirtum" hanging up in the lower hall of the Ark, in case it should rain.

The new pink and yellow woolen waistcoats for spring wear are all hand-made with knitting-machines. I had this fact straight from the manufacturer for whom the wool of which the material is almost entirely composed is specially picked from the cotton-trees.



"The shoulders should be broad or narrow, according to the figure of the wearer."



"No real gentleman would think of getting wet." Note the latest in Parisian parasols.

"B. L.'s" Answers to Correspondents.

J. B.—(1) I am sorry I cannot tell you of a first-class bootmaker's where you can get your shoes half-soled, heeled, and patched for thirty cents inclusive. (2) I regret to hear that the forks and spoons at the Manhattan Hotel are only plated. This must have been a terrible disappointment to you.

Apollo.—You should have your beak nose worked down into a decent shape by Features, Ltd. They are very wonderful people, and absurdly cheap. If, in communicating with them, you let them know I recommended you, they will very likely knock off $1.60 as well.

Economy.—If you find your right big toe has gone through your sock, you should remember to wear that sock in the future on the left foot. This is quite the only way to keep your socks presentable. And it is really very necessary that they *should* be so kept, for you never know when you might be suddenly taken to the hospital with a broken leg. I had this tip, I may say, from a famous French baron (since dead of enteric).

O. U. B. A.—The best way is to leave your moustache in curl-papers for a week.

Little Lawrence's Limericks.

THERE was a young man of Constantinople,
Who used to buy eggs at $3 a dozen;
When his father said: "Well,
This is certainly surprising,"
The young man put on his second best trousers.

There was a young lady of Athens,
Who painted china fine.
Everybody said: "Oh!"
But she didn't care,
Because she never sold any.

There were three old ladies of Germany
Who never repeated anything they said,
But once a cow
Got into their backyard
And they moved away.

There was a person once of somewhere
Who said something or other.
When the others replied
Something in reply,
Conversation ensued.

The Plain Truth About "Lady Rose's Daughter."

By Arthur T. Wilson.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD is a recognized genius, and not without a degree of substantiation in the quality of her work. She came upon the literary field quite late in life, and at once established herself in her gorgeous little kiosk like an ambassadress from a foreign realm on a battle field. She wrote seriously because she took herself seriously—a quality which is not at the least American. There is plenty of seriousness in every other field of American activity—invention, railroad building, and, above all, financiering, in which it is veritably the pace that kills; but as for art and literature we are not taken seriously because we do not take ourselves so.

In this we differ from Mrs. Humphry Ward. She is eminently a serious person. If it were not so she would not have made her celebrated religio-scientific novel, published some time ago, read all around the globe, nor started a veritable crusade of the religious novel which was itself responsible for a multitude of sins. In "Lady Rose's Daughter" we have the same seriousness, only on other lines.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, who wrote "Lady Rose's Daughter."

Given a beautiful woman who in her early youth discovers that her father and mother, although "to the manner born," are so enamored of each other that they flee from conventional England (and incidentally the woman's husband) setting up an establishment in Belgium where the child is born, the father surviving but a short time, and the little orphan deserted practically by her mother, and the vicissitudes of a career under such a cloud—such is the *motif* with which only a master like Balzac or Tourgeniff could adequately deal. Yet Mrs. Ward makes the character of the beautiful waif very positive. She is kept on the continent, educated in all the refinements of cultured life without the prestige which comes with a legitimate *entree* into them, and naturally she turns out a sort of Becky Sharp, with all Becky's hatred of society's faults and foibles, yet with Becky's insatiable vanity, more than Becky's beauty, and yet not a moiety of the Thackerayan heroine's diplomacy and astuteness of mind as well as unscrupulous self-ism.

A young girl who is brought up far from parental love and surroundings, brilliantly gifted and yet from an ethical standpoint desperately handicapped, she is very apt to turn adventuress simply because, without her knowledge or consent, she is thrust into the world under a cloud and in a false position. She feels that she has been preyed upon; therefore, by the law of retaliation, she turns huntress of hearts, and, having been herself compromised, seeks to effect the compromise of others.

Mrs. Ward's heroine falls in love with an unscrupulous Major in the Indian service while encouraging and still rebuffing the advances of a highly worthy fellow who, one feels, should have chosen "mettle more attractive," as Hamlet has it, However, she repulses the man who might be her redemption and actually plans to fly to Paris and spend some time with her scoundrel Major before the latter sails to India to laugh it over with his cronies of the mess-room.

At the station in Paris she is intercepted, however, by the man who really and truly loves her, honorably and genuinely, and is induced to forego the meeting with her Major-lover under a pretext that her grandfather, a fine old type of nobleman, is dying, and before he parts with this world desires to see the granddaughter who has been brought into the world by his own daughter, under such a cloud, and to provide generously for her.

The Major, of course baffled in his miserable enterprise, sails for India, where he pours out his heart in letters and drowns his sorrow in the regulation "b. and s." otherwise brandy and soda, and dies in his forlorn state. The maiden forthwith resigns the lees of her cup of love to the young man who is more worthy of her, and there is an end to it—an end which makes one feel that so deserving a fellow should merit the love of a far more deserving woman.

It is Trilby over again—not Trilby alone, but

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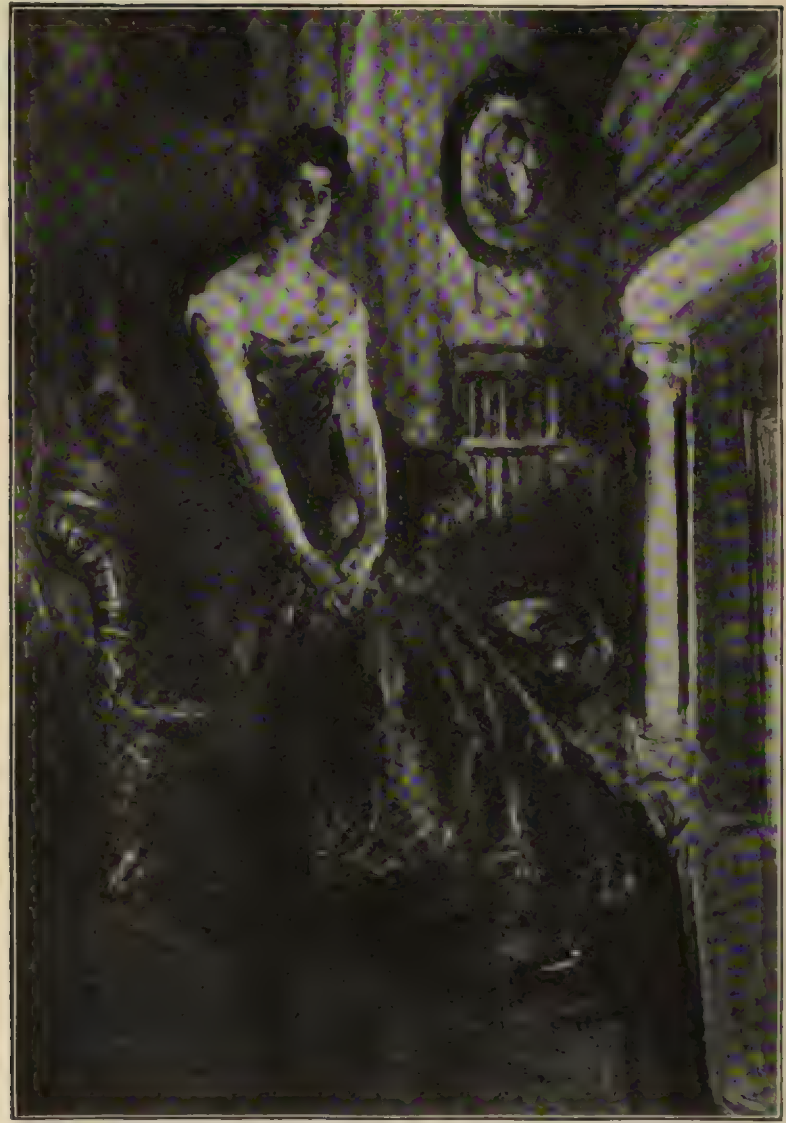

From "Lady Rose's Daughter," copyright, 1903, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

JULIE LE BRETON IN HER LONDON DRAWING ROOM.

Mademoiselle de Maupin, Casa Bianca, Madame Marneffe and all the rest of the illustrious sisterhood of women who, having been brought into the world under a compromise, themselves turn drawing-room Bedouins, as it were, and make splendid literary capital out of their checkered careers.

In "Lady Rose's Daughter" we have the story which everybody abhors unless it is done by a master hand, for the reason that there is nothing essentially new in the situations—in fact, it is a tale which can be duplicated every day in our own republican life, situations with which the readers of daily papers throughout the land are familiar. And yet, there is a fascination about the story as it is written by Mrs. Ward which makes it convincing and at times enchanting. The author is a careful and painstaking artist, with due regard to literary integrity and what Balzac calls the "tremendous

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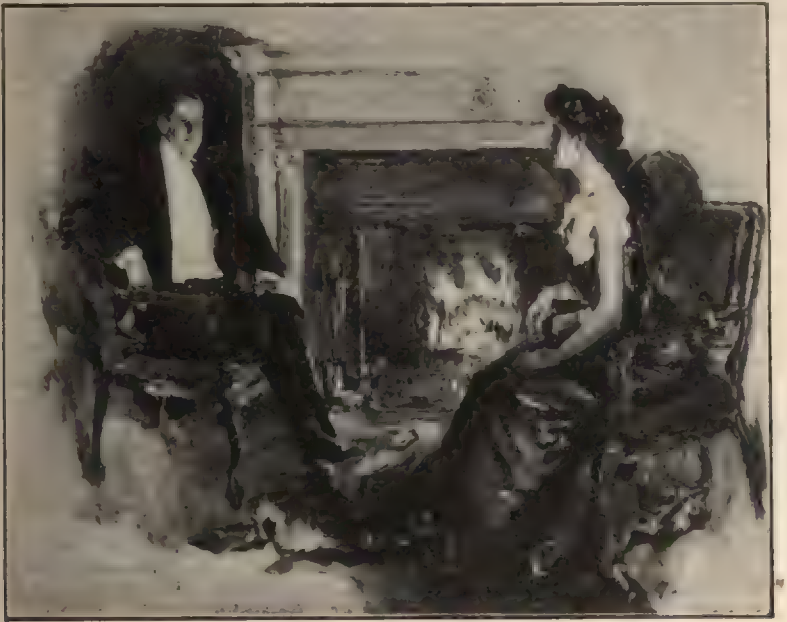
struggle of idea into form," the evolution of a type. From that standpoint there cannot be too much said in favor of the book. On the contrary, had George Eliot written the story (in the days when "Middlemarch" was regarded as a grave blow to the moral standard of refined communities, but which now would be passed by "as the idle wind which they respect not,") it would have consigned that admirable artist to literary oblivion, if not the pillory. Times change, but the universal interest in "the woman with a past" remains, even if it is her parent's past. It only depends upon the skill, the verve, the fearlessness and the delicacy with which the situations are portrayed whether there is a banal fiasco or an artistic success awaiting the author. The latter reward seems to have come to the creator of "Lady Rose's Daughter."

The situation of "Lady Rose's Daughter" is one which has occupied the attention of the greatest sociologists and exponents of the sex problem for centuries. Tolstoi did the one great work in "Anna Karinina," and Tourgeniff, as well as the greatest masters of French literature, including Flaubert and de Maupassant. There is nothing new in the woman who would compromise herself in the interest of the man whom she loves, and at the very last moment is saved from such martrydom by one who has the larger point of view. Balzac has made use of this situation in many ways, and it is no particular discredit that Mrs. Ward has followed in such illustrious footsteps. She knows that all things being equal, the sex problem occupies the interest of the greater majority of the people and that it is ever and always a drawing feature with the reading public. However, "Lady Rose's Daughter" is a book which stands above the ordinary class of the novelist-doctrinarian of the Sara Grand and Marie Corelli class. It teaches the lesson in pure English and sure diction which her forerunners succeed in doing only in a modified degree, Mrs. Ward's work shows that she is a pupil of the late Robert L. Stevenson to whom the evolution of a word was equal to the evolution of a Darwinian species. She loves words for their own sake. Words to her are things, and she is choice and saving of them. It is not every day that one finds a literarian who is a word-master from the philological standpoint. Kipling loves words for their sound and sense, their strength and terseness, their truth and directness; Mrs. Ward loves them for their subtility, their esoteric value and their refinement. In these her strength lie.



From "Lady Rose's Daughter," copyright, 1903, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

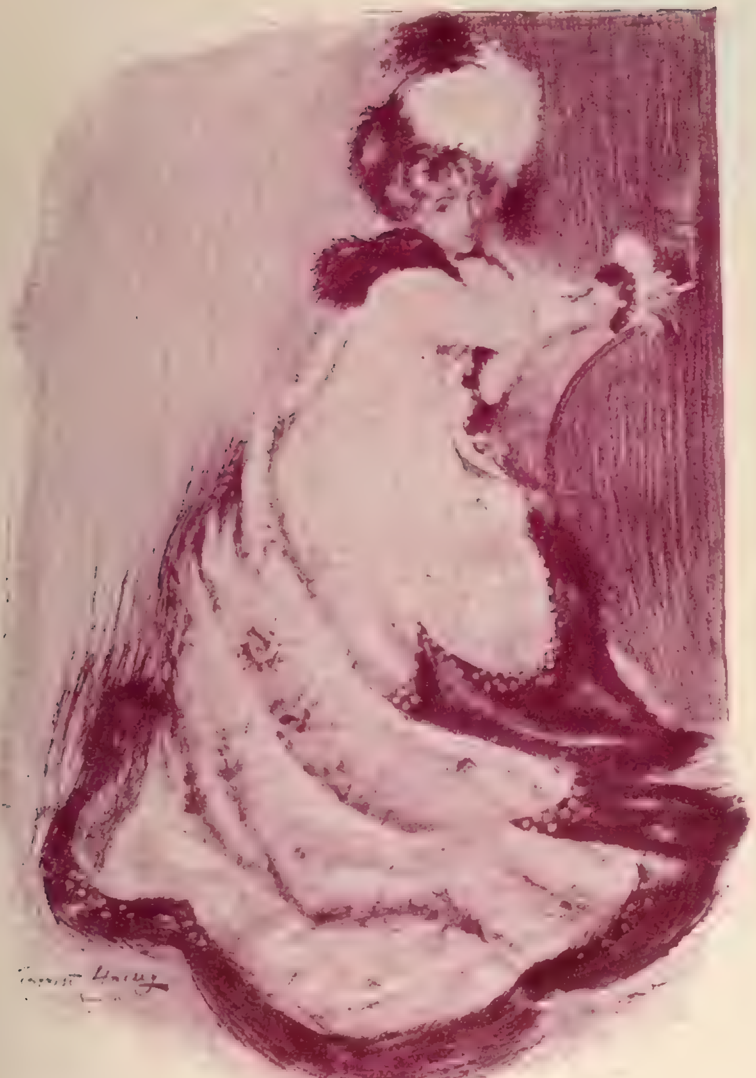
LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER AND THE CAPTAIN.

"You would entertain charmingly in your own home" he said.

The May Maid.

She has a most bewitching way,
This Marguerite of bonnie May ;
Coquettishly she smiles, for soon,
She knows 'twill be the prime of June,
When to the altar she'll be led
Mid blossoms white and roses red.
No wonder then this maid of May
Laughs like a woodland nymph at play.
Not every maid of May will be
A blushing bride in June, you see.

P. F. J.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE; FROM LIFE

By Forrest Halsey.

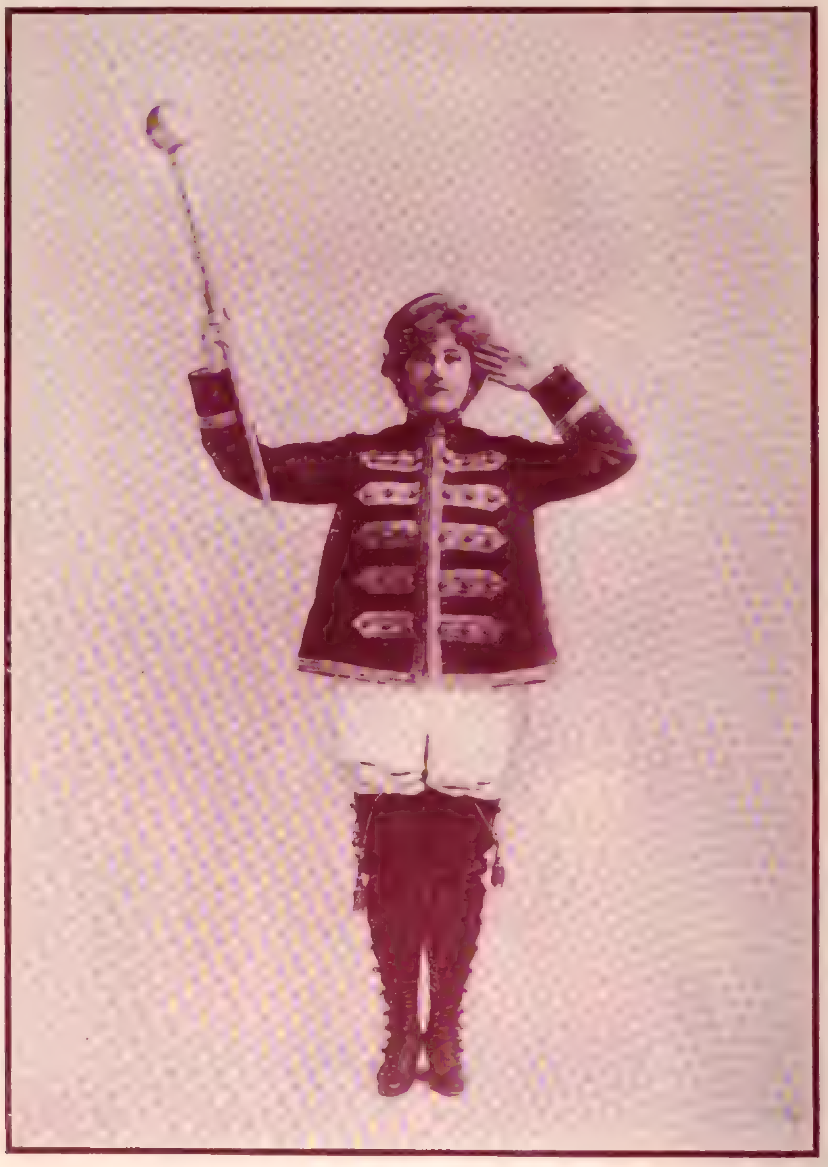
From "The American Stage." By permission of R. H. Russell.

See article "An Idealist of the American Girl."

TWO NEW PICTURES OF MISS BONNIE MAGINN.

Photographs by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

Miss Maginn is here shown as *Imer Dasher* in Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger's production of "Mr. Blue Beard" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City.



"Attention."

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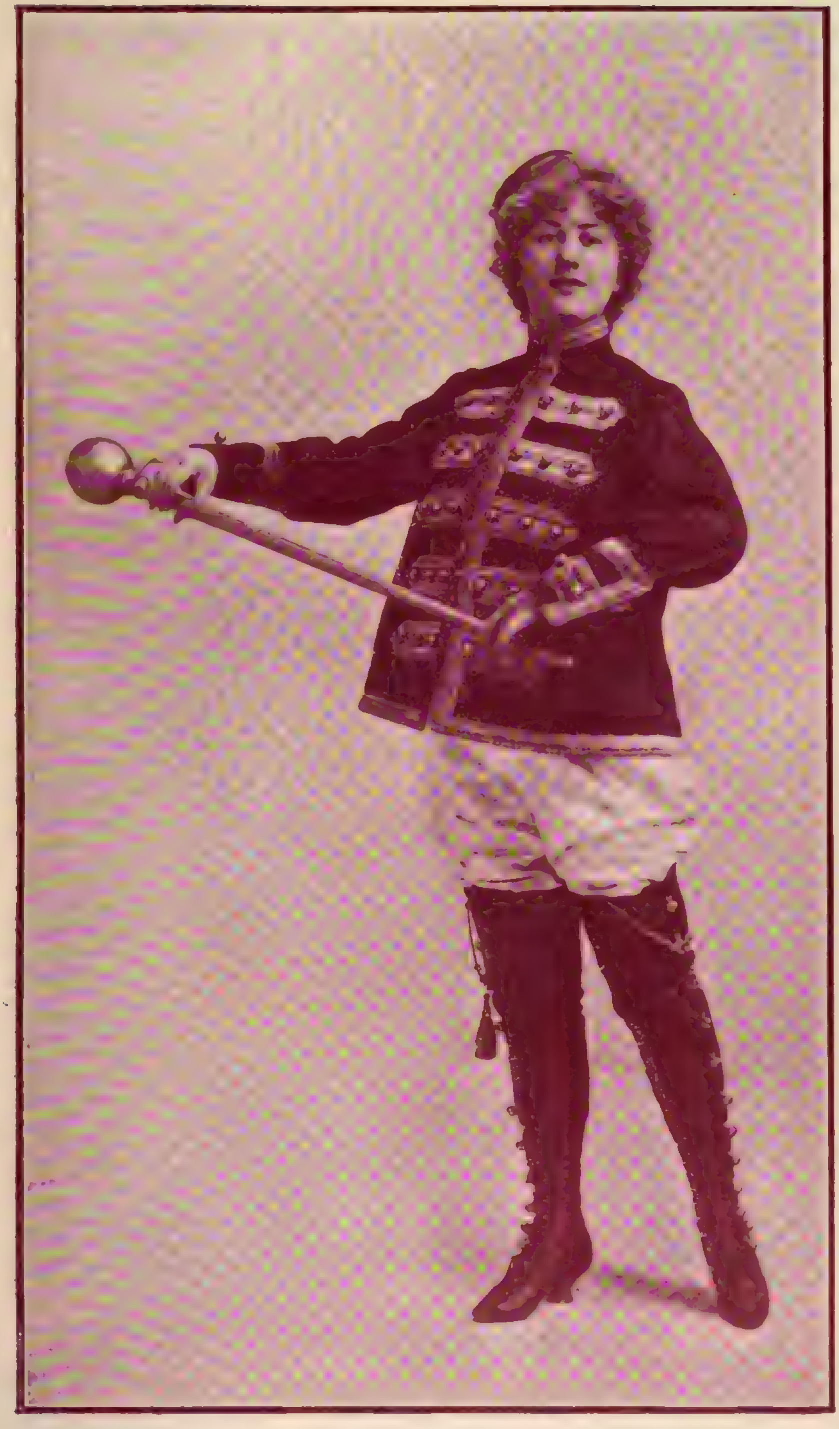
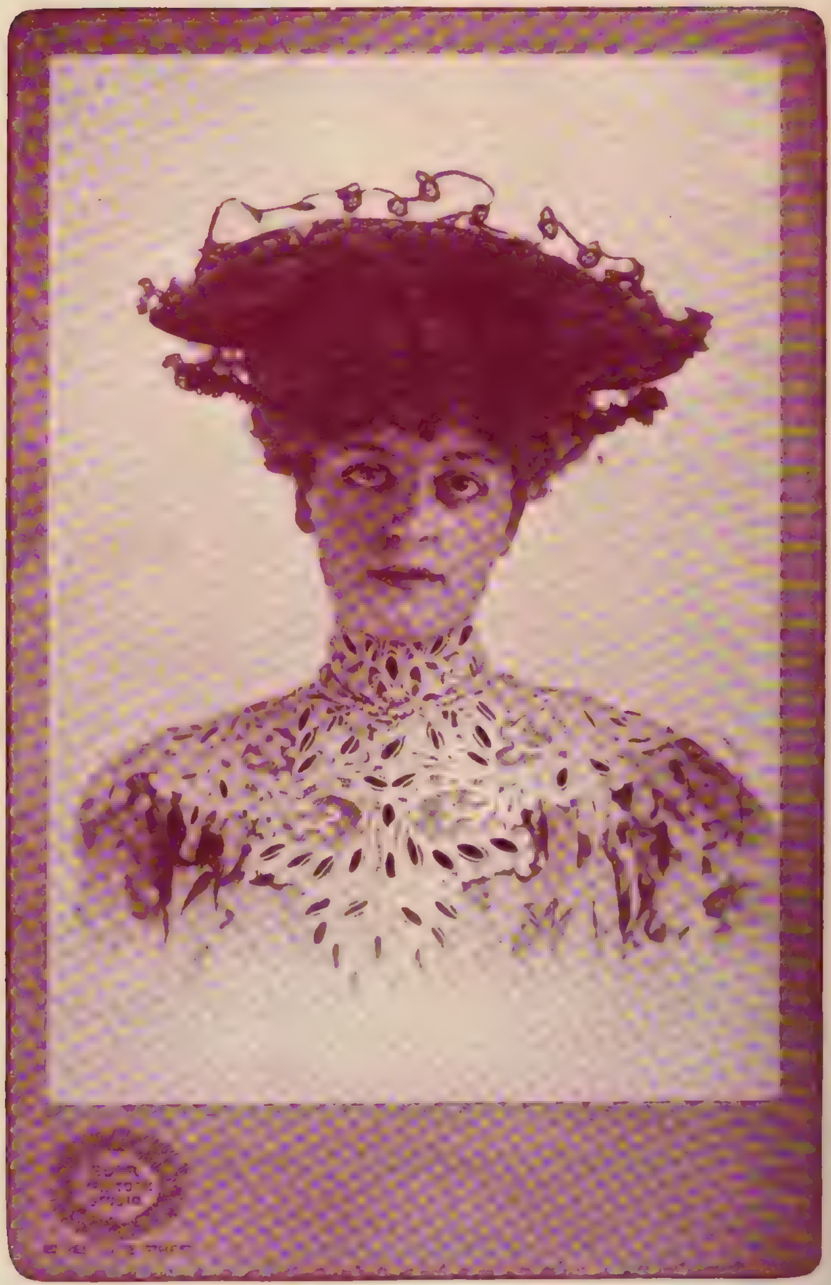


"For I'm the little Drum Major Girl."



MISS ADELE RITCHIE.

Miss Ritchie is believed by many to be a very pretty woman. Some others don't think so. There is an equal division of opinion regarding her ability. However, it cannot be denied that she is more or less prominent on the American stage at the present time. She has been appearing as *Mrs. Pineapple* in "A Chinese Honeymoon."

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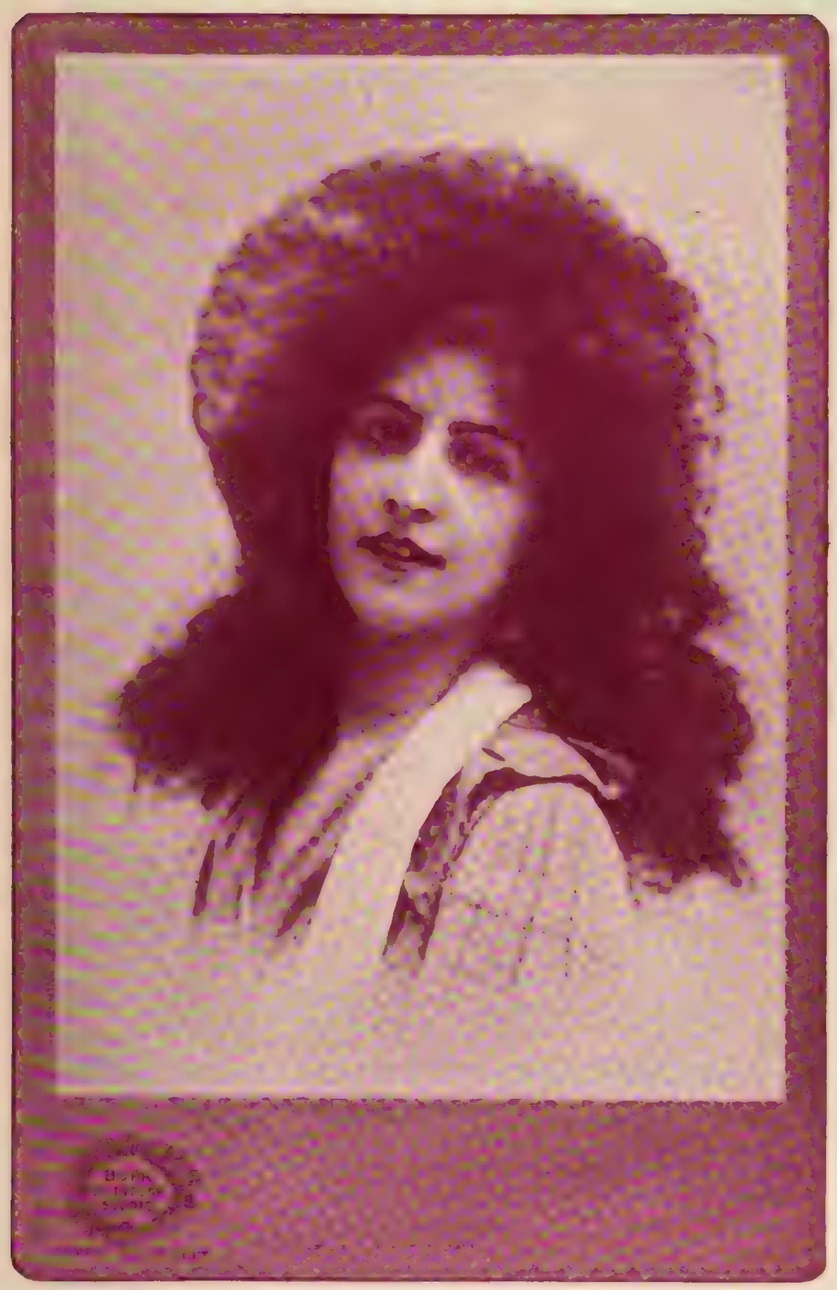
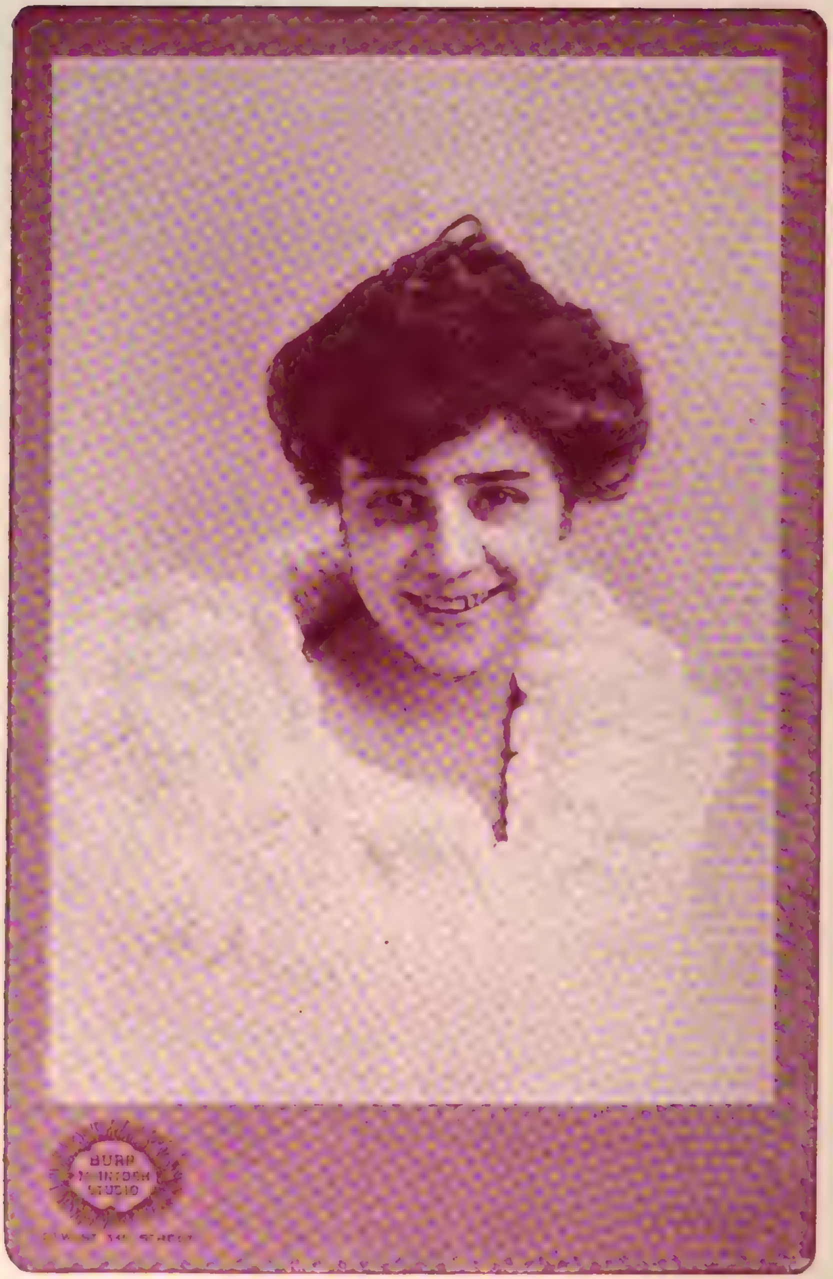


MISS MYRTLE McGRAIN.

Miss McGrain is a very young and very pretty American girl who has been brought before the public in the past year by the Burr McIntosh Studio. She has been photographed as often as ever Lillian Russell was, and this fact in itself gives Miss McGrain a position in the mind of the public that it might otherwise take years of hard work to achieve.



MISS GRACE CAMERON.

Miss Cameron, being a singer and a comedienne, has a perfect right to look just as joyous as she does in this picture. She is one of the leaders amongst the younger women in American musical comedy. She is a Western girl and can ride a horse as well as she can sing.

Broadway Magazine
For June, 1903

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE CO., 121 W. 42d Street, New York City.

These Features were in a Recent Issue of Broadway Weekly No. 13

Front page, in color. The pretty girls who sing "The Song of Cities" in "The Prince of Pilsen"
Full page portrait, with story, about James Stillman, Typical New Yorker and President of the City National Bank.
"When the Chaperone Tells Her Favorite Story," - a delightful center page drawing by Frank Parker, in which Cupid holds the reins.
BROADWAY WEEKLY suggestions for the Gibson girls who are to appear in the dramatization of "Mr Pipp." Fifteen fine examples of American femininity.
"The Smartest Girl in Town" series.
"Thoroughbreds"—Some of the old school.
"Men that Women Like,"—Henry W. Miller.
Portraits of Miss Drina de Wolfe, Miss Marie Doro, Miss Irma La Pierre, etc., etc.
Snapshots on the road with the Rogers Bros. Company., taken by Lee Harrison.
A back page in color.

This merely gives you an idea of what one number of BROADWAY WEEKLY contains. Every other number is just as good—or better. There is absolutely no other weekly paper published in America as sparkling, interesting or handsome as BROADWAY WEEKLY. Get a late issue of your newsdealer and see the handsome premium subscription offer made therein. Or better still, send at once One Dollar ($1.00) direct or through your newsdealer for a trial subscription for three months (13 weeks). If you desire to have a complete file, the publishers will send you the first thirteen issues for $1.00. BROADWAY WEEKLY is 10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year.

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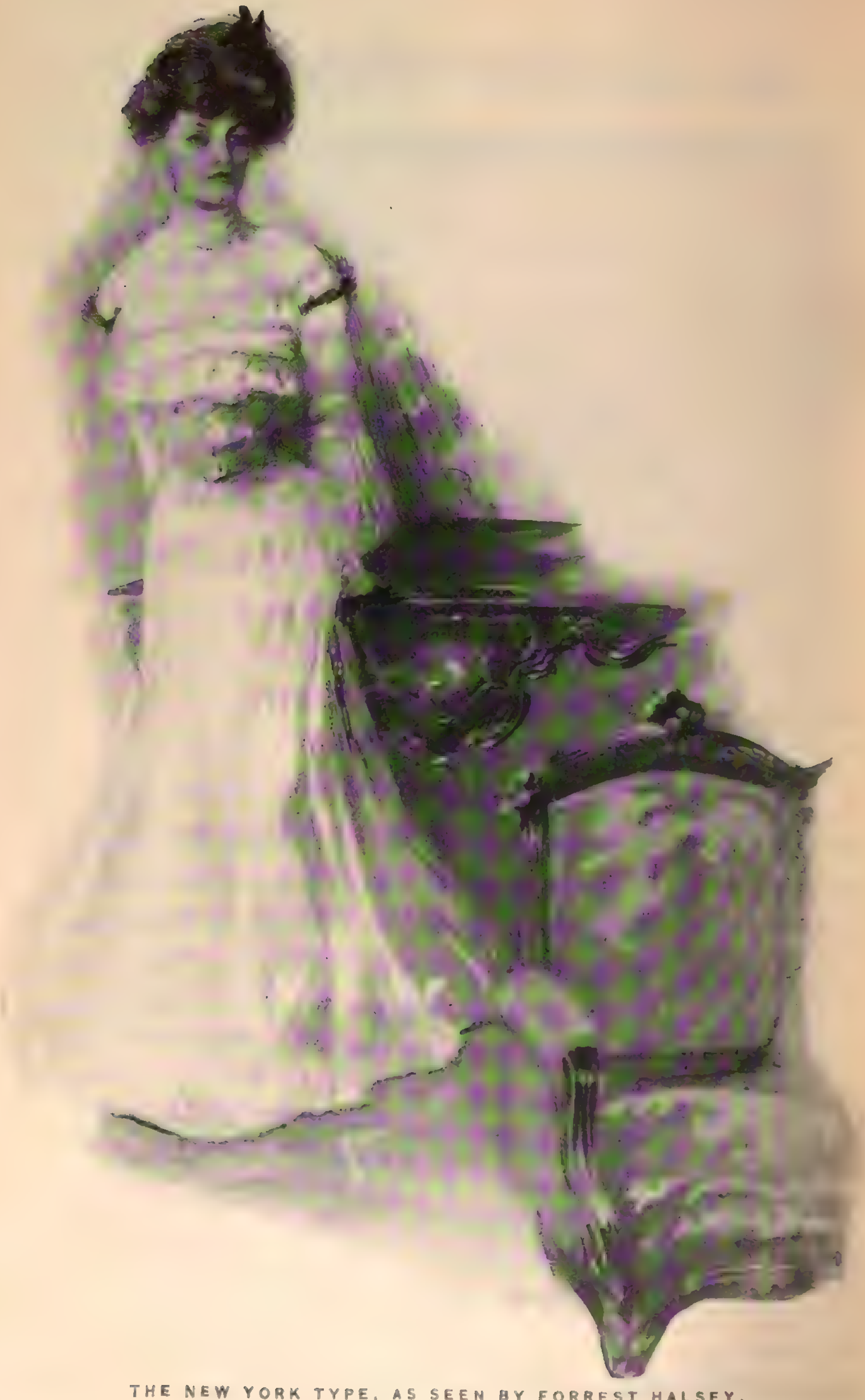


THE NEW YORK TYPE, AS SEEN BY FORREST HALSEY.

From a wash drawing by Forrest Halsey, New York.

(See page 289).

BROADWAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE

JUNE 1903

VOL. XI. NO. 3.

A Great City's Desperate Criminals.

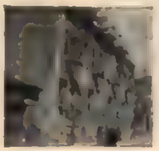
By Alfred Ray Griscomb.

Where members of the Mafia congregate in Mulberry Bend. They comprise Braccianti, or laborers from Sicily.

SOCIOLOGISTS affirm that for every person who makes an honest living, five persons are dependent upon the wage-earner, whether it be a man or a woman. When there is no wage-earner there is necessarily a resort to practices which are not strictly within the statutes, and as a living must be made somehow, people of both sexes are imbued with the idea that the world owes them something of which they have been robbed. Ergo, it is perfectly natural, if sometimes impracticable, to go into the world and get what the world owes them at any cost whatsoever.

It is just this sort of sophistry that has built up organized vice in New York. It is of various kinds and comprises every phase of criminality known to the ancients and the moderns. Counterfeiting, for instance, was a crime always punishable by death under the laws of the Cæsars and of the Greeks under Draco, the "bloody-law king," before them, and even back into remoter periods, showing that the counterfeiting gang that thrives in Roosevelt Street and the vicinity of "The Burnt Rag," (a miserable tenement occupied principally by members of the "Red Leary" gang), is a direct descendant of the gangs that made spurious money in the days of old.

There are two hundred of the brightest men in New York who give up their days and nights to the problem of ridding the city of offenders against Uncle Sam. The federal laws are very strict and business like, and there is no chance for mercy as in a magistrate's court, for instance. These sleuths are never seen to recognize them. They work silently and persistently, reporting to Chief Revenue Agent Flynn in the Post Office Building, or to the Chief of the Internal Department, Mr. Sinsel, in the Tract Society Building in Nassau street. Every day there is some arrest made, some gang traced, some organized crew of outlaws tracked to their lairs, whether they are moonshiners making illicit 'schnapps' in some East side tenement, manufacturing spurious coin, printing bankbills, postage, beer or cigar stamps by the million, or otherwise violating the rigid laws of the country.



A Tenement in old Greenwich Village where a "Stamp-Washing" gang was captured after a hard fight.

Take moonshining, for instance. People who think that all the moonshiners in the country are in the wild mountain districts of Tennessee or Kentucky are mistaken. There is more illicit whiskey made and sold in Greater New York than in all that section of the South. Only a short time ago there was a still captured and destroyed by the revenue detectives that was capable of turning out three hundred gallons of whiskey a day—whiskey made from sugar, potatoes, rotten fruit or other fermenting sub-

A Rookery at Five Points which was the rendezvous for the notorious "Stale Beer Gang" now dispersed after long years of struggle.

Doyers street, the Chinese Alley where the Celestial Criminals congregate.

tances, for one thing is an aid to the traffic: you can make intoxicating liquor out of anything—if you only know how. One gang—the Grenfields, captured by Inspector Thompson, had over a quarter of a million dollars in various banks, the product of their business in illicit stilling, but even that did not save them. Their still was in the cellar of a tenement in Columbia street and lined throughout with zinc to keep the smell of the mash in. They made and disposed of hundreds of gallons a day and even sold it to families on the East side by the pint like beer, right under the noses of the detectives and the saloon men who, seeing their places deserted and their profits fading, knew that there must be a big moonshine somewhere in the vicinity.

A house in McDougal street where Members of the worst Anarchist gang in New York have held forth

Stamp-washing in New York is another organized institution, and when one remembers that some stamps are worth from one dollar to one thousand dollars each, the profit for a little careful labor in removing the stain from the stamp is not so bad. When the war-tax was on, these criminals made fortunes, for the reason that in Wall street every transfer of stock was taxed, and many of these stamps were of a denomination no less than one thousand dollars. Many of these stamps were used over and over four or five times, so skilfully was the washing done; but the officers rounded up the gang which had cost Uncle Sam more than $10,000 a day for a period of many months.

Essex street, the heart of the "Moonshiners" district where thousands of illicit "schnapps" have been captured and stills destroyed.

Of course, these organizations are very secret and their members are bound by blood oaths which makes the penalty for betrayal nothing short of death. Take the Mafia, for instance. This is a Sicilian federation, starting out on a brotherhood plan. It began about the time that Austria was gobbling up Italy bit by bit until the amalgamation took place, and men like Garibaldi, Cavour and others came to the rescue of Victor Emanuel and brought all the small principalities under one head, so saving the state. The Mafia was then a high and noble institution—a secret bund of patriots. Afterwards it descended into a family vendetta, to perpetuate generation after generation the feuds of the fathers to the third and fourth cycles and extending throughout the entire world. The Mafia is not responsible for the crimes committed by its members in New York, nor for its organized bands of law-breakers, such as the counterfeiting gang now in the toils, but as its one principle is inviolable secrecy, these bands trust their own fellows in the craft and none others; so that all movements are made under the mystic sign. The Mafia is not a gang of promiscuous murderers, but it avenges any infraction of its rules with murder, or if one of the members can bring sufficient reason before the body

The entrance to a Den in Park street where one of the bloodiest fights between members of the Mafia and the police took place.

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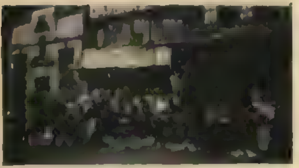
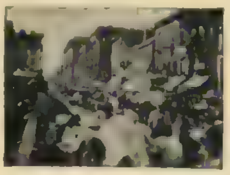


The heart of the Russian quarter where the counterfeiters convene, and which is always under police surveillance.

that a certain person inside or outside the organization has done something for which he ought to suffer death, he is "removed," even if he must be followed to the ends of the earth, and the man who draws the lot must do the "removing" or be himself "removed."

A house in Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, where cigar revenue stamps were turned out by the thousand.

New York is the one city on this continent where it is possible to hide one's self indefinitely. In the vast honeycomb of masonry a criminal is safer than in the middle of the Arizona plains, and he enjoys much more of the comforts of life. In foreign cities—Berlin, for example—every stranger who comes into the town must make himself known, his whence and his whither, his business and his friends. If he cannot answer acceptably, he is taken to the frontier and dumped out as a dangerous person. Even respectable Americans going to reputable hotels are compelled to give their pedigrees to the proprietor, who makes a report to the police every day, on penalty of imprisonment—sometimes a source of great annoyance. But the effect is salutary. Every chink and cranny of Berlin is under the inspection of a secret officer every day, and a stranger is spotted and followed. It is, therefore, no easy thing for one to hide one's self in a city like Berlin; but here in New York, where we would look upon such a system as despotic, thousands and thousands swarm in and out of the city every day, and no man asks them a question. It is, therefore, manifestly easy for the individual to hide himself away and for gangs to organize, for a period, at least, and practice whatever fraud they may choose, until prosperity at their nefarious games makes them bold. Then comes the round-up and prison.



A police raid of an illicit stil in Henry street near Grand, showing the crowds.

Statistics show that sooner or later every professional criminal in the country gets to New York, and as these same records affirm that Uncle Sam spends sixty millions of dollars a year in apprehending offenders against these same federal laws, the greatest metropolis on this hemisphere is not only great in location, beauty, wealth, refinement and commercial enterprise, but also the greatest rendezvous for crooks in the New World.

A saloon on Third street over which met secretly the heads of the Anarchist movement which resulted in the assassination of President McKinley

The Mafia is, perhaps, the best organized secret society for the purpose of avenging real or imaginary wrongs, for carrying on great enterprises of a questionable nature and for assisting its members in whatever undertaking, nefarious or otherwise, that there is in the world, with the possible exception of the Chinese secret societies of which there are five, with heads in Canton and Pekin and small outposts all over the world. The police of every city of the country have tried to put the Mafia and all its members under perpetual ban and to keep the new recruits from landing.

The immigration Commission has done much to prevent the spread of Mafiaism in America, but it still thrives, and like a monster of the deep sea, only comes to the surface now and then when there occurs a tragedy like that of New Orleans some years ago when this country was involved in a serious controversy with Italy over the lynching of several Mafia prisoners accused of the murder of New Orleans's Chief of Police. The Chinese secret societies control absolutely the celestials within our gates, and no Chinaman would think of trying to make a living here without first becoming a member of one or more of them. These all have made trouble for the police, carrying out their system of vengeance in the same summary manner as the Mafia. They also have been directly responsible for the greatest frauds against the Treasury Department—the smuggling of silk, opium, and above all, celestials themselves. Thousands of Chinamen who ought never to have been admitted here have come across the frontier through the machinations of the secret organizations. There are some desperate men among them and they have made the police much trouble.

There are in New York scores of minor bands who live by their wits—panhandlers in the true sense of the slang phrase, who develop into more serious criminals as occasion requires. These consist of such bands as the "Scratchers," who make a living by writing begging letters to rich people; the "Fooney" men who work all sorts of schemes to catch the unwary with cheap jewelry; and the "Green goods" gang well known to fame. It is said among criminals that a crook who cannot make a living by his profession in New York cannot make it anywhere, and even with the best police system in the world, these various gangs seem to thrive, primarily because, as was stated first, there is no such convenient hiding-place on all the continent as right here in the metropolis with its hundreds of thousands crammed into small space, the amount of money in constant circulation, and valuables lying within easy reach of all those inclined to steal.

THE WASTREL ROSE.

The rose I rescued from the waste
And took unto my breast,
And there in goodly shelter placed,
And tended and caressed:
My dream by night, my thought by day,
My being's very part,
With cruel thorns that covert lay,
Has poniarded my heart!

Oh, rose, my rose of rich delight,
To whom I gave my trust,
How can I crush thy petals bright
And cast them in the dust?
Unchidden, unreproached by me,
Still in my bosom lie;
Could meeter retribution be
Than in its dearth to die!

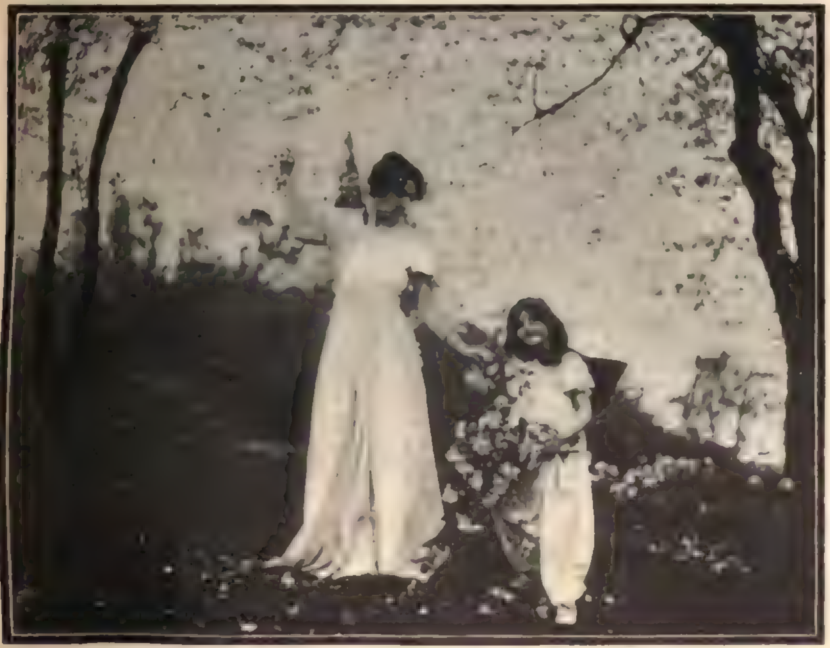
William Toynbee.

Feminine Beauty and al Fresco Art.

By P. H. Darlowe.

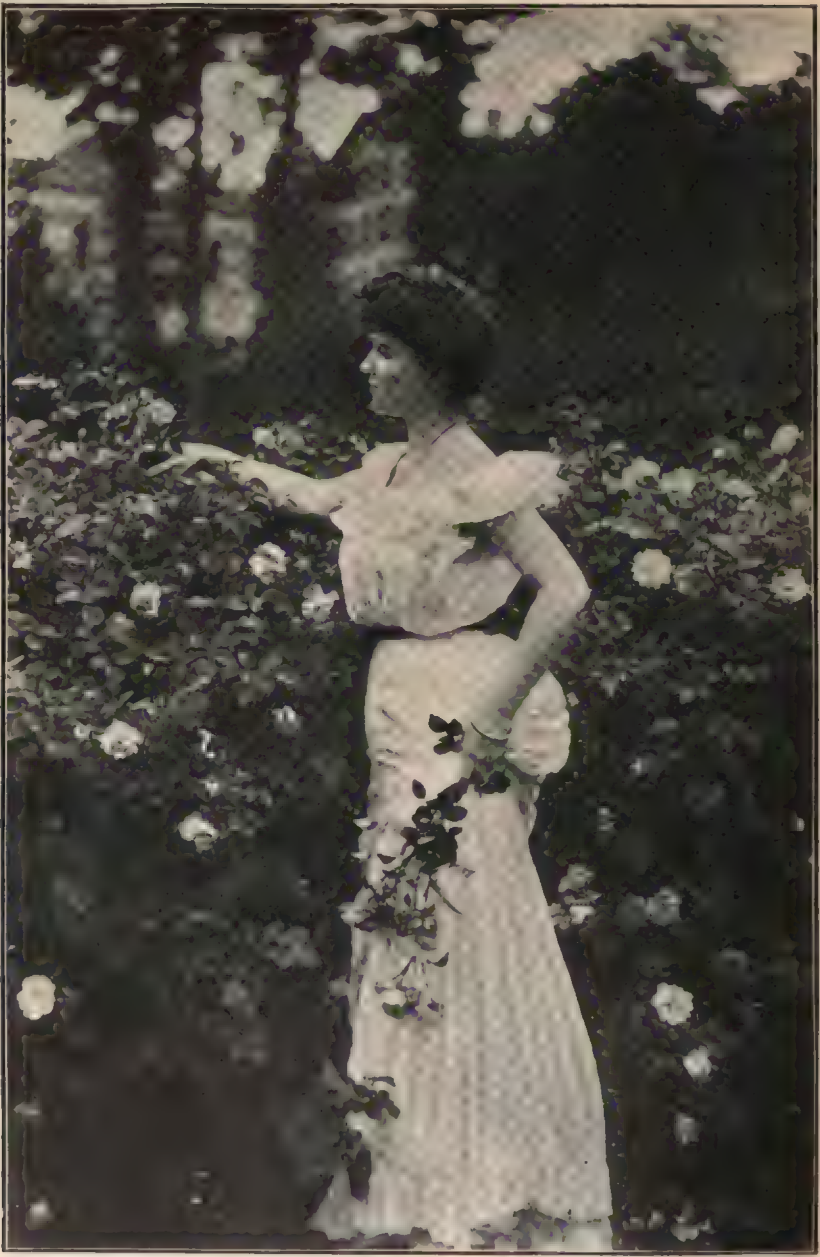
MR. IRA M. HILL, PHOTOGRAPHER

JUNE is the time of brides, blossoms and for art in photography. There is no more perfect month in all the year in this zone, when the sudden transition from the snowbound winter to the semi-tropic August gives variety and contrast to all the charms of the physical world. It is especially the delight of the artist, whether the colorist, the draughtsman or the photographer whose modern appliances and increasing skill makes photography coequal with the best of the arts. Some years ago an artist would say that a certain thing was bad because it was photographic. Now it is rather complimentary than otherwise. Photography has been developed out of the realm of mere mechanism and sublimated into the region of fine art. The lens, instead of being first, the chemicals last and all the time, are merely subservient now to the skill of the master. Pictures are produced which are as perfect from an artistic standpoint as were ever conceived, and true genius now and then shines through a certain subtle effect, a delicate light and shade, a seizing of opportunity and a selection of subject as well as time



Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

MISS GENIVEVE DE VERE IN AN ART STUDY: "BLOSSOMS."



Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

"JUNE ROSES."

and place, which amounts to genius of a high order.

Among the younger school of professionals who have attained a degree of success and even fame in New York of late are Messrs. De Silva & Hill, of Fifth avenue, recently moved into commodious apartments opposite the new Public Library now building. Mr. Ira L. Hill, the junior member of the firm, is a western

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Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

MISS EDITH MACOMB AND HER PRIZE ST. BERNARD.

man who has had a deal of training in art in St. Louis, Chicago and New York. He first of all studied to become a painter and spent three years at the Art Students' League in this city. It was while there that he took an interest in photography from a professional standpoint, and during his spare time worked in the Parkinson studios overlooking City Hall. Afterwards he formed a partnership with Mr. De Silva, who hails from New Haven, and started a modest studio on Broadway near Forty-sixth street. Again they were compelled to seek larger quarters, and in

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MISS GRACE GEORGE AT HER ALLENHURST COTTAGE.

consequence sought their present commodious quarters on Fifth avenue.

The photographs here offered to readers of Broadway Magazine were taken in the open air and were posed by Mr. Hill under pleasantest auspices. They are not composites, but are full-plate photographs, as is plainly seen. Flowers are the especial delight of the photographer, and these studies evince his thoughtful study of the spring flowers as background and decoration for the lovely feminine figure.

Society has taken to photography in a remarkable manner. Not only has the photographic craze increased marvelously, and many who never thought such interesting effects could be attained by the use of the hand camera, have gone forth

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.
MISS ELSA DALRYMPLE, AS "THE MERRY MILKMAID."

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

BEAUTY AND THE "BLOSSOMS."

armed with the necessary implements and searched out beauties that they never before realized were in existence. Then, too, there is a sort of hazard in the sport, and it is usually the unexpected that happens in a picture. Things look different when brought out through the rays of a lens and photographed upon a sensitive plate, and so not only has amateur photography grown amazingly, but it has also encouraged the professional line, so that there were never so many successful

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Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

MISS HELENA LEFEVRE, UNDER THE BUDDING VISTERIA.

professionals in the metropolis as now, and all thriving, because the rivalry is great and the opportunities unlimited. Society has gone one better and asked professional photographers to come to their mansions for expert work.

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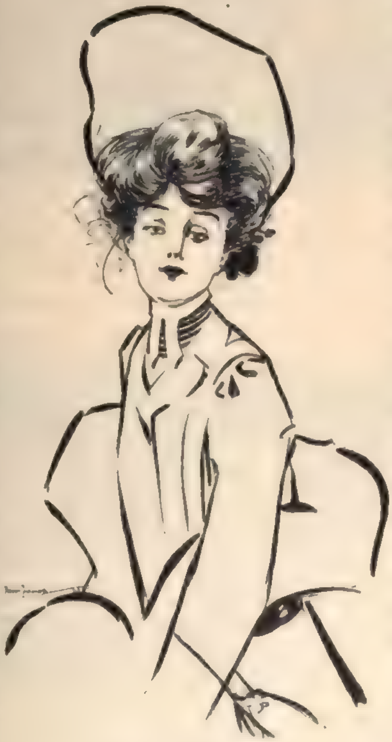
The Parker Girl.

By Jerome Sarsfield.

MR. FRANK PARKER.

IN every generation there arise exponents of the ideal type of contemporary beauty. The artist who most nearly approaches the general conception is sure of a large following. It has been so since the days of Titian and Reubens, and even far back into classic periods. The famous beauties of past centuries, such as Heloise, Diana de Poithiers, Catharine of Russia, Taliens, Casa Bianca, the Duchess of Devonshire and other glorious paragons of beauty have each in her generation offered to the world a model of physical loveliness which is even to-day esteemed in high repute among those who admire the feminine in art. In our own generation we have geniuses like Bouguereau, Chartran and Helieu abroad, and such painters as Huntington, Sargent, Hall and Abbey at home—men who have achieved international reputation as portrayers of feminine beauty as it is found amid new world surroundings.



"MISS NEW YORK."
As seen by Frank Parker

Among the illustrators we can boast perhaps a greater number who give up their days and nights in search of the ideal, and who are in a measure creators, or at least have the reputation of being such when in reality they have been merely clever enough to find the general type: that is, the composite which most nearly expresses the idea of the representative American beauty.

Charles Dana Gibson came in with the flood of sentiment in favor of athletics, and gave us a faithful presentation of the healthly, refined, independent and thoroughly efficient daughter of wealth and republican institutions.

Mr. Gibson had many followers and still has, for his manner is so specious and easy of imitation that more than one promising young artist has been ruined by achieving the fatal reputation of the good imitator.

Albert Wenzel, W. Granville Smith, Howard Chandler Christy, and others of equal note, followed the Gibson craze with various conceptions of the American type, none of which is so easy of imitation, but all of them successful.

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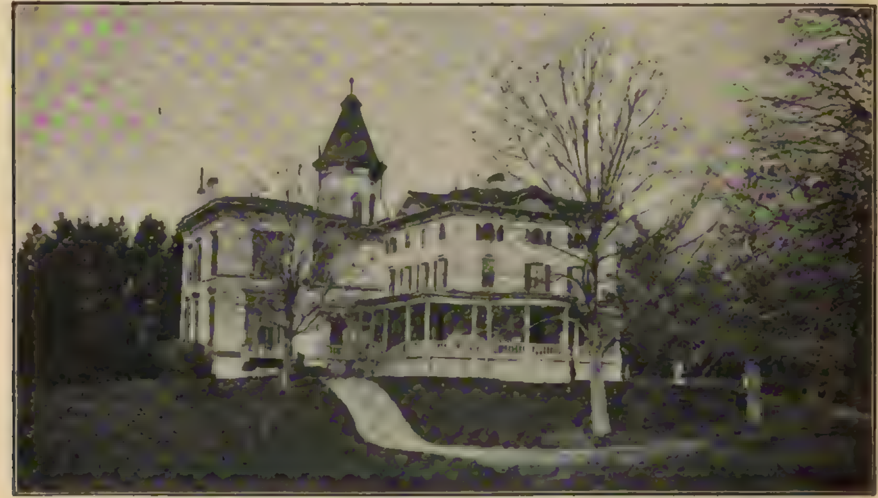
Where John Jacob Astor Lives.

"FERNCLIFF," THE MANSION OF COL. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, RHINEBECK-ON-THE-HUDSON.

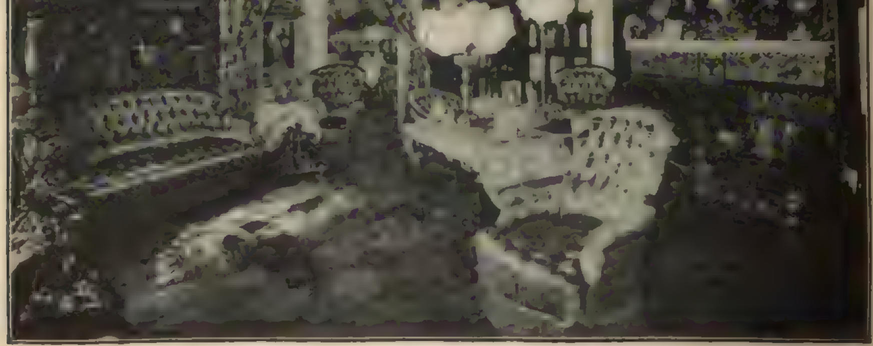
BY B. L. HASTINGS.

Illustrated with Photographs taken especially for BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Joseph Byron.



"Ferncliff" overlooking the Hudson from a beautiful eminence.

THE marriage of Colonel John Jacob Astor and Miss Alva Willing, a daughter o one of the oldest families of Philadelphia, united two clans which are representative in America. The Astor home at Rhinebeck-on-the-Hudson, or rather, overlooking it from a high point, is one of the most picturesque

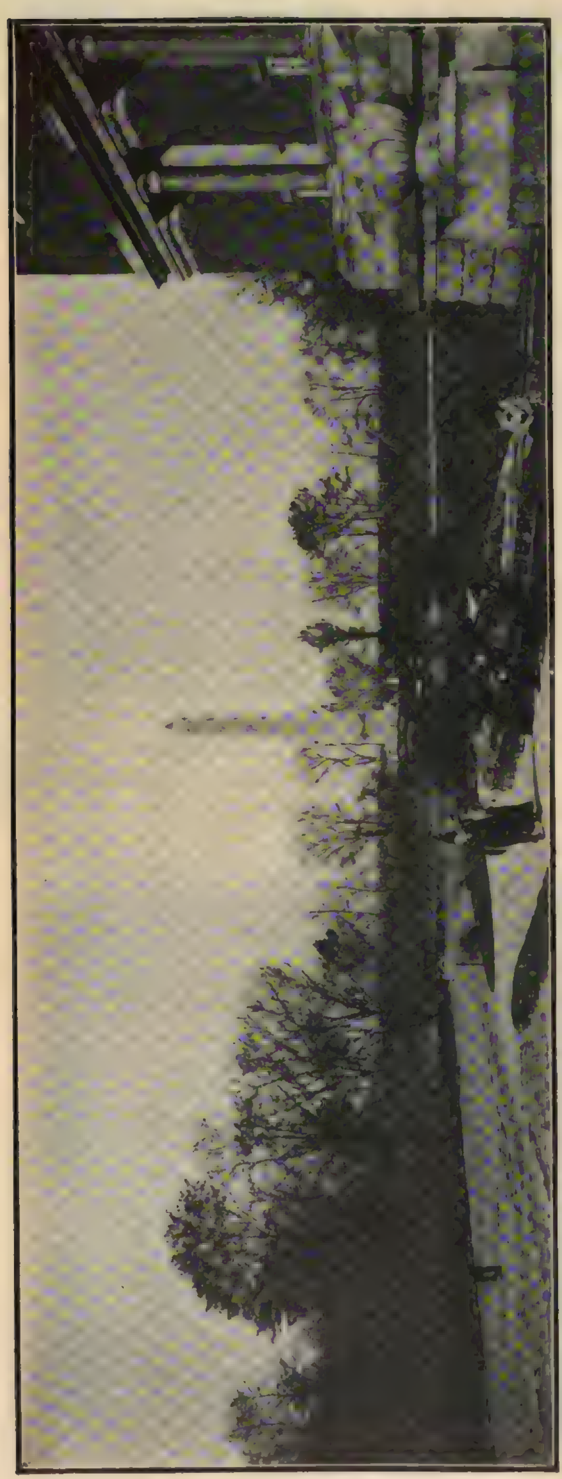


A view of the sumptuous Drawing Room looking into the Library.

The Guest Chamber in Daintiest Tones

spots of that historic region. Thousands of dollars were invested in the unimproved property and hundreds of thousands may be said to have been expended in beautifying it and in making it a home in every sense of the word. It is furnished luxuriously, and yet with exceeding taste, containing rare paintings and tapestries of priceless value. It is here that Colonel Astor spends the major portion of his time when not actually engaged in attending to his numerous duties in the metropolis where he also has a sumptuous home at No. 840 Fifth Avenue. Colonel Astor, besides being a soldier and inventor, is a great home-man, and surely the inviting luxury of the mansion "Ferncliff" could allure any man away from the distractions of city life. Colonel Astor is one of our most public-spirited citizens and devoted to his family and to his multitudinous charities.

The Billiard Room on the Second Floor



A CORNER OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART AND THE OBELISK IN CENTRAL PARK.

Photograph by G. W. Hollister, New York.

New York a Camera

IN the Spring of the year "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—and cameras. This is particularly true here in New York, and there is no more charming place on the continent for indulgence in this vice or pastime, whichever way you may choose to view it. Many of the most beautiful pictures that have ever been taken here have been done by amateurs who had no more than a superficial knowledge of the art, so great is the chance of stumbling upon some particularly bright scene or catching some new phase of an old landscape or street pageant.

In the first picture we have the corner of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—an institution which stands in a prominent place in Central Park, and where repose some of the great art masterpieces of the world, the bequests, loans or donations of many of the leading people in New York. In the background we have the oblisk, which was brought from Egypt some years ago by some antiquarians and set up on the spot where it now stands, Mr. William H. Vanderbilt paying the expenses of the transportation, amounting to something more than one hundred thousand dollars. The driveways around the obelisk are of particular beauty and are kept

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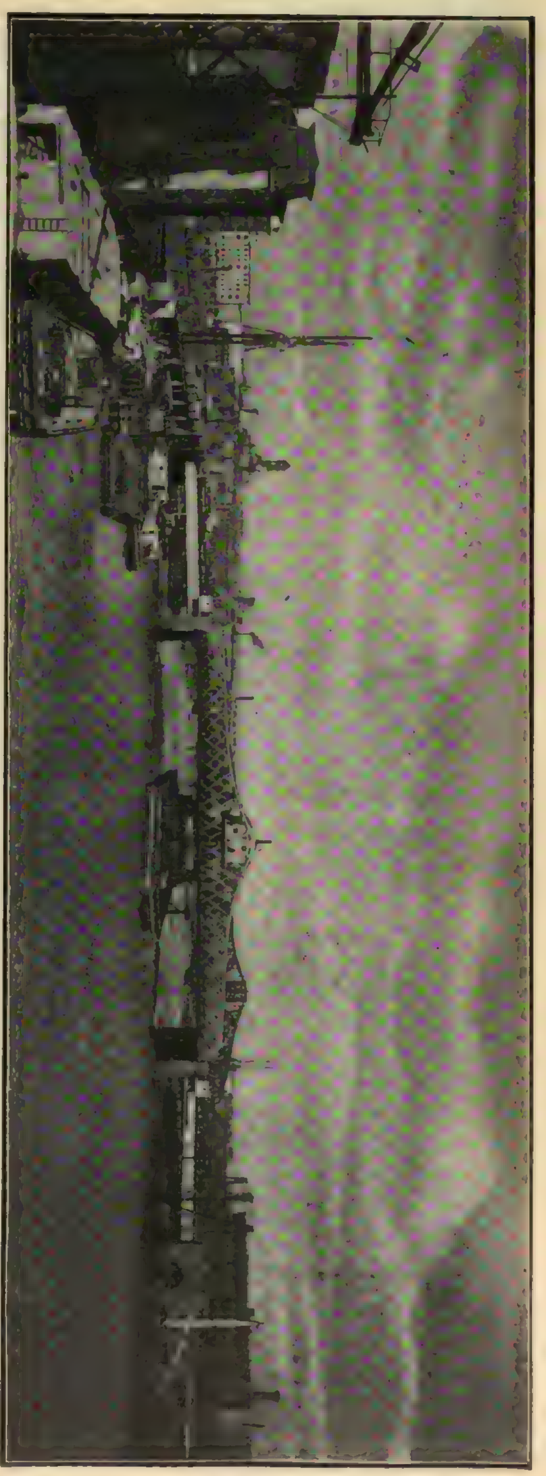
in the pink of condition like the drives of Hyde Park, London.

In the second picture we have a glimpse of the Harlem river looking eastward—the stream which makes Manhattan an island, and without which it would be a peninsula extending downward from Westchester county and an integral part of it. In Revolutionary days this was the scene of a great many encounters between the British and the Federal troops under Washington who crossed it many times in that conflict at dead of night, holding this territory with great courage and planning stratagems against the foe. To-day the Harlem river is for its size one of the most important shipping rivers on the continent, and is to New York what Chicago river is to the latter city—a water-way into its very heart—only because of its twice daily ebb and flow of tide, it is kept comparatively clean and is even used as a bathing resort. Boathouses line its shores, and many of these rowing associations, like the Harlem Boat Club, have made memorable records. Every Sunday the Harlem river is alive with all sorts and conditions of floating craft from single shells to sloop yachts and is a scene of great festivity.



Photograph by G. W. Hollister, New York.

THE HARLEM RIVER, WHICH CUTS OFF MANHATTAN ISLAND FROM THE MAINLAND

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The Personal Side of New York's Horsey Set.

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT AND FRIENDS DRIVING IN CENTRAL PARK.

THESE glorious June days make a paradise for the horse-lover. Any day may be seen in Central Park some of the finest specimens of horseflesh that

SNAPSHOTS AT PROMINENT MEMBERS OF NEW YORK'S HORSEY SET.

Reginald W. Rives tooling a party of friends through Westchester.

Mrs. Paul Gilbert Thebaud, driving Four-in-hand.

Miss May Deering, on her Thoroughbred.

Miss May Deering, driving her pacer.

The Misses Eddy and Sheldon and Mrs. Thompson in the park.

Col. William Jay, driving Four-in-hand

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Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

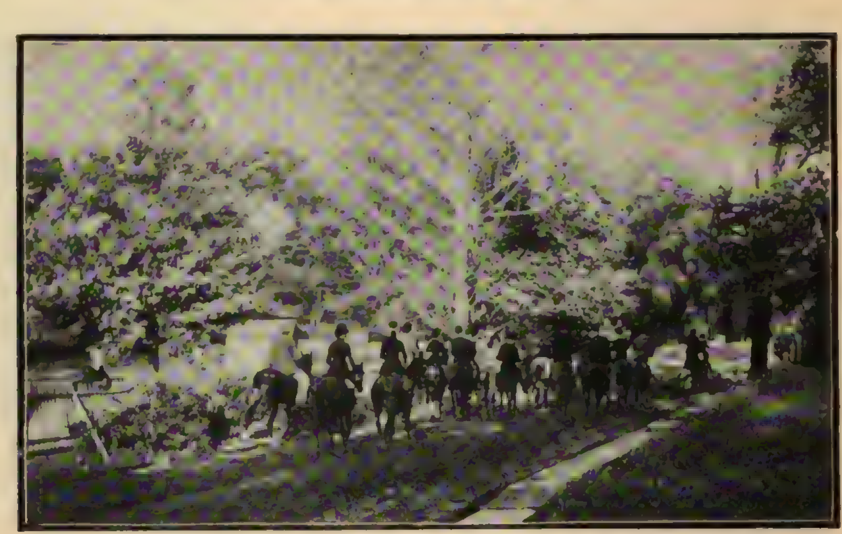
FRANK WORK DRIVING A FAVORITE FROM HIS $100,000.00 BARN.

the country can boast, and usually driven by their owners or some one intimately connected. Millions of dollars are spent annually to indulge this sport, and there is hardly any other in which there is a greater opportunity to display taste, skill and nerve, and the many driving academies in the uptown district do a thriving business.

Owning horses in the city is an expensive luxury, and only the well-to-do can afford them. Stables now are built on scientific principles so far as sanitation and comfort to the dumb beasts are concerned, some of these stables costing as much as mansions themselves. Mr. Frank Work's stables, for instance, were built at a cost of $100,000.00, and Mr.

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY DRIVING THEIR RIBBON WINNERS



Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

AN ACTUAL SCENE IN GREATER NEW YORK.

The Richmond County Hunt Club, on the way to the Meet at West Brighton.

Vanderbilt's at about the same expenditure. The horses are cared for like human beings—in fact, few people in the lower quarters of town live such luxurious lives and have their wants guarded so zealously as do these equine favorites of the rich.

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney and his beautiful wife are devoted to the horse, and from their great farm near Westbury, Long Island, bring to town some of their finest stock. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is an excellent horse expert and gives up a large share of his time to the various

Photograph by Bidwell, New York.

MR. ALFRED G. VANDERBILT, DRIVING A BRAKE IN THE PARK.

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Little Stories of the Studios.

By Milton S. Ochs.

STUDIO life in New York has its fascinations, and it is indeed a strong individual or a cold-blooded one who when once lost in its delectable mazes, does not succumb at least for a little time to its charms and uncoventional romances. The true stories of the studio life are legion. Men have written books on the subject, and all grades of talent from Henry James and Thomas Janvier down to the ordinary newspaper scribbler have tried a hand at the unlimited material that lies within reach of every member of the bohemian fraternity. Young women of the patrician stratum of society hav visited the studios on a sort of adventure, and found them so charming that they have directed their efforts toward art, and some of them with great success. The art schools are crowded with young men and women who find the artistic side of life thoroughly to their taste and who are producing the Constants, the Innesses and the Whistlers of the future.

Photograph by DeSilva & Hill, New York.

MISS JESSIE BROWN.

One of Gibson's Favorite Models.

One of the prettiest stories relates to a young painter in one of the big uptown studios—a struggler after fame and fortune who had talent and what is more, capacity for very hard work. At one of the bohemian informal dinners he met a young woman of refinement with whom he became enamored. She was a stranger in the city and whereas her parents regarded the affair of no importance, considering the painter utterly beneath her in social and financial consideration, nevertheless the glamour of the studio had captivated her, and this charm was only increased by regular letters received from the young man who plodded on heroically in the hope

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of one day winning the prize. As it seemed utterly hopeless, however, he took the proceeds of a scholarship which he was fortunate enough to win, and went to Paris were he buried himself in work. His painting came to the notice of Lefevre and Bouguereau who encouraged him to strike for the honors of the Salon. It was about this time that the young woman formerly so deeply in question, happened in Paris, and finding that the French Government had purchased the masterpiece, prevailed upon her father to allow her to communicate with the hero of the hour. A reconciliation was the result, broken hearts were made whole, and to-day this same painter enjoys the distinction of being one of the foremost of the art fraternity in the metropolis, his wife—the willing victim of that studio supper years before—enjoying the distinction with him. And still the question arises and has never ceased to interest the studio clans: would the painter have striven so hard and succeeded so signally if he had won his bride earlier in the struggle and retired to ease upon her ample income? Would not America also have lost one of her powers for artistic progress of which she is justly proud?

Photograph by Hall, New York.

MISS ALICE SLADLEY.

One of the Younger New York Models.

A ludicrous story is told of a millionaire who asked the late George Inness, the celebrated landscape painter, to his country home overlooking a grand stretch of land and water not a thousand miles from New York. It was a delightful Sunday and the view from the rear veranda of the country mansion was so inspiring that the millionaire asked the painter to spend a few days there in order to put the scene on canvas. There was also a mediocre painter, a fellow guest at the mansion, and the millionaire proposed a friendly competition between the two craftsmen, vowing that he would pay one thousand dollars for the painting he liked best. The two men set to work. Within five days both paintings were completed, and the millionaire was asked to come and judge between them. Among the host's country cronies was a certain old postmaster, a quaint character and a sort of household protegé. The younger painter saw that Inness had painted a masterpiece, but he himself needed the money, so he bribed the old postmaster to his purpose. The latter was present at the final judgment, and, as he had been instructed, at a very critical moment, advanced to Inness's masterpiece and said: "What the deuce is that—a cow, dog, old woman or a rock?" Inness glared. "It's a horse, you mullet!" he said angrily. Then the postmaster began his tirade on the imbecility of an artist of his calibre trying to paint a horse, with the

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result that the millionaire took the other man's painting and paid him the one thousand dollars, while Inness retired in sullen defeat, bearing the painting to New York with him. This painting afterwards sold at auction for $7,600.00, being one of Inness's finest inspirations, while, at the executor's sale, after the millionaire's death, the other man's work brought just $63.50. However, for once in his life he had his triumph.

There is also a love romance of an art school which shows that people are sometimes artists first and lovers afterward. There is always the most promising lad in the class in every art school, and also the most promising girl. In this case the man was handsome and very talented, with a certain quick and skilful touch which enabled him to accomplish results sooner than the other pupils. The bright girl made progress

Photograph by Tonnele, New York.

MISS MABEL CARRIER.

One of the Most Photographed of New York's Beauties.

just the same, but she labored diligently over her work and was known as a plodder. Well, the romance between the two grew apace, and all the class watched it. After graduation the life-class was asked en mass to the quiet wedding, and the happy pair settled down in a neat studio apartment to work out their double salvation. Here is where the brilliant man began to rest on his laurels as a man of promise, while the young wife plodded on and soon got into the magazines, then into the Academy and the picture windows. Strange to say, the husband began to grow inordinately jealous of her, instead of being justly proud, and showed it in a peculiar manner. The woman spent a full year on her great work, which was in reality a masterpiece, the husband loafing and dabbling along enough to pay the butcher and baker.

When the masterpiece was hung on the line at the Spring exhibition it made a sensation and the hubby began diligently to find a good customer for it. He found one—in the person of a whisky distiller who did not want the work as an addition to his gallery of great paintings, but in order to use it as an advertisement for his sour mash. Reproductions were made by the million and spread broadcast, but when the wife saw it and realized that it had been a piece of unmanly revenge for her overleaping her husband in the art struggle, she broke up her brushes, threw away her tubes, and went into a sanitarium where she died literally of a broken heart. With the proceeds of the masterpiece thus dishonored, the man scurried about and married a widow fifteen years older than himself, but worth half a million, and may be seen daily about the corridors and cafes of Broadway to-day leading the life of a cheap *bon vivant* and posing as a connoisseur of everything from gin cocktails to impressionism.

Truly as Daudet has said in his "Artists' Wives," it is a dangerous combination—that of the man and the wife striving after the same goal, with the same inspirations, talents, ideals, temperament and with poverty to foster jealousy and strife. Such are the vicissitudes and tragedies of New York studio life.

Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York.

MISS ELSA GRISWOLD, A PRETTY NEW YORK GIRL OF THE STUDIO.

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Librettos by the Mile.

HARRY B. SMITH AT WORK.

By Howard J. Gilcrist, Jr.

With Special Photographs by Walter P. Robertson, New York City.

THE career of many of our successful men might properly begin as did the legends of old, "Once upon a time. et cetera," so strangely favored of the goodly fairies have they been.

Brought speedily into the region of opportunities and realizing them, they seize upon and make the most of chance in a thorough and individual manner.

Not many years ago the subject of this sketch was a young newspaper man in Chicago, struggling valiantly to reconcile the career of a paragrapher on the paltry stipend with that of a man who has ideals if not indeed a spark of what might be properly termed genius.

Harry B. Smith had one talent then—he has it still fostered, disciplined, and perfected—and he made the most of it while many of his contemporaries with ten talents have lapsed by the wayside and been forgotten. Mr. Smith's muse was not of the Miltonic organ-peal order of classics, nor yet of the heroic battle-hymn order of martial melody. He had a small, sure and happy touch of the kind which accompanies the lute in gayest Spring time with Terpsichorean measure to match. He wrote then a large number of lyrics which seemed to touch a responsive chord in the publics' appreciation and even attempted one comic opera or musicale comedy libretto. It was a failure partially because the music was

Mr. Smith hammers out his nuggets on a Typewriter under the inspiration of V. O. P. and Yale mixture.

Harry B. Smith setting one of his own lyrics to music.

crude and undigested, and partially because the libretto was the work of a man who had not thoroughly mastered his medium. Then followed his fortunate collaboration with Reginald De Koven, who although a child of wealth, ease and social position, had made music a serious study, enjoying the advantage of tuition under some of the best masters at home and abroad.

The result of this partnership was a series of operas which started both librettist and composer on the high road to fame and fortune. Many have disparaged the work of Mr. Smith, claiming that no man could turn out such a mass in so short a period without its seriously affecting the general standard of excellence, and that dramatic quality had been subservient to quantity in his eagerness to monopolize the market which is at best not an over-crowded one, inducing Mr. Smith to force his small Pierian spring so that the product thinned and threatened

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Mr. Smith discovers that a rare First Edition he bought for a song ten years since is now rated at Quatrich's at ten pounds, ten, and still rising.

eventually to run dry, thus defeating him.

The writer must confess that he recalls the caricature of the great Japanese artist Hakusai, done by himself for his grandchildren in a spirit of levity, wherein he is seen holding brushes in both hands and feet, with another implement in his mouth and even stippling in a background with his eyebrows. But whereas from a critical standpoint, the lyric work of Mr. Smith might be laid under the charge of a certain lack of evenness and consistency; nevertheless we find in him and his work an instance of American courage, ambition and thoroughness, even if we do not always find actual inspiration. It is easy to disparage any work from a critical point of view, but after all there is only one critic supreme and that is the mighty public. If we are to take the judgment of this aggregate critic seriously, we conclude that Mr. Smith has achieved what he set out to attain, for the box-office tells the tale when the most learned polemic pales into insignificance. A manager does not employ librettists or any other men of talent because of some critic's commendation in a newspaper or magazine. His is the cold, calculated, box-office point of view, seldom with illusion and never governed by anything but strict business sense. That Mr. Smith's income is not less than $20,000 a year and that he has orders ahead which will require at least two years of hard work to fill and by that time will have as much more in sight, would seem to justify the box-office manager in taking the great public's criticism with entire seriousness, however confidently or doubtfully he may take those of the newspapers and reviews.

A list of the important people of the stage who have sung and otherwise assumed various roles created by Mr. Smith, reads like a roster of the Rialto. It includes such well-known people as Lillian

Mr. Smith and his son Sydney in the large library and workroom where he spends fifteen hours a day over his librettos.

Russell, Alice Neilsen, Marie George, Fay Templeton, Virginia Earl, Marie Tempest, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Phyllis Rankin, Lulu Glaser, Adele Ritchie, Hilda Clark, Anna O'Keefe, Mabelle Gilman, Anna Held and others of renown, while the catologue of celebrities of the other sex is even longer and includes Dan Daly, Francis Wilson, Frank Daniels, Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Jerome Sykes, Sam Bernard, Eugene Cowles, Richard Carroll, H. C. Barnabee and De Wolf Hopper.

To give sufficient extracts from the works of Mr. Smith that would show his versatility would require a volume in itself, but a few examples of the various touches of humor and melodiousness will not be amiss. Such as "The Tattooed Man" in "The Idol's Eye" who had "designs upon himself" and whose wife "had designs on him."

"And she loved to look at the picture book,
That he had on every limb,"

but who also

"Sorrowed much to see
Her husband with a girl on hand,
And one upon each knee."

Or the gallant who took the scare-crow's place, in "The Highway Man," and who

"Wore the scare-crow's tattered dress
Because the farmer's wife, as you may guess,
Would go some time each day, as gossips say
To drive the crows away,"

Dialect Mr. Smith has avoided, except in one or two instances where he has employed the darkie to good effect, as witness "De Rabbit's Foot," in "The Fortune Teller," wherein *Rastus Jackson* was the antithesis of "De Jonah Man" in that he had all kinds of luck at poker and everything else, and who could

"Fall into de ribber when de tide am runnin' high
And he'll come out dusty or at least he come out dry.
And when he fell off a house onct he found dat he could fly, et cetera."

Mr. Smith is still a young man of prodigious energy.

The Librettist hunts through all sorts of books for ideas to be worked up into musical comedies.

The Financial Power of the Subway.

Mr. August Belmont.

WHEN one speaks of the colossal financial deals which are consummated in that region of the metropolis known as Wall Street, there are a few names which are instantly recalled. Not the least among these is that of August Belmont who has inherited from his father, who bore the same name, all the acumen, breadth of view and economical genius which goes to make up the great captain of finance. Mr. Belmont is still a young man comparatively, having just passed the half-century mark—young from the standpoint of the financier of the Russell Sage order, who preserves his faculties on into the eighties.

Soon after graduating from Harvard, Mr. Belmont, entered the banking institution of his father, and is at present the head of the gigantic financial concern known as Messrs. August Belmont & Co., the American representatives of the great Rothschild coterie of Europe. Scarcely any large corporate project has been consummated here in New York that has not been directly or indirectly indebted to Mr. Belmont, either in the matter of investment or of counsel.

Photograph by Eitsman, New York.

MR. AUGUST BELMONT.

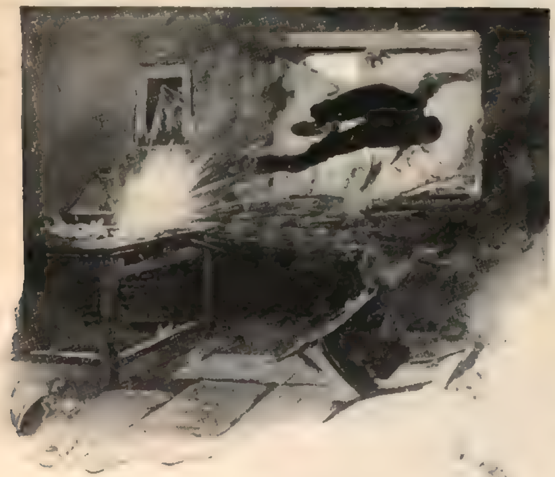
The Rapid Transit System was one of the great corporate institutions which was perfected under his direct supervision, and promises to offer to New Yorkers the much-needed relief. Mr. Belmont has as a colleague in the firm of August Belmont & Co., Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont, well-known in a social as well as in the financial world, who, like himself, has a magnificent residence on Long Island in the vicinity of the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, Mackays and others of the smart set who have bought up vast estates about Hempstead and Wheatley Hills. His elder brother, Perry Belmont is a prominent lawyer of New York and also a graduate of Harvard. He was minister to Spain in the latter part of the eighties.

Living Under a Death Sentence.

By W. B. Northrop.

THE MAKING OF EXPLOSIVES NEAR NEW YORK CITY; ITS TERRIBLE DANGERS AND MANY THRILLING STORIES OF FATAL ACCIDENTS AND HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

MAKING explosives is not an occupation that appeals very strongly to the majority. Yet there are thousands engaged in the manufacture of dangerous substances who go about their tasks as complacently as the baker attends to the making of bread. They seem to forget that, while at their work a concussion of the slightest force, a ray of sunlight, or even the dropping of a pin, may cause an explosion attended by instant death.



A man named Byrnes was preparing some fulminate—a terribly explosive substance—for coating detonators. Suddenly it blew up, tearing off the unfortunate man's forearm and dashing his body through the window of his house.

There are critical moments in the making of nearly every explosive. A thousand and one things may bring about an explosion; even "spontaneous combustion," the loophole of science.

One of the most powerful explosives known is nitro-glycerine. It is the principal constituent of dynamite, gelatinite, and other well-known explosives.

Nitro-glycerine is a mixture of nitric acid and glycerine. It is made in jars which are packed in ice so that the heat generated in the chemical combination will not go above a certain fixed point—482 degrees Fahrenheit. Occasionally the explosive will "fume off"—or burn up—in these jars without damage; but there are other times when a jar will explode even when the heat point has not been reached.

There are certain periods in the making of explosives when these substances are very sensitive to light. When so constituted the explosive materials are made in darkened rooms in which the windows are fitted with colored, opaque glass.

Would you believe that a mere ray of sunlight could bring about an appalling disaster? A large factory on Staten Island had several rooms the windows of which were composed of blue glass. Into these rooms large quantities of explosives were introduced when in a condition called "light sensitive."

Certain repairs were being carried on in a neighboring building, which was separated from the explosive rooms by a narrow passage. One of the men on the roof of the building under repair, threw a hammer across to one of his companions on an adjoining scaffolding. The hammer failed to reach the scaffold, but fell, crashing through one of the blue-glass windows of the explosive room. An entire pane was shattered. The hour was

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three in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun were shining directly on the window. About two seconds after the hammer went through the window a terrific explosion shattered the building in which the explosives were stored, and ten persons were killed. It was proved that sunlight alone had caused the disaster.

Fulminate of mercury—used for detonating dynamite and other substances—is one of the most dangerous explosives manufactured. Many accidents occur where this substance is made or handled.

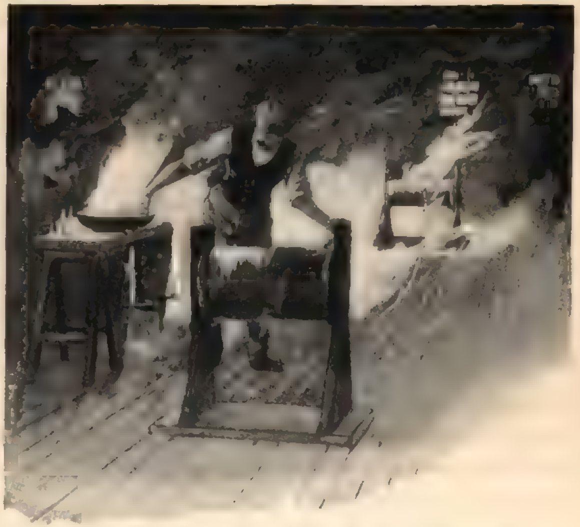
"Fulminate will blow up if you look at it," said the superintendent of a well-known explosive works to the writer recently. "Just to give you an idea of how sensitive to explosion it is, I might mention the case of poor William Byrnes, who was killed in March, 1900. Byrnes was a careful and conscientious man, and had worked in an explosive factory all his life. He was very fond of experimenting, however, and used to indulge considerably in what he was pleased to term 'original research.'

"One day he took home with him from the factory about an ounce of fulminate for the purpose of coating some new detonators which he had invented.

"He spread the fulminate out on a paper when he got home, but found that the grains were not fine enough for his purpose. He proceeded to rub the fulminate with his thumb on the paper, trying to grind it down a little.

"He was rubbing the substance carefully and slowly, so as not to generate any heat, when it exploded. The whole of poor Byrnes' forearm was literally blown off, and his body was sent through the window of his house. He was frightfully injured. Five grains of fulminate are sufficient to blow a man's hand off, so you can imagine the effect of an ounce.

"The force of the explosion is thought to have set off some other explosive stuff in the house at the time, for the whole side of the building was torn out, and dreadful havoc wrought in every direction. The general opinion is that Byrnes had quite a lot of gelatinite—a species of dynamite—in his cottage. Fortunately, there was no one else at home at the time of the accident.



A workman in an explosive factory was reeling strings of cordite from one spool to another, when a string suddenly parted. There was a pan of acetone close at hand, to be used for fastening the broken ends together. But no sooner had the man's hand touched the metal bowl in which it was kept than the electricity which had been accumulating in his body from the friction with the cordite flashed out and set the whole room in a blaze. The man only just escaped suffocation.

"Another curious accident. A man was making cordite into the characteristic string-like lengths that this substance takes. He was reeling the stuff from one spool to another, when one of the strings parted. When cordite breaks it is cemented together with acetone. Near by stood a pan of this last-named substance.

"The man dipped his hand into the

pan of acetone, when immediately a spark was seen to jump from his finger and run along the edge of the pan. Quicker than a wink the room was in a blaze. When a small fire starts in these explosive factories it seems to spread with lightning-like rapidity.

"A sheet of white flame literally shot across the room. The man managed to get out of the burning building before the smoke and fumes suffocated him.

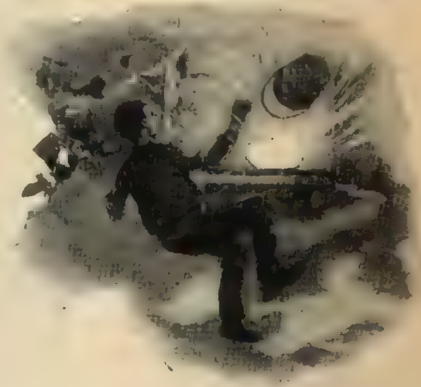
"These modern explosive factories have everything so well systematised that the fire was soon under control.

"An investigation was then started into the cause of the fire. A very strange fact was brought out. It was this. In reeling the cordite through his hands the man had generated a considerable amount of electricity. He had on rubber boots, and as he was insulated against the floor and the current could not pass from his body, he became literally an electric condenser, or human Leyden jar for the time being. When his finger came in contact with the metal in the acetone pan, a conductor was formed for the electricity stored in his body—hence the spark which jumped from his finger. Had this spark been thrown into black powder, the man's life would have been snuffed out in a second. Even as it was, he had one of the narrowest escapes on record."

There seems to be a great many more accidents in places where black powder is made than in those which turn out what are called the "higher explosives," such as dynamite, gun-cotton, cordite, and the like. A great element of danger in black powder factories is due to the very fine dust which fills the atmosphere, and which rests upon everything. Most of the big accidents in powder-mills have been caused by the ignition of this almost invisible dust.

At a factory on the outskirts of Staten Island, a very remarkable accident from powder-dust occurred. Mr. R——, who owned this factory, employed about three hundred persons. The powder works were somewhat antiquated; for, instead of consisting of a number of small detached buildings, they were made up of one long hall, and but two other smaller buildings.

One afternoon, just as the factory was about to cease work, a plumber was called in to fix a water-pipe leading to the hydraulic press which made the powder "mill cake." The plumber crawled under the press, and an electric light on a wire was passed in under the press, so that he could see, Mr. R—— himself handing him the light. Somehow or other the glass bulb of the light struck against the ironwork and was shattered. A small piece of hot platinum wire detached itself from the light and fell upon the floor. Immediately a blaze sprang up from the floor. The fine dust from the powder under the press had ignited.



A miner once had occasion to thaw some frozen dynamite in a bucket of water. Later on he threw the water out of the window. No sooner had it struck the ground than it exploded, a small quantity of nitro-glycerine having been exuded from the dynamite. The miner's cottage was shattered by the explosion and the miner killed.

Mr. R—— turned away from the press and shouted for everyone to run for their lives. Before more than twenty persons

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could leave the building, however, a terrific explosion took place. Though eighteen persons were killed, the plumber escaped. This was due to the fact that he was practically within a metal box, and shielded from the flame and shock of the disaster.

One of the workmen was found on the roof of a building about fifty feet away from the house in which the explosion took place. A very singular fact about this explosion was that some horses in the neighborhood had their shoes blown off their feet. Scientists have said that in these explosions considerable electrical energy is generated from sudden atmospheric disturbance, and this may account for the horses' metal shoes having been torn off.

Though dynamite has been in use many years, and its manufacture is very extensive, there seems still to be a great deal of doubt as to just how it will conduct itself under certain circumstances.

Many curious explosions have occurred in connection with this substance.

"You wouldn't think a bucket of water could blow up, would you?" said the superintendent of a well-known Jersey factory, in a recent interview. "Well, it can. Dynamite freezes very easily, and in order to thaw it out, it is usually placed in what we call 'warming pans.' These warming pans are compartments, one within the other, the outer of which contains warm water, while within the inner one will be placed sticks of dynamite.

"A few years ago a miner had some dynamite which was frozen. He set a metal bucket full of water on his stove and placed the dynamite in it. He successfully thawed the explosive in this way without being blown to atoms, which was pure luck.

"A few hours afterwards he started to make some tea, and, as the water in which the dynamite had been placed looked greasy, he decided to throw it out of the window.

"Raising the window, the miner threw out the 'greasy' water. No sooner had it struck the ground than there was a great explosion, which shook the whole district. The cottage was wrecked and the man instantly killed, his body having been found some distance away and in an unrecognizable condition.

"There are many instances of dynamite exploding in water. The cause is simple. When dynamite is placed in water, a considerable quantity of nitroglycerine is likely to exude from the dynamite into the water. The water at once becomes an explosive mixture, and is easily detonated by a slight shock.

"Several years ago," he continued, "five men were killed by the blowing up of their coffee. They had thawed some dynamite in water, with which they subsequently started to make coffee. The coffee was made by letting the water drip through a rag. Had not one of them complained of the coffee being cold, all the men might have been alive to-day. In order to warm the beverage, it was placed on the stove. In a few minutes it exploded, and the detonation set off ten sticks of dynamite which were stored in a box under the bed. The cottage was blown to pieces, and the men's bodies were hurled distances varying from fifty to one hundred feet."

Every Broadway Magazine reader should get a copy of BROADWAY WEEKLY at once. It is a beautiful paper—and very clever.

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America's New Crop of Writers.

II.—STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

WESTERN life in its various phases has offered immense opportunities to the younger school of fictionists and developed many who might be called geniuses—Frank Norris, Owen Wister, and men of that stamp, who love the free outdoor life of the plains and the mountains. A new field has been recently exploited by a fresh young writer of this strenuous school—that of the wild district which stretches north from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay. Stewart Edward White is the name of this young traveller and writer, and his work has the aroma of the pine woods, the freshness of a Canadian breeze over fields of snow, and the enthusiasm of healthful, buoyant youth. Mr. White hails from Michigan, and is a lover of outdoor life and all that this life implies. His two books which have had such success proclaim his passion for the wilderness, adventure, and estrangement from the haunts of men, not that he loves man the less, "but Nature more."

Sincerely
Stewart Edward White

"The Blazed Trail" is a masterpiece of outdoor literature, and "Conjurer's House" is of the same stamp, with an ethical purpose in view. Mr. White, in company with a fellow graduate of the Michigan University, undertook a tour into the untrodden and trackless wilderness of Canada, meeting only once or twice on the entire route a human being, and in these instances Indian hunters. He found the region governed by the Hudson Bay Company, which is in absolute possession. To paraphrase Cowper in "Selkirk's Soliloquy":

> "It is monarch of all it surveys,
> Its rights there are none to dispute;
> From the centre all 'round to the seas
> It is lord of the fowl and the brute."

The various posts visited were foundto be under the jurisdiction of the Company, whose officers are supreme over their men.

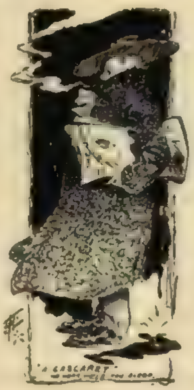
The Men Who Make Us Laugh.

By George J. Bannister.

Illustrated with Pen-Portraits by well-known Metropolitan Artists, drawn by themselves.

AMONG the colony of artists in New York City, those who are familiar to the reading public owing to their work as depicted in the daily, weekly, and monthly journals are usually original, companionable.

Take Richard F. Outcault, for instance, now on the top wave of success and known the country over through his "Buster Brown" series in the *Herald*. Striking New York as a skilled mechanical draughtsman, he went to Paris for Thomas Edison, fell in with Dudley Hardy, and his ideas changed.

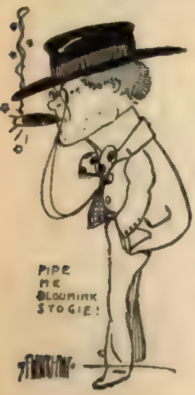


LEMON.

It was not long after his return to New York that he sprung upon an unsuspecting and long-suffering public the "Yellow Kid." Everybody is familiar with the run made by the saffron imp. "Buster Brown" followed and is one of those who are interviewed.

Long, lanky Homer Davenport, James Swinnerton, and Robert Edgren are all discoveries of W. R. Hearst, and were brought along with the latter's grip sack and carpet-bag to help make his paper a success.

Davenport or "Dav's" long suit is animals or birds, and he has probably the finest collection of pheasants in the country. Naturally he is addicted to the country or suburban habit and appears to like it very much indeed.


PIPE ME BLOOMINK STOGIE!

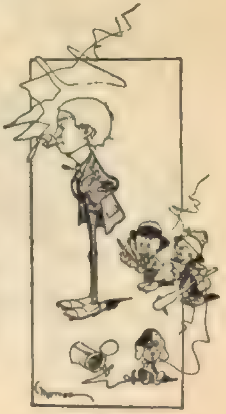
EDGE.

Swinnerton's weird conceptions, big-mouthed kids and ridiculous zoological collection are too well known to talk about, but unlike "Dav," his collection is all on paper.

At the outset of his New York experience Swinnerton was subject to an attack of sweaters, but these he has discarded and is ultra in his attire, and there is a suspicion that he is going in for society.

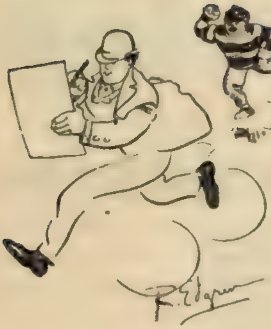
Robert Edgren is something over six feet in height and has a reputation in athletic circles as a hammer thrower. He goes in for athletics and can sling hammers and things with as much ease as he does ink.

Clarence Rigby, when not indulging in toy children on cardboard for a livelihood, lays aside his Ancient Hibernian top hat, dons a blue sweater and a cap, which makes him resemble an undersized burglar, and tinkers about his yacht. He allows no one else to place pigment or to caulk this vessel, but slashes paint with a loving touch and stuffs oakum where it is most needed with the tenderness of a mother feeding gruel to her offspring.

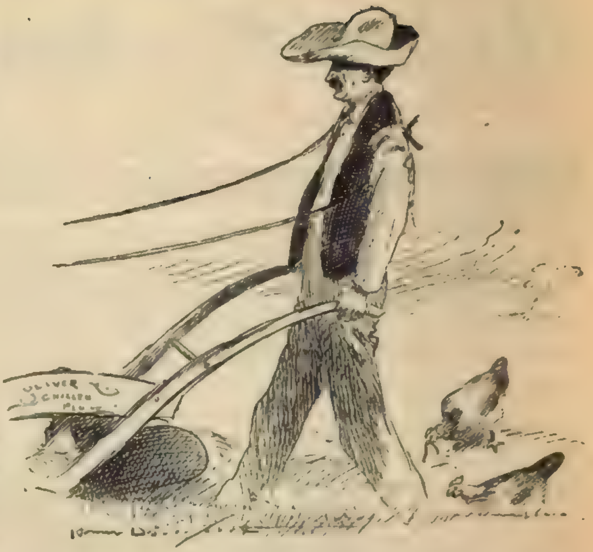


MARRINER.

C. F. Bush, the



EDGREN.

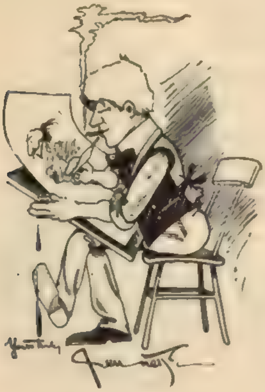


DAVENPORT.

veteran *World* cartoonist, is staid and set in his ways, and never so much at home as when depicting Father Knickerbocker in the various throes of municipal agonies.

Little "Gene" Carr, who was recently abducted from the *American* by the cohorts under the "gilded dome," is really the kid of the comic artist fraternity. With his "Lady Bountiful" frou-frouing her skirts in the pages of the *World*, Carr has also had added opportunities to enlarge his scope and has proven that he had other capabilities hidden under his boyish exterior.

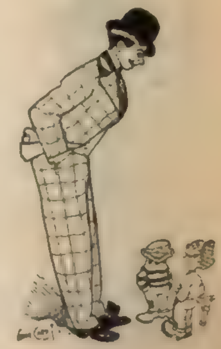
As a matter of reprisal, the Hearst forces shanghaied T. E. Powers from the *Evening World* and hied him back of the Greeley statue. The reputation for quaint humor which he acquired in the Pulitzer building made Tom an object of value to the owner of the *American's* stable of artist-thoroughbreds. Under the new management, he feeds from the hand, neighs beautifully when spoken to, and on Tuesdays when he canters up to the feed stall, he takes his money with a fervor and certain all-around delight which the entire office force always assemble to witness.



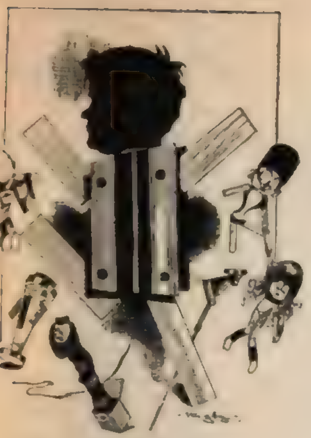
JENNETT.

F. Gilbert Edge, the smooth-faced, beglassed poster artist of the *World*, does not have his productions sent forth with such a glaring brand as does his confreres, but he is a big, good-natured, joshing child of nature, with a penchant for aquatics as represented by the naval militia.

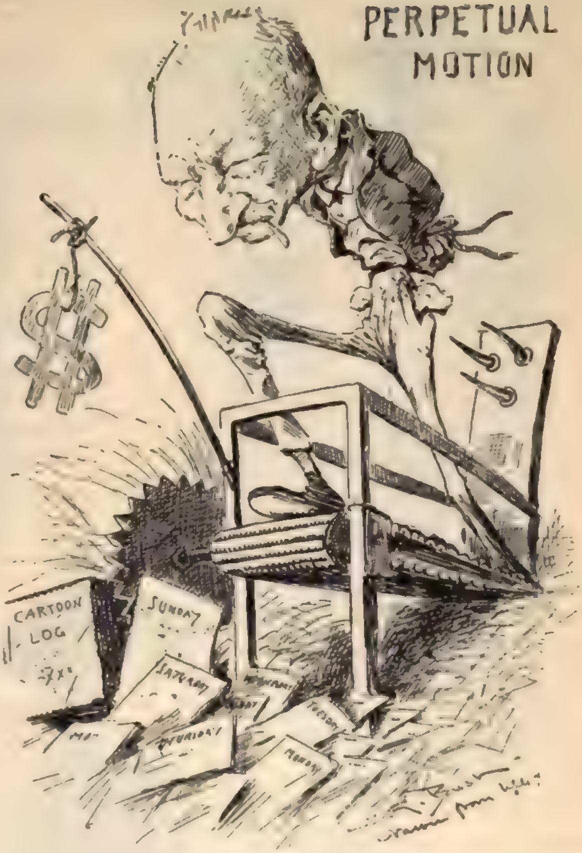
William Mariner is a prodigious worker. His big-hatted men and tramps and his pedantic-Bostonese urchin are familiar figures all over the country. As a matter of precaution, Mariner is "doing time" or something like that in a country village of Delaware as the hectic atmosphere of Park Row and upper Broad-



CARR.



RIGBY.

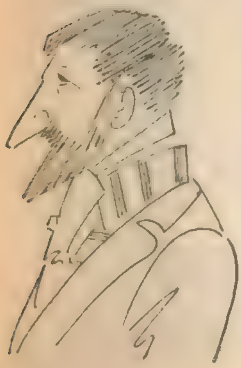

PERPETUAL
MOTION
CARTOON
LOG
SUNDAY
SATURDAY
THURSDAY
MONDAY
Bush

BUSH.

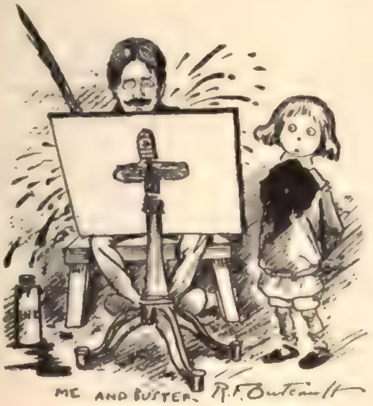
way induce hasty consumption of his finances. He has, therefore, hidden himself amidst vernal scenes, within sound of chirping birds and throaty frogs, and is rapidly growing wealthy.

Another freak in the collection is Harry Kemble, a sporadic growth of newspaper man—press-agent and artist. He would rather travesty actresses and actors with pencil and then take a look at them in print, than smoke Trust cigars. He revels in after-dinner speeches and will knock off work at any moment to promulgate a new story.

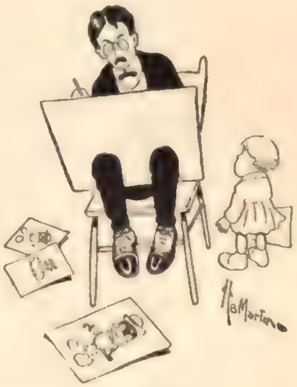
H. B. Martin, the "Bird Man," is the



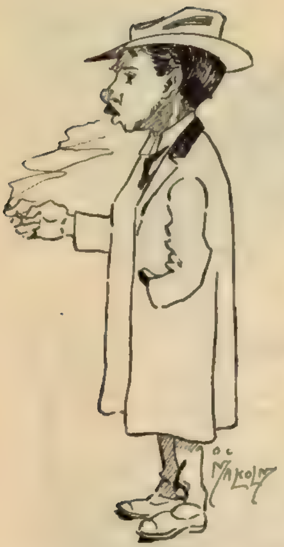
POWER.


ME AND BUSTER. R.F. Outcault

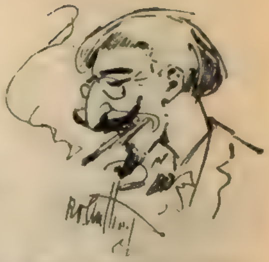
OUTCAULT.



MARTIN.



MALCOLM.



THE LAMENTED "TONY."

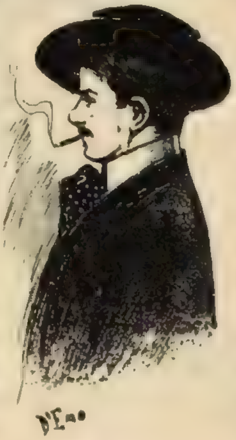
newest freak element in New York humor, and furnishes the aviary department in the live stock humor of the *American*.

O. C. Malcolm, a canny Scotsman, breaks into the comic pages occasionally when he can tear his mind away from the contemplation of his future title which will come to him as soon as a Hie'lan' estate is settled. He will then be a bona fide Scotch laird, and to the woods with pen, ink, and cardboard.

With a broad brimmed, black Stetson hat, big Joseph Lemon looks the artist, his flowing black tie adding to the impression. This makeup does not prevent his wielding a prolific pen which costs the McClure syndicate much money per week.

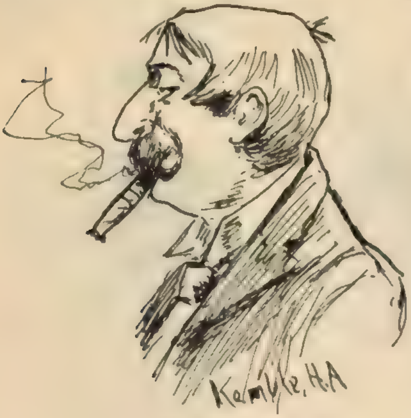
Norman Jennett and Leonard D'Emo both have become known recently as rising lights in the black and white artistic firmament, the former of a humorist turn and the latter more serious.

One sad feature of this merry coterie of talent and good fellowship was the death of Ripley Osgood Anthony. Distinctly an original character, oözing talent from every pore, fine ideas of color and the ability to portray his ideas, the Bohemian life, coupled with a weak physique, proved too much for him and his palsied fingers and closed eyes were laid to rest.



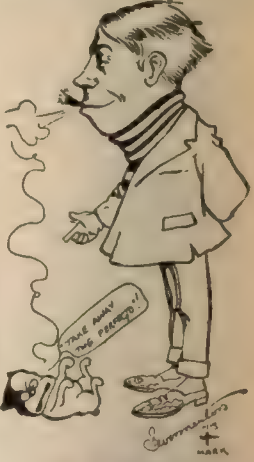
D'EMO.

It is a fact that at the present time there is a dearth in good comic artists, and more especially of cartoonists. Every daily paper requires a staff of comic men, if it is to keep up with the procession, and artists who can draw pictures that will make people laugh can command their own price at almost any time.



KEMBLE.

Other articles about American illustrators will follow in the near future.


TAKE AWAY THE PERFECTO!!

SWINNERTON.

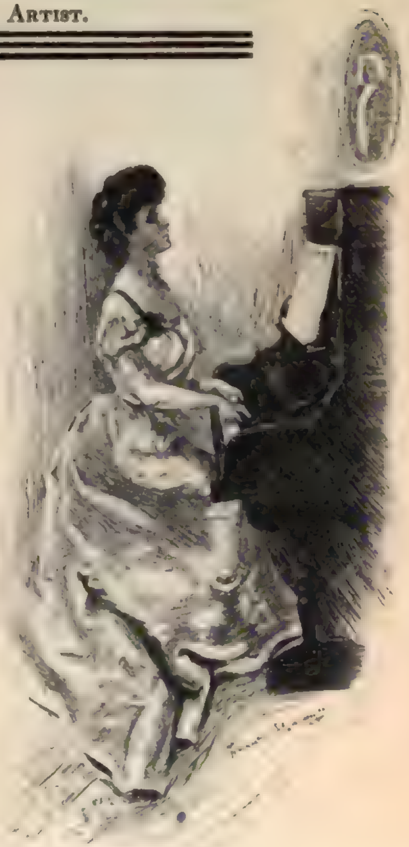
An Idealist of the American Girl.

A Study of Forrest Halsey, Artist.

MR. FORREST HALSEY.

NEWARK, New Jersey, has a list of men of genius and talent to its credit, and among the younger set of artists of note here in New York may be included Mr. Forrest Halsey, a pupil of Howard Chanler Christy, Walter Shirlaw, and others of equal ability—men who do things and teach others to do likewise.

Mr. Halsey is a very young man to have mastered technique in the manner here shown, being but twenty-five years of age, and was discovered by Mr. R. H. Russell. True, Mr. Halsey had for years before been before the public in what might be called minor parts, but it was the Russell company which first gave him the impetus



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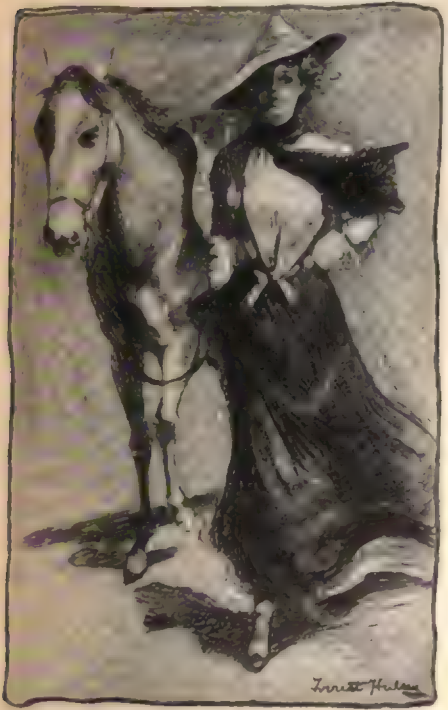
THE DIXIE GIRL.

From a Drawing by Forrest Halsey.



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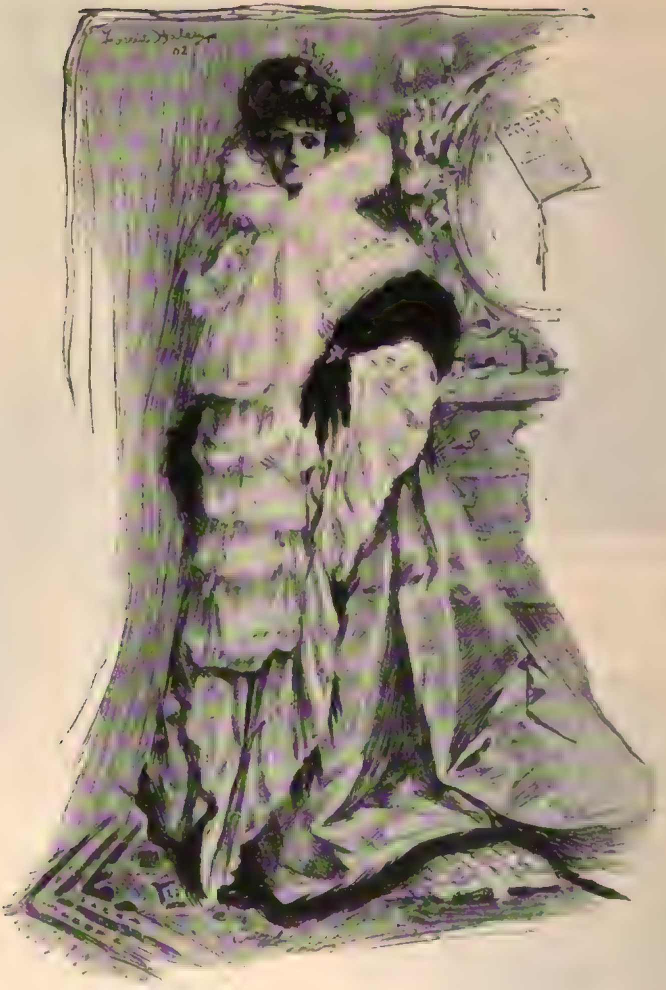
THE GIRL WHO ROUGHS IT.

From a Drawing by Forrest Halsey.



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MISS NEW YORK READY FOR SHERRY'S.

that all young artistsneed at the critical time. Mr. Halsey comes of hardy Jersey stock, the family having been residents of the vicinity of Newark for at least two centuries. His home is still there. although his studio is in the metropolis. At his Jersey homestead he has several thoroughbreds, and takes great interest in all sorts of athletic sports, particularly riding to hounds, polo, and those pastimes in which the horse is an important factor.

It was while at Newport that Mr. Halsey made the acquaintance of prominent society women, and these have given him the inspiration to produce what might be called the ideal type of the Halsey Girl. Whether in the home, at the piano, on the golf links, roughing it in the mountains, or swishing through the gilded precincts of Sherry's or the Waldorf-Astoria, the Halsey Girl has an individual charm which displays patrician blood, refinement, culture, and sweetness withal. There is no doubt that when Mr. Halsey perfects his ideal of the American girl, it will take rank with the best, and bring

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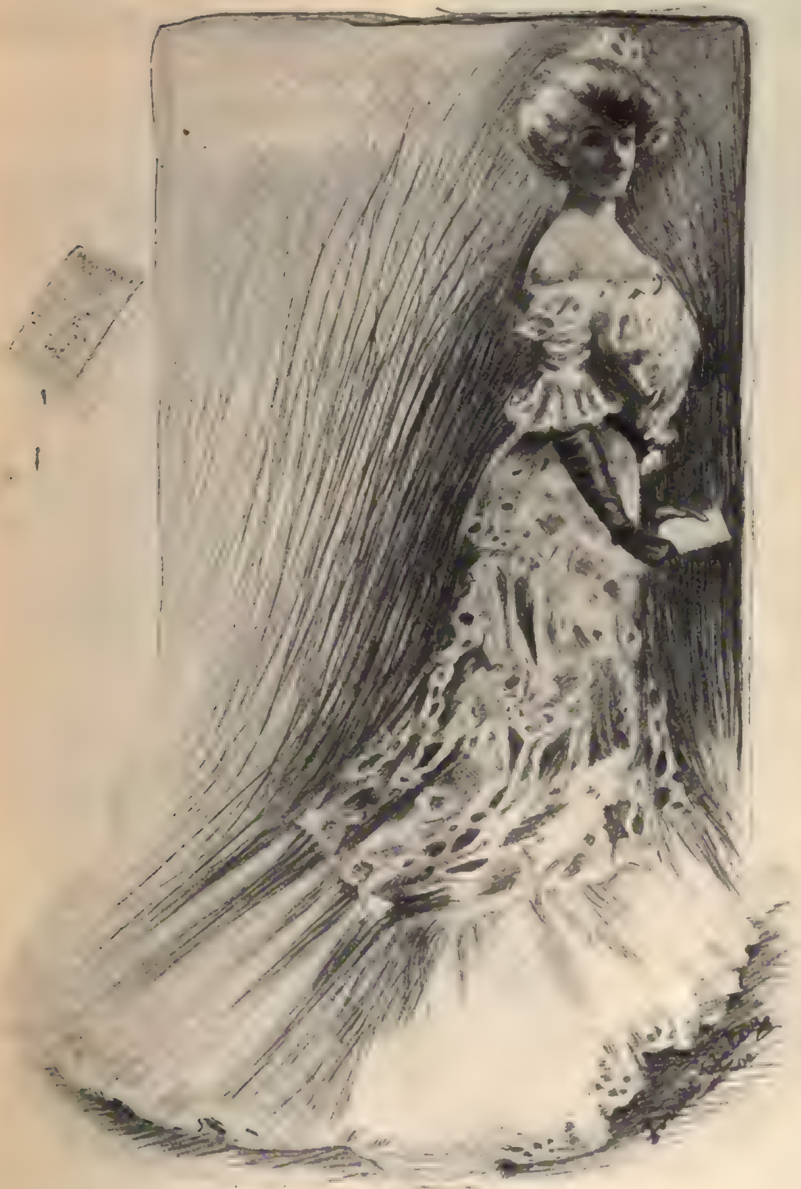

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WHAT WILL THE ANSWER BE?

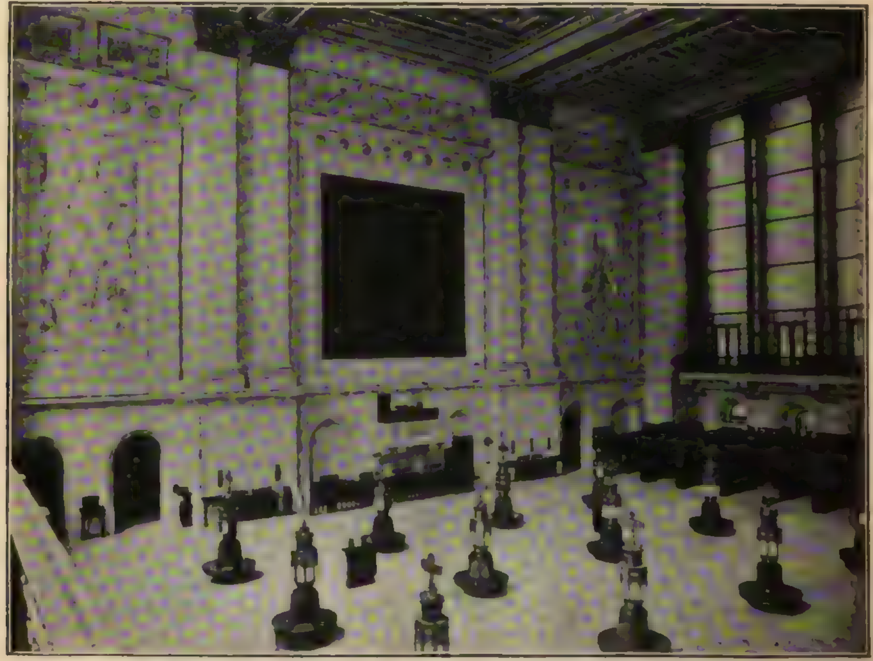
him fame and fortune; for, as was observed before, Mr. Halsey is still a very young man.

Being an athlete, with a fine fund of health and ambition, and a hard worker, there is no doubt that Broadway Magazine readers will keep his name in mind with the great charm of quiet expectancy.

Mr. Halsey's girls more readily speak for themselves than girls I know. In some, this might be considered an advantage. In this case only pleasant impressions are produced and under delightful auspices.

The New York Stock Exchange.

By Alvin G. Jenkins.



Photograph by Pach, New York.

INTERIOR OF THE TRADING ROOM OF THE GRAND NEW STOCK EXCHANGE OF NEW YORK.

Photograph taken from the gallery.

THE foundation and growth of the New York Stock Exchange may be said to comprise the history of American finance. Whenever the fortunes of the Exchange have risen, it has been an indication that the country at large is prosperous; and, on the contrary, on the same barometrical principle, when the Exchange has been dull and sluggish, panicky or riotous, it is taken as a national index to the condition of the entire nation

THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

The last few years have witnessed the most wonderful changes in the personnel of the great leaders of finance and the rise of many masters of millions in the security market, while the general business has so increased that the old Stock Exchange no longer remained adequate. A seat on 'Change was formerly worth twenty thousand dollars. To-day it is worth nearer eighty thousand, and within a few years will probably top the hundred-thousand mark. Business aggregating millions is transacted every week day of the year, the negotiations in securities being nothing short of colossal, and leading the Bourse of Paris, the Exchange of London and the other great centers of finance abroad.

The new building was designed especially to meet the increased needs of the members of the Exchange. It is centrally located, fronting on both Broad and Wall streets, and tops one hundred and fifty-six feet from its base. The upper stories are set apart for the various Lunching Clubs composed of the brokers, and beneath the immense chamber on the first floor where all the trading is done, are the great vaults for the use of the members. Of course every sanitary consideration has been carefully regarded for the comfort and convenience of the hundreds of brokers who swarm its precincts. A pneumatic tube system connects the various departments.

Photograph by Pach, New York.

ONE OF THE GREAT VAULT DOORS SHOWING INTRICATE STEEL AND LOCK WORK.

The destruction of the old Stock Exchange took place in 1901. The work was gigantic, for an engineering stratagem had to be accomplished.

Photograph by Pach, New York.

THE GREAT STEEL VAULTS WHERE MILLIONS ARE STORED FOR SAFE-KEEPING.

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Fortunes in Gowns for New York Women.

By Alice J. Graham.

MISS FLORENCE WARDEN IN A PARISIAN CREATION OF GREAT PRICE.

NEVER in the history of dress in this country has there been such genius displayed in the fine art of dressmaking. Some of the most brilliant minds, of a truth, have lent their energies to the problem of dress and offered ample opportunities to the wealthy and the artistic to indulge their love of fine apparel.

It is no longer necessary to go to Paris in order to secure the services of a competent designer of costumes. Some of

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MISS ELAINE BARRY IN A REDFERN THOUSAND-DOLLAR GOWN

the most skilful, realizing that there is here a field for their enterprises, have come to this country after having served apprenticeship in such Paris houses as those of Worth, Felix and others of the highest standing, and opened up shops of their own. More than that, Americans of taste and refinement have gone seriously into the business, with the result that every year more millions are spent for gowns in New York than is spent for bread to feed all the poor of the great metropolis.

Any day one may move down Fifth avenue and see creations that have cost large sums, upon which are spent infinite thought and patience. And as for the parades for millionaires, like the Waldorf-Astoria, for instance, one can see there at almost any hour of the day, gowns that cost a thousand dollars or more. Women of wealth think nothing of spending ten thousand dollars a year on dress.

Photograph by Fredricks, New York.

MR. W. J. ARKELL,

Editor-in-Chief of the new Arkell publications

Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

MR. W. J. ARKELL who is responsible for the new Arkell papers which at this writing have been announced for publication, was the originator of *Judge*, and for a long time the principal stockholder of *Leslie's Weekly*. For years Mr. Arkell has been a prominent figure in New York journalism, and is also identified with thebest element in American racing. He is one of the prominent Re-

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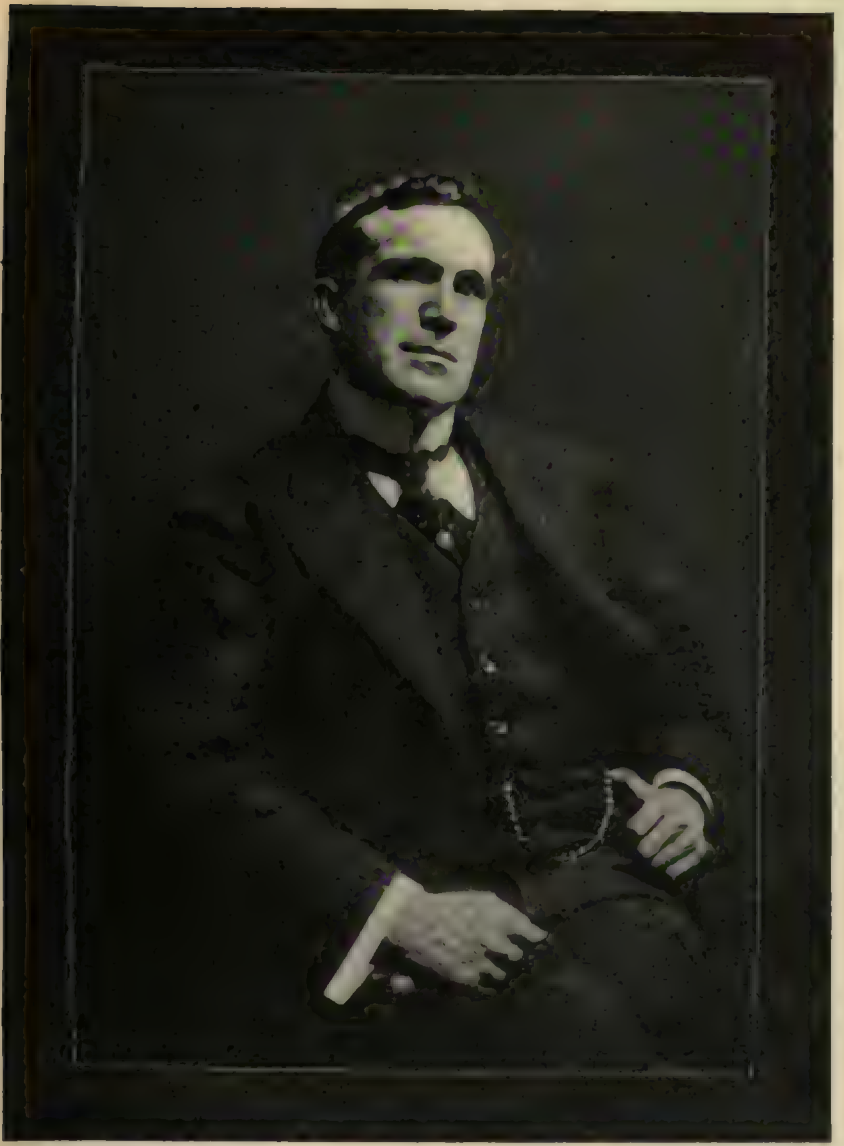

Photograph by Miss Ben Yusuf.

GEORGE H. LORIMER.

Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

publicans of the Empire State as well.

George H. Lorimer is at present Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and consequently an object of much concern and interest to many aspiring authors, and also authors who no longer have any particular aspirations. He is a littérateur rather than a journalist, but has a pretty firm grasp on the pulse of the public. He is himself a writer of good English and a stickler for style. As a spoke in the big wheel around which revolves *The Saturday Evening Post* he is an interesting figure in contemporaneous magazine-making and as an epigrammatist he challenges Sydney Smith.

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Miss France Hamilton of New York and Japan.

MISS HAMILTON, of course, is not of Japan, but is extremely American in all she says and does. She is appearing at present in "The Darling of the Gods," and is described on the program as "Mme. Asani, the beautiful Geisha of Red Maple Gardens" (with her troop of Geisha and the three little Geisha apprentices).

Miss Hamilton is an extremely attractive young woman, even when more or less disguised in the mountainous headdress, facial make-up and Japanese garments which she is obliged to wear in the Belasco-Long play.

Although Miss Hamilton first made an impression on theatre-goers when she appeared with Miss Julia Marlowe, the drama alone, however, is not the sum and substance of her artistic ability. She is a pupil of Mr. Parson Price, who considers her voice one of the finest he has ever trained. Mr. Charles Henry Meltzer recently wrote a letter as follows about Miss Hamilton :

Miss France Hamilton in her house gown.

Miss Hamilton as she appears in "The Darling of the Gods."

My dear Mr. Morrissey ;

Judging from what I saw and heard Miss Hamilton do to day I should say she was likely to give a more than creditable interpretation of Parthenia in "Ingomar." Miss Hamilton has the temperamental qualities which can neither be bought nor taught, and she has been very admirably prepared for her task. She has power, a fine voice, repose, intelligence and balance. With so much in her favor, and the assistance of a good stage manager, I think she should be more than equal to Parthenia, and, as you know, I have points of comparison—for I have seen Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Julia Marlowe in the part.

Very faithfully yours,
CHARLAS HENRY MELTZER.

From all of which it can be seen that Miss France Hamilton is unusually gifted.

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Miss Drina De Wolfe, Actress.

MISS DE WOLFE first attained considerable prominence when she appeared in the production of "Tommy Rot" at Mrs. Osborn's Play House. At that time she received attention at the hands of the newspapers and was hailed as a woman of somewhat exceptional charms of face and figure. Since then, however, Miss de Wolfe has come again before the public eye and in a more serious manner. She created the role of *Mrs. Evian* in "The Taming of Helen." *Mrs. Evian* is a woman with a past, but of some culture, considerable breeding and a keen knowledge of the world. In the hands of a raw amateur *Mrs. Evian* would have been offensive. As played by Miss de Wolfe, she is just what she purports to be, and as such convinces without at all being meretricious.

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.
MISS DRINA DE WOLFE.

It is not violating a confidence to say that Miss de Wolfe has a purpose—that of being accepted not because of her clothes, nor for the reason that she is a sister of Miss Elsie de Wolfe, but purely on her own merits. While she is perfectly willing to be thought a well-dressed woman, she seems quite aware of the fact that sartorial adornment alone will not take the place of mental equipment. For this reason she has been studying hard and to such good purpose that to-day she is an actress of intelligence and one who seems pretty certain of being a prominent stage figure.

MISS DRINA DE WOLFE

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

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The Stage in New York.

By Roland Burke Hennessy.

With Special Illustrations.

Copyright by Burr McIntosh, New York.

ALL New York has been wondering about "The Starbucks." Here is a play so much more bucolic than "Way Down East" and more uncouth than "Arizona," that it makes these pieces look like drawing-room dramas. "The Starbucks," done a little more broadly than it was produced at Daly's Theatre, would be a riproaring and altogether untrammeled melodrama. However, even played with at least a small amount of repression and a minimum of gun powder, it had so many rough edges that New York audiences have kept on wondering from the rise to the fall of the curtain. But then, New Yorkers have not formed a major portion of Daly Theatre audiences. Every daily newspaper in New York has called attention to the angular, raw-boned folk who have strayed into Daly's to see "The Starbucks," and screeched with delight. A handful of such persons in front, if let loose at proper intervals, would turn the deepest-dyed frost into an equatorial success. These out-of-town visitors who have gone to Daly's in goodly numbers are manly, earnest, honest, to whom repression means nothing, and keen delight, wildly expressed, is the very source of existence.

"The Starbucks" is not a bad play. Mr. Opie Read, its author, is too experienced and too virile a writer ever to be weak or uninteresting. The play, however, really belongs a little further over on the West Side where honest melodrama is never confused with the namby-pamby in dramatic art.

Theodore Roberts as *Jasper Starbuck* gave a fine, strong performance of an uncouth mountaineer. Miss Louise Rial as *Margaret Starbuck* also gave an excellent performance. The other members of the cast can hardly be said to have come up to the Broadway standard.

Strangely enough, "The Starbucks" did a

Mr. Max Rogers. Mr. Lee Harrison.

TWO COMEDIANS WHO GO TO EUROPE IN JUNE

Messrs. Rogers and Harrison sail for Europe early in June for a tour of the Continent. After a road season, which took in the delights of Houston, Texas, to say nothing of Toledo, Ohio, the two comedians are going to Paris and Berlin for the purpose of seeing if there is really anything new on earth.

business three times as large as those who think they know it all had predicted for it. All of which seems to prove that there is something in being candid and above-board in writing a drama.

"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY."

MR. GEORGE. H. BROADHURST had done nothing especially notable since he produced "Why Smith Left Home." Even this comedy, of course, had not attained the success of his original big hit, "What Happened to Jones?" It is doubtful if either one of these two pieces is not immeasurably better in every way than "A Fool and His Money," and yet this latest comedy, which New Yorkers have seen at the Madison Square Theatre, will undoubtedly take its place alongside the earlier Broadhurst farces.

"A Fool and His Money" is structurally weak. It has not the backbone, slight though fibrous, of "What Happened to Jones?" It is amusing without being altogether too exciting. However, there is no doubt that the character of *Esmeralda*, or else the manner in which it is played by Miss May Vokes, saves the farce from being inconsequential. *Esmeralda* is as prominent as, though entirely different from, the Swedish servant in "What Happened to Jones?" *Esmeralda* is very knowing. She is ignorant only in *belles lettres*, and she is a servant-girl type that is quite an improvement on any seen in New York this season. Miss May Vokes plays *Esmeralda* in a droll way and manages to make her the strongest piece of character work in the piece.

Mr. Jameson Lee Finney is not altogether happy as *Percy Merrill*, but this is more because the role was written for some one else, than for the reason that Mr. Finney does not know his business as a comedian. Mr. Finney does know it.

Mr. Arnold Daly, whom we all still remember as the knickerbockered youth of a few seasons past, plays a Frenchman with many of the smaller and finer touches that such characterization requires.

Miss Brandon Douglas, Miss Anita Bridger and Miss Mabel Dixey are three of the good-looking young women who help to make "A Fool and His Money" interesting to the student of American womanhood.

Photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

ASK THE QUESTION, IF YOU WILL.

"Why does Broadway Magazine print more than one picture of Miss James?" It is plain on the face of it, i. e., the face of Miss James, though of course Miss James hasn't a plain face. At any rate, this photograph is all the excuse necessary, and there you are.

LAWRANCE D'ORSAY AS A STAR.

"THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET," besides adding another success to the Augustus Thomas list, has also succeeded in making Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay an accepted star in his particular line of work. In the ordinary light-comedy role, such as could be played with rare grace by Mr. E. H. Sothern or Mr. N. C. Goodwin, Mr. D'Orsay would be utterly at sea. Yet as a good-natured, large-hearted and not too intelligent English nobleman he is perfectly at his ease and looks and acts such a role to the very life. Mr. D'Orsay may find it difficult to get other vehicles that fit him as well as "The Earl of Pawtucket", but, having found them, he seems certain of a long and money-making career as a one-part star.

"THE MAN WHO STOLE THE CASTLE" AND "THERE AND BACK".

"THE MAN WHO STOLE THE CASTLE" is a pretty sentimental conceit with an old-world flavor about it, that appeals to children and women especially. It would make a delightful Christmas entertainment, and as it is, it serves to open the bill at the Princess Theatre where "There and Back" is the principal attraction.

"The Man Who Stole the Castle" tells the story of a young London profligate who finds himself alone in a castle on Christmas eve. The castle having been bought by his father and left to him, the man frankly admits that he doesn't care very much for castles, and that he would much rather have his cozy apartment in London. In fact, he seems to be decidedly grumpy because his father was canny enough to die with plenty of money and leave it to him. Then enter the youthful *Sir Richard* and *Lady Beatrice*, aged respectively, fourteen and six. They have come from boarding school where they were placed when their father and mother, the Lord and Lady Something, died. *Dick* is your very image of the young nobleman with swashbuckling traditions and at the same time much courtliness to live up to. *Lady Beatrice* is simply very hungry and very "seepy". *Sir Richard* learns that The Man is the usurper and offers to fight him for the Castle. Instead of fighting, they become very good friends, and The Man, after putting both children to sleep, vows that he will give the castle back, grabs his hat, starts for the midnight London train, and—curtain.

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS TOBY CLAUDE, DIMINUTIVE BUT PRETTY.

Miss Claude is an exceedingly small and exceedingly sprightly young woman. She has been in many musical productions during the past few seasons. She is an English girl and came to America only two seasons ago She is quite American now, however, and is to be seen in New York next fall in a new musical comedy.

Of course it's all very improbable, but all so very pretty and very Christmassy in atmosphere. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault as The Man, is inclined to be resentful and pecksniffian rather than joyously generous. However, he looks very handsome in a powdered wig.

"THERE AND BACK," which served to bring Mr. Charles E. Evans once more before New York theatre-goers at the Princess, is a capital farce, utterly unlike the door-slamming, in-and-out rushing of the French school. The situations and the lines are welded together so that they fit nicely, and the result is a lot of clean fun.

William Waring and *Henry Lewson* are run down and their wives insist that they shall take a vacation. They engage passage on "The Lady of the Ocean." Just before sailing, they learn that a former sweetheart *Marie Antoinette Smith*, with a high temper and a penchant for collecting £50 bank notes, is to sail on the same steamer. Afraid to tell their wives of their reason for not going, they decide to accept an invitation to the Scotch estate of a London crony. There they go, only to discover that their old inamorata has also changed her mind about sailing because their mutual friend asked her to be his wife, which she became with much alacrity. Then there is a play of many cross-purposes, because *Lewson* and *Waring* think that *Marie Antoinette Smith* is also blackmailing their friend, whose wife they suppose is at home. They finally reach their own domiciles again, only to find their wives in mourning as it was reported that "The Lady of the Ocean" had gone down. Then begins an exceedingly humorous description of how they escaped the perils of the deep by clinging to a spar, when another bomb-shell is thrown into the midst by the receipt of a telegram saying that the boat was saved and reached port with all well on board. The whole matter is finally settled by the generosity of an uncle from

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Australia who takes all the blame on his own shoulders, and everything ends with a dinner at the Cecil. "So runs the world away."

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

A NEW PICTURE OF MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

Mr. Charles E. Evans as *William Waring* retains the quiet humor that characterized him as the book agent in "A Parlor Match." His white teeth still shine with a calcium light effect on all who gaze.

Charles H. Hopper as *Henry Lawson* is amusing.

The *Guy Grinling* of Mr. Nestor Lennon is not.

Miss Maude White as *Marie Antoinette Smith* is pretty, blonde and unconvincing only when she is too refined.

Mr. Thomas A. Wise and Mr. John C. Rice, who have been touring the country successfully in "Are You a Mason?" were considering the production of "There and Back" a couple of seasons ago. They seem to have made a mistake in not buying this piece. It exactly fits them in every way.

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

CHILDREN may come and children may go, but Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett seems to run on forever. At any rate, there is something perennial about "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which recently ran for some successful matinees at the Casino. Elsie Leslie, Wallie Eddinger and others of the first season's *Fauntleroys* are now full-grown folk. A new generation has taken their place. Vivian Martin and Harry C. Wright are the two latest *Fauntleroys*. Whether they are as good as the originals is a matter of memory. I doubt, however, whether anyone of us will for a long day see as pretty a creature as was Elsie Leslie in those days when Mrs. Burnett's creation was the topic of our national kindergarten.

Mr. James E. Wilson, fresh from his conquest in "Audrey" (I sincerely hope that Mr. Wilson considered his each appearance in that much maligned piece as a separate conquest), played the *Earl of Dorincourt* in the Casino production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I wish I could say that the *Earl* was quite as convincing as *Fauntleroy*. I can, but I refuse.

"HAPPY HOOLIGAN."

HAPPY HOOLIGAN of the *Sunday Journal* arouses just a little sympathy every time he gets into trouble. His counterpart on the stage, however, if judged from the posters announcing his appearance in New York, invited merely sentiments of scorn, contumely or derision, just as you happened to feel about it. A tramp is bearable only when humorous. When he looks like an outcast of the earth, with his face incased in scowls, his mouth sensualised, and his forehead

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wrinkled into ferocious resentment of his lot, it is about time to stop smiling.

Incidentally, I understand that "Hooligan" paid something like $30,000 to Mr. Augustus Hill last season. Therefore, what is the good of moralizing?

"THE TAMING OF HELEN."

THE principal trouble with *Helen* was that she really did not need taming. She was quite a docile, tractable young woman, who did not kick over the traces, and was quite as proper as you would expect a Richard Harding Davis girl to be.

Mr. Henry Miller was not particularly happy in the selection of "The Taming of Helen" for a starring tour. Mr. Miller is not, nor has he ever been, a light comedian. He is essentially a serious actor. His *Sydney Carton* was a delight. His *Philip Carroll* in "The Taming of Helen" was not amusing. On the other hand, neither was he particularly impressive when, clothed very modishly and looking sleek and well-fed, he announced to *Marion Cavendish* that he was not very joyous because he was very hungry.

"The Taming of Helen" is said to have been written by Mr. Davis just before he cut his wisdom tooth. It has much of the charm and grace that characterize the Davis stories, but not all their virility. A newspaper man in London has written a play. It is the very apple of his eye, the only other thing quite as precious being a certain *Helen Cabot*. *Marion Cavendish*, an actress, has great faith in the play. She has it produced and *Helen Cabot* grows furiously jealous. The whole matter is explained to her satisfaction after a series of adventures, ending in a chase through the streets by *Marion Cavendish* in costume. Of course, it ends very happily and *Philip Carroll* supposedly is not hungry any more.

Miss Jessie Millward, quite as satisfying an actress as there is on the stage to-day, played *Marion Cavendish*.

Miss Grace Elliston was the *Helen Cabot*—pretty, but not always sure.

The very best performance in the whole piece from beginning to end was the *Sir Charles Wimpole* of John Flood. This was a sympathetic mellow performance that made us wish Mr. Flood could be seen oftener in Broadway productions.

Mr. Miller's methods, as has been said, are not for serious roles. He is conscientious—too much so, for a part not too serious in itself.

Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS IRENE BENTLEY AS A FORTUNE-TELLING GYPSY.

"Plays and players of the week." in BROADWAY WEEKLY is an entertaining department. Fully illustrated.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

The latest picture of Miss Maxine Elliott (Mrs. N. C. Goodwin) who is to star alone next season

Her husband does not seem to be professionally jealous

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

IT is said that David Belasco reads on an average of forty manuscript plays a month. Evidently this darling of the gods is tasting some of the vengeance of mere mortals.

MR. H. J. W. DAM, for all his blasphemously-sounding cognomen, is a very clever man. It was Mr.— er— Confoundit who wrote the best prize-story that ever appeared in "The Black Cat" —called "A Tax on Moustaches." Mr. — ahem — Gadzooks was then a London newspaper man, but since then Mr. — beg pardon Geewillikins has foresworn Fogville-on-the-Thames for Gotham-on-the-Run, but still enjoys it. We hope that Mr. — excuse us — Goshall-fishooks will remain long with us to write plays like "Skipper & Co., Wall Street," and to emblazon with a little sulphurous fulmination our playbills, which will doubtless be henceforth a Darnesight warmer than they ever were.

THIS reminds me that Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle, who stars in Mr. Dam's piece is not of the sugary, "Baby Bunting" order, and is by no means the sweet thing his name implies, any more than of the coffee-and-pistols brand. Mr. Arbuckle is not even a forty-millionaire, as his namesakes across the Bridge are reputed to be. For all that, he "acts well his part; there all the honor lies."

Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs Forbes Robertson) who is to appear with her husband in America next year in the dramatization of "The Light that Failed."

THAT Edward Harrigan really proposes to star again shows that he believes a new generation will welcome the old favorite, and perhaps there is ample logic in the conceit after all. Time was when Harrigan and Hart could turn people away from their portrayals of East Side types so perfectly true to fact, were

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Flashlight by Byron, New York.

Miss Dorothy Morton (on left centre with arms outstretched) and one of the stirring scenes from "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Broadway Theatre.

they, bringing out clearly Theodore Kremer's remark to me a short time ago, when he said that "people love to see portrayed on the stage the same scenes and characters with which they are familiar," only, of course, somewhat sublimated. These they understand, whereas the most wonderful portrayal of life on the planet Mars would excite but a passing curiosity. Harrigan was born away down near Corlear's Slip, in those days a hard district, and the characters he offered to an observing public were right out of the heart of life.

THEODORE KREMER has been taking a little vacation since the close of Grand Opera, which has been heretofore his sole recreation. It was his habit to sleep all day, going to the opera every night, and after that to his study where in the heat of inspiration he planned the melodramas which have made him famous among box-office managers and infamous among critics, if we are to believe Mr. Kremer himself. The melodramatist, we are informed, is in despair over the fact that people are so prosperous nowadays that they have no time to be bad, and there is a shocking dearth of villains. The stay of proceedings in the "Al" Adams policy case was a great disappointment to Kremer, for, once behind the bars of Sing Sing, after he was convicted, ah me, gadzook! what material for a great melodrama entitled, "Honesty is the best Policy-shop," or some such moral, enlightening and thrilling playbill spreadhead. Perhaps Mr. Adams knew, and thus obliged anyway just to please Mr. Kremer.

Flashlight by Byron, New York.

Miss Marie Cahill, in the title role of "Nancy Brown" at the Bijou Theatre.

THE great Duse is thinking about returning to America again next season, and we trust that she will—providing, of course, that she is properly Pasteurized against D'Annunzioism, which was her late bane. In a great repertoire she can win the hearts of thousands who otherwise refuse to patronize plays that are a stench to the nostrils, for all their appeal to art for a mitigation of the offence. By the way; a man who ought to know better, spoke a short time ago of the coming appearance of Bandmaster Duss at Madison Square Garden. "Oh, yes," said he, "I remember seeing his wife play the angel

Gabriel, or something of that sort in Eyetalyun, at the Victoria. Is she coming over with him?" I replied that the latest Marconigrams deponeth not.

DILATING upon Bandmaster Duss with little Brownie Berstein, the man with the greatest orchestral library in New York, I asked him how long he thought the Duss engagement would last. He replied, "As long as the public pays the price and some other people get it first." Duss is a good technical musician but his work always seemed to me to lack spontaneity and heart-interest, as a fair friend of mine put it, paraphrasing the poet:

> "Duss thou art, to Duss returneth
> Was not spoken of the soul."

However, a man with twenty millions of convenient dollars can afford to affirm with safety from challenge that dollars and not hearts are trumps in this deal, so mote it be.

Mr. John Drew and a friend riding in Central Park.

IT is always the unexpected that happens. Pretty Fritzie Scheff—"Unsere Fritzie,' as someone has cleverly dubbed her—came to this country most modestly, and assumed most inferior roles in the Grand Opera series. Suddenly someone discovered that a German officer had forsaken his regiment and country for love of the petite Fraulein, and the romance of the thing took the town. Then the Fraulein became ambitious, and it was noticed at the farewell event when Mr. Grau was presented with a loving cup of huge dimensions, "Unsere Fritzie" received more of the interest than did some of the older stars who have had what they might have thought to be proprietary rights. Now the Fraulein is to star next season, all of which shows that there are some things even stronger than the general love for art for the art's sake—the love of a pretty romance.

VESTA TILLEY will soon be with us again, and I understand that there will shortly take place a public dinner in her behalf at a London hotel of fame. We are not quite so enthusiastic in this country, or else we show our affection in a different manner. In London a dinner means everything. Miss Tilley is worthy of a score of them, particularly if she has discovered any new material like "The Week's End," "The Picadilly Johnnie," and the rest, and whereas we may show our appreciation at the box-office rather than in banquets, it will be none the less hearty and of much more available use to the little star herself.

THE number of people employed in a modern playhouse taxes belief and would have seemed wanton extravagance in the old Macready days. For instance, "Pretty Peggy" employs two hundred and fifty nightly, "The Darling of the Gods" nearly as many, "Mr. Bluebeard," "The Prince of Pilsen," and others a close tie in the feminine contingency alone. Talk about schools of acting! Every Broadway theatre is a school of acting whose discipline, practicability, and mutual enthusiasm between teachers and scholars is inestimable, and every school-day is a public recitation. With an army of recruits like that, there is little danger of the stage languishing for lack of available material of which strong casts are built up.

IT may seem that to be the hind leg of a bull in "The Wizard of Oz" or the forward legs of the elephant in "Mr. Bluebeard" is easy. It is by no means anything of the kind. The latter, for instance, requires the services of two English acrobats, the big head also worked by William Seymour, an English patomimist. Not only must the "legs" be capable acrobats, but humorists as well, and therein lies the chief success of the feature, both of which are away along in advance of the old "Evangeline" calf in which, I believe, the since-eclipsed Mr. Dixie made a brilliant debut.

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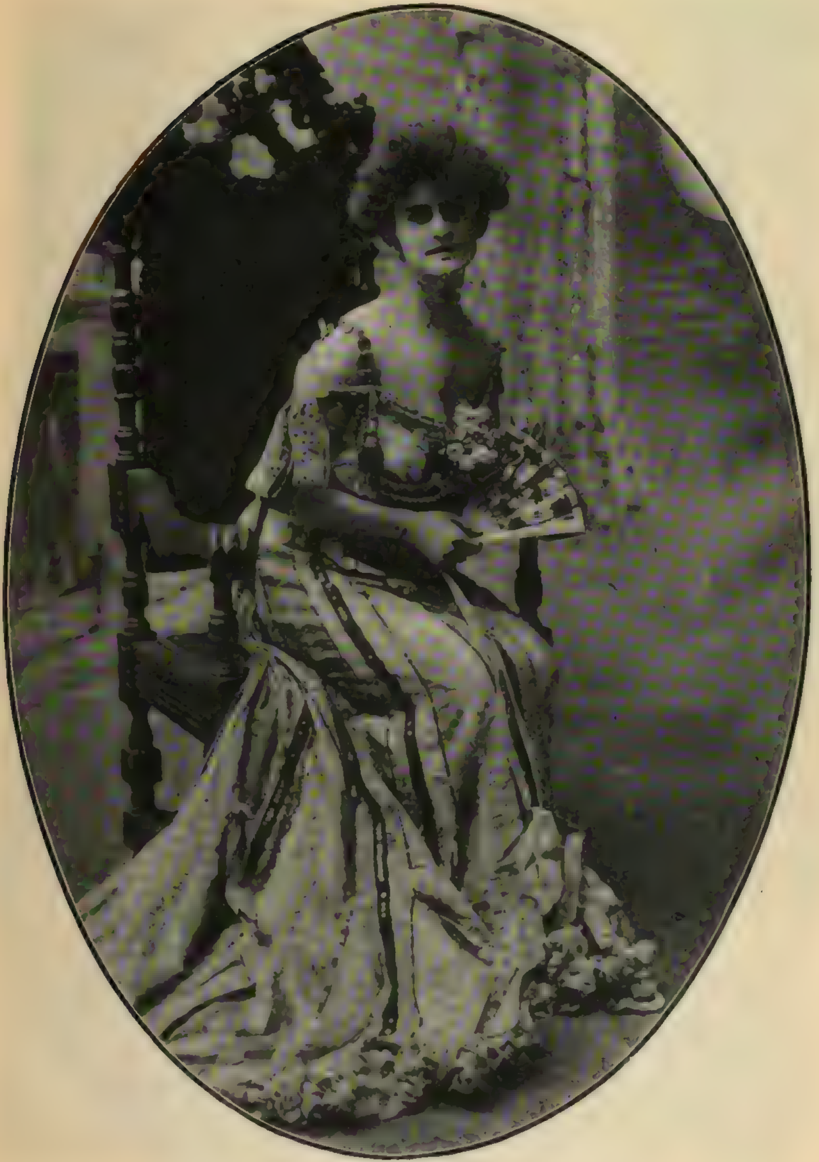

MISS MAUDE ALLEN OF "THE SULTAN OF SULU" COMPANY.

Miss Allen has been appearing for some months at the Wallack's Theatre in New York, where the George Ade opera has been running. It must be admitted in all truth that Miss Allen has not exactly created a sensation, for the simple reason that she was not one of the principals. However, this does not prove that she is not young, pretty, and for all dramatic critics know, exceedingly clever.

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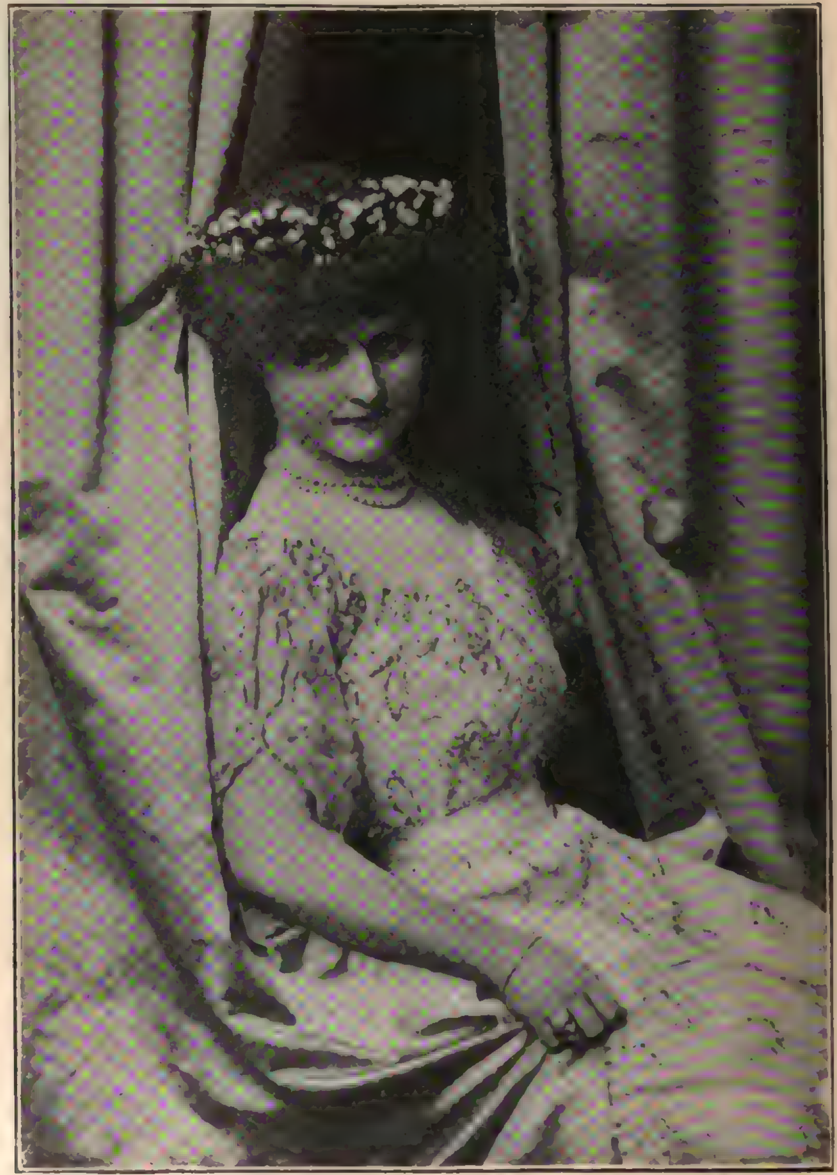

Photograph copyright, 1902, by Tonnele, New York.

MISS MAY HENGLER OF THE HENGLER SISTERS.

Although it is only a short time ago that Broadway Magazine published pictures of the Misses Hengler, there is very good reason for publishing this one of Miss May Hengler. It is a particularly striking and thoroughly artistic portrait, entirely aside from the fact that Miss Hengler is a pretty woman whose physical charms lend themselves to good camera work. Miss Hengler recently returned from England with her sister, Miss Flora, and both are now appearing in "The Runaways" at the New York Casino.

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Photograph by Marceau, New York.

MISS PAULA EDWARDES, THE LATEST STAR IN MUSICAL COMEDY.

Miss Edwardes' chance has come at last. She is to be starred by the Messrs. Shubert in "Winsome Winnie" Miss Edwardes is a young woman, although her experience has been long and trying. She is exceedingly pretty, a good dancer and the jeunesse dore of several cities proclaim her a beauty. Miss Edwardes, besides being well-known in New York and throughout America, also made a hit in "The Belle of New York" in London.

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GEORGE ARLISS, AS *ZAKKURI* IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

The performance of Mr. Arliss as the Japanese Minister of War in the Belasco play is a finely-fibred and altogether excellent piece of character work. The saturnine War Minister is one of the bleakest, but at the same time most human, Japanese characters ever seen on the stage. He is cold-blooded, merciless and ambitious. Mr. Arliss was Mrs. Patrick Campbell's leading man last year. He is also the author of "There and Back," recently produced at the Princess Theatre, New York.

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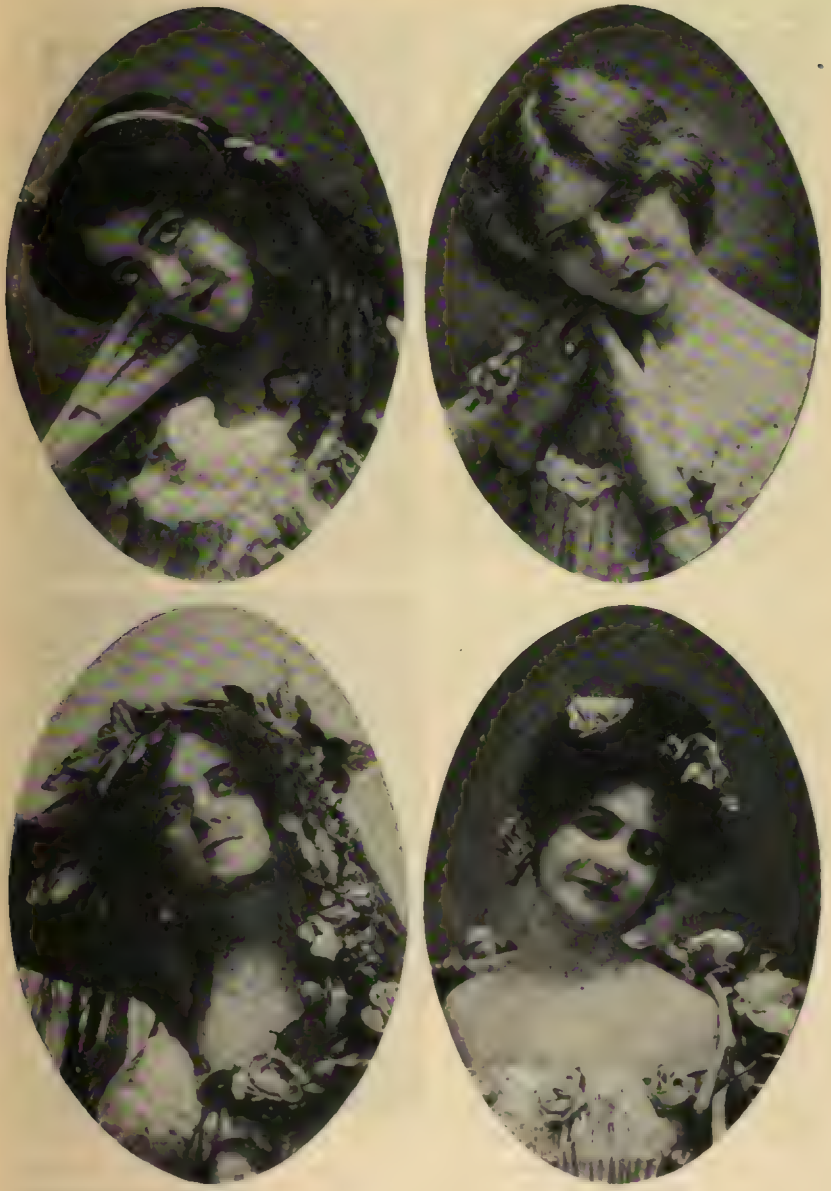

Photographs by Hall, New York.

FOUR PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN OF THIS SEASON'S PLAYS.

Miss Minnie Hutchison and Miss Thelma Fair (at top) belong to the "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" company. They are not principals in the Whitney production, but nevertheless managed to impress New York theatre-goers with the fact that they were on the stage, were mighty glad of it, and really intended to stay there, come what would. Miss Louise Radcliffe and Miss Marie Carlisle (third and fourth) are members of the "Prince of Pilsen" company They, too, are in no wise responsible at this writing for any process of regeneration in connection with the American stage. They are merely endeavoring to make a living by appearing in unimportant roles in Mr. Savage's production of the Luders piece.

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Photographs by W. & D Downey, London.

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AND FORBES ROBERTSON IN "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

This is the play that was described in a recent issue of BROADWAY MAGAZINE. This piece is to be brought to America by Mr. and Mrs. Robertson next season. It was originally to have been produced by Mr. N. C. Goodwin who is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Robertson, but the American comedian waived his rights in the interest of his in-laws; so you see it is a pretty family affair, with the white dove of peace perched over the door.

It is a notable fact, by the way, that Miss Elliott was obliged to go to England to get that recognition which has made her really prominent in International theatricals.

When she was in this country she was known principally as "Maxine Elliott's sister," but now as Gertrude Elliott and Mrs. Forbes Robertson she can stand firmly on her own feet and look the world sturdily in the eye. She is a few years younger than her sister.

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JUNE NUMBER OF
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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor. GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager.

"YOURS WITH ADMIRATION"

A subscriber to BROADWAY WEEKLY, the clever new publication, took the trouble to write the editor as follows about the first number he received: "Am delighted with BROADWAY WEEKLY. I want you to send me every copy as I don't feel that I would like to miss even one. BROADWAY WEEKLY is not only full of beautiful pictures, but it is also clever—with the smartness of *Life*, some of the serious excellence of *Harper's*, and mechanical effects all its own. You can count on me as a subscriber as long as you keep BROADWAY WEEKLY as clever and handsome as it is at present.

Yours with admiration,

J. P."

This is only one of the many letters that are received every day from delighted readers of BROADWAY WEEKLY. There is no doubt that the coated covers in color, the breezy, but spotlessly clean pictures and reading matter, and the general metropolitan air of BROADWAY WEEKLY have caught the public. One reader has aptly described BROADWAY WEEKLY as "The Voice of the Town."

Roof-gardening as a city pastime is taken this season with some reservations. Here in New York we have been rather prone to overdo the roof-garden idea, and many have thought that there would be a reaction. However, there are attractions galore, and for the devotees of the fragrant julep and the festooned stage in its bower of bloom, there is sufficient to give zest and variety to the silliest victim of the silly season. The city sojourner need not pine for the mountains or the sea. There is fun and to spare right in the heart of the great metropolis.

Women will ever have one advantage over dull and stupid man; she can and does dress cooler in summer, although just as warmly in winter. A man going about in a summer costume as light and airy as worn by lovely woman, would be jailed for lunacy. And more's the pity! The man or woman who will invent some sort of dress that will not be outlandishly ridiculous and yet will offer relief to man's sad lot during the heated season is worthy of immortality and the thanks of Congress. The shirt-waist for men was but a makeshift. What is wanted is a material and a fashion that in every way suit the summer exigency and puts man and woman on the same isothermal plane, as it were, without being effeminate, unseemly or grotesque.

Another reason why men are more the victims of the heat than women is that they are less cautious about what they eat and drink. Especially is this true of the latter. Immoderate drinking in the summer is a fatal indulgence, and women, perhaps carrying less weighty affairs on their minds and taking their leisure with the demands of daily life, are given to self-restraint more than men. There is also a grand prize awaiting the man who will invent a drink that shall at once quench thirst and mildly stimulate without sending up the temperature to the jumping-off point.

Growth of the Western Metropolis.

THE CITY THAT HAS PROGRESSED MORE IN A DECADE THAN HAS ANY CITY IN THE OLD WORLD IN HALF A CENTURY.

BY GEORGE HOWARD SHELDON.

FOR nearly a quarter of a century Chicago has been known as the Western Metropolis, but only within the past decade could she be classed with such cities as New York, London and Berlin, as regards modern structure, style of architecture, centre of education, and unique places of amusement of the higher order.

Chicago may well boast of her great buildings, her numerous theatres, her modern hotels, the world-known Chicago University and her other schools of learning, her magnificient parks and her beautiful drives—a beauty that is God-given, added to by the artistic beauty produced by the hand of man, and is today a recognized center of music and of art. The most recent important addition to the Western Metropolis is the Bush Temple of Music, situated on the corner of North Clark Street and Chicago Avenue, and adjacent to the center of the aristocratic North Side. This building, with what it comprises, is a feature of which Chicago may well be proud. The structure alone, of this magnificent institution, cost a half million dollars.

WILLIAM H. BUSH.

Founder of Bush Temple of Music, late President of Bush & Gerts Piano Company.

WHAT IT COMPRISES.

On the ground floor are the spacious warerooms of the famous Bush & Gerts Piano House, makers of that well-known, inimitable, sweet-toned piano. On this floor there are also a bank, a telegraph office, an express office, a post office and a safety deposit vault. In the basement is one of the most spacious, tastily arranged and appetizing restaurants in America. On the second floor are the general offices of the building, and also the theatre with a seating capacity of 1200. The theatre is one of the most modern in America, with its magnificent pipe organ fashioned after the one in the Empire Theatre of New York. The furnishings are most exquisite, and the decorations show that dainty touch of the hand of one who possessed genuine artistic taste. In the summer the theatre is cooled by the modern temperizing process, which makes it possible for one who seeks comfort as well as luxury, to sit and enjoy a play during the hottest evening in July with as great comfort as though one is fanned by the sweeping ocean breezes of a fashionable seaside inn. On the floors above are three recital halls fully equipped with all accessories.

On the fifth floor is the Bush Conservatory of Music—a Conservatory which is not surpassed even by any in the Old World. It is under the directorship of Mr. Kenneth M. Bradley, who is ably assisted by a competent staff, including well-known instructors of international reputation, such as Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Ziesler, Dr. Chas. E. Allum, Johanna

Hess-Burr, August Hyllested, Adolph Rosenbecker and Ovide Musin. Here pupils may receive instruction in all branches of music—vocal and instrumental. Instruction is given on every instrument known to the musical world, where the pupil who is a beginner may receive a liberal musical education, while the artist may receive those finishing touches which make one great. This Conservatory has for its patrons some of the best-known people in musical circles in Chicago, and with such an institution within her city's gates there is no reason why anyone, even though possessed of the greatest musical talent, should pass by this Conservatory with the idea that by going to any of the older cities that one's musical education could be better cared for. Indeed, the people of Chicago should look upon this Conservatory as one of the greatest attractions necessary to make the Western Metropolis the centre of music. A most valuable accessory is the Soper School of Oratory, Acting and Dramatic Art, under the direction of the renowned Henry M. Soper, established 1868.

On the same floor and in connection with the Conservatory is the studio of Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Ziesler who is known the world over as one of the greatest of living pianists. In her recent trip through Europe she received a continuous ovation, in which the public and press paid her the highest tributes, particularly in Paris and Berlin. In New York she received applause at Mendelssohn Hall that has been tendered very few pianists.

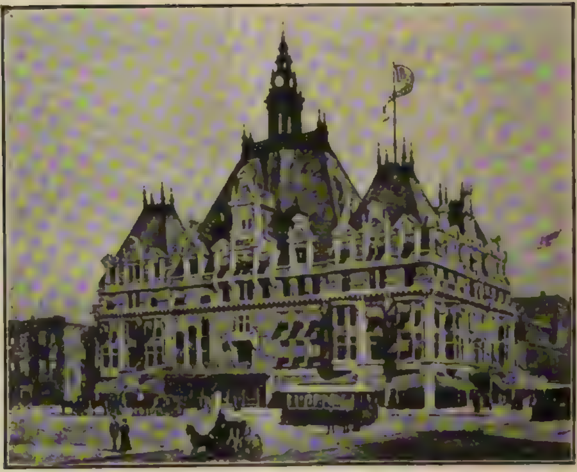
B. F. BUSH.

President, Bush Temple of Music Company; Vice-President, Bush & Gerts Piano Company.

W. L. BUSH.

President, Bush & Gerts Piano Company; also formerly President of the Marquette Club, one of Chicago's most famous and exclusive social organizations.

It is not often that New York and Boston are inclined to grow enthusiastic over pianists from Chicago. This is not due so much to the fact that there are not as good musicians in the West as in the East, as it is for the reason that the East has a good many musicians of its own to care for, and, of course, there is more or less a feeling of clannishness. This is as true in the realm of music as it is in the highlands of Scotland. There is all the more credit, therefore, to Mme. Bloomfield-Ziesler when it is remembered that her performances in the East have been before notably enthusiastic audiences and



The Bush Temple of Music, Chicago

One of the beautiful art buildings of the Western Metropolis

that the critics have treated her as a really important figure in American music. They have been fully cognizant of the fact that she is a serious artist, a woman of ambition, and one to whom the spirit of music appeals quite as deeply as the fascination of mastering mere technicalities.

It is not so very many years ago that Chicago could not boast of buildings entirely devoted to the Arts. Chicago, though the Metropolis of the mighty West—the West as conceived by the Easterner—had been too busy in the building of a great City and the furthering of the gigantic plans of its leaders to devote much attention to the æsthetic side of life. However, after the strenuousness of its earlier years of tremendous struggling, the city settled down to a calm reflection of itself in comparison with the rest of the world. Then began that artistic expansion which, starting with the nucleus of an enthusiastic few, spread rapidly in all directions until it was necessary to recognize that there was in Chicago a distinct artistic atmosphere and a cult that was quite as distinguished as that in any other large American city. With this spirit also came the desire for tangible evidences in the form of abiding places for musical societies, and through this desire came about the erection of the Bush Temple of Music, which stands second to none on the North American continent, and an exemplification of what such a building for such a purpose should be.

The plans for this magnificent institution were conceived by the late William H. Bush, the great philanthropist who endowed the Methodist Old People's Home, an institution which lives after him, and left bequests amounting to several hundred thousand dollars to other charitable institutions, and was the originator of the famous piano which now bears his name. However, he did not live to see his hopes realized by the completion of this building, and after his death the work was taken up and completed by his two sons, Mr. William L. Bush and Mr. B. F. Bush, who now direct this enterprise.

View of the warerooms of the Bush & Gerts Piano Company in the Bush Temple of Music.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Ziesler, Principal Piano Instructor in the Bush Temple Conservatory, and amongst the world's great women musicians. Mme. Bloomfield-Ziesler is well known in Europe.

Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Ziesler's studio in the Bush Temple Conservatory.

Chicago has often been called "The Young Giant of the West," and it is natural, therefore, that young men with brains, brawn and ability, should have much to do with its march of progress along the roads of Prosperity, Art and Commerce. As the old hands become tired and release their hold on the plough, youth and strength and vitality must come forward and take their places in working out the destiny of great Commonwealths. Thus it is natural to find young men like Mr. William L. Bush and Mr. B. F. Bush at the head of enterprises like the Bush Temple of Music Company and the Bush & Gerts Piano Company, but in giving them credit for what they have done, what they are doing and what it is their aim to do in the future, we should not lose sight of the original guiding star and the man who made possible the success of the important enterprises that are being carried on. It is only meet that justice should be given to the ability and the memory of the late William H. Bush.

Had William H. Bush lived in another land in another age, poets would have sung his praises while he would have been heralded the Peer of Princes and Noblemen, and his name would have been handed down to posterity as one who was truly great.

And there we have the history of two concerns that can certainly be counted amongst the important enterprises of the Metropolis of the West. It is a record of which any family might be proud and of which any city might boast. The Bush & Gerts Company and the Bush Temple of Music are typical of the West.

A flashlight view of the stage of the Bush Temple of Music, which is one of the best equipped stages in America and on which can be given a complete operatic performance.

The Woman of the World.

BY CAROLYN LOWREY.

THE EARL'S LITTLE FAD.

WHEN the Earl of Yarmouth presented his best man and ushers with a scarf pin in the shape of a jeweled interrogation point, he followed a fad which had its birth in Washington's smart set, where the wearer felt that the question, "Who will have me?" was put in a glittering way.

Politeness forbids our mentioning how many woman have received this question mark from the Earl.

Suffice it to say that enough have been returned with thanks to supply the best man and ushers.

NORDICA'S PEARLS.

ONE of the most popular women in Boston this season was Mme. Nordica. Her glorious voice nestled in a throat that was encircled in a diamond collar and ropes of pearls that cost a king's ransom.

Her favorite gown was a white panné velvet, covered with crystal drops.

Mme. Nordica will give her voice for charity, and can even be persuaded to sing for gold, but she has a strong objection to being asked to sing when a guest. This is her pet aversion.

MISS GIBSON'S CONTINENTAL TRIP.

SO Dessa Gibson is to marry the Marquis de Rudini of Italy. Miss Gibson acknowledges that her first marriage to the millionaire mine owner was a decided failure, and frankly states that this is why she is going to sunny Italy, in hopes that history may not repeat itself.

MR. GEBHARD'S LITTLE ROMANCE.

THE latest fad in the repertorie of the up-to-date Mamma is the saving of baby's first tooth.

Freddy Gebhard unconsciously started this fad a short time ago by producing the first tooth of the former Mrs. Gebhard, and the present Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr..

This little bit of conceit is mounted in gold and was worn by him as a watch charm.

Society is curious to see whether Mr. Gebhard will send it as a souvenir to Henry Clews, 3rd, the most wonderful baby in Paris at present.

MR. WILLIAMS IS SUCCESSFUL.

THE name of Percy Williams is synonymous with success in the vaudeville world, and he deserves to be congralutated on his latest venture.

The Circle Theatre had been for many moons a failure, when Mr. Williams put his management to the test by opening it as a vaudeville house.

Crowded houses are the reward of labor well directed.

MRS. ASTOR SETS A STYLE.

A MOST attractive style will be in vogue this Summer—that of wearing in the hair a chaplet of leaves. Nothing could be more attractive for the débutante.

It is thoroughly fetching to have the hair dressed with frosted leaves the color of the gown.

This style was made popular at the opera last Winter by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who wore a wreath of silver leaves stemmed with diamond dew drops.

ENTER MRS. NEWHOUSE.

WORD comes that Mrs. Samuel Newhouse may cross the pond this Summer, and enter the battle ground of a Newport season, endorsed by Mrs. Ogden Goelet and her daughter.

Mrs. Newhouse has established a firm foothold in social circles abroad, where she is considered a graceful, clever, and diplomatic woman.

She is not at all ashamed of, nor does she seek to forget the time when the small lamp in her husband's cap was tended by her own fair hands.

Mrs. Newhouse has a charming personality which is acknowledged by her many friends, and with Mrs. Goelet as sponser her social triumphs here should be assured.

"Dolly Varden" writes delightfully in
BROADWAY WEEKLY.

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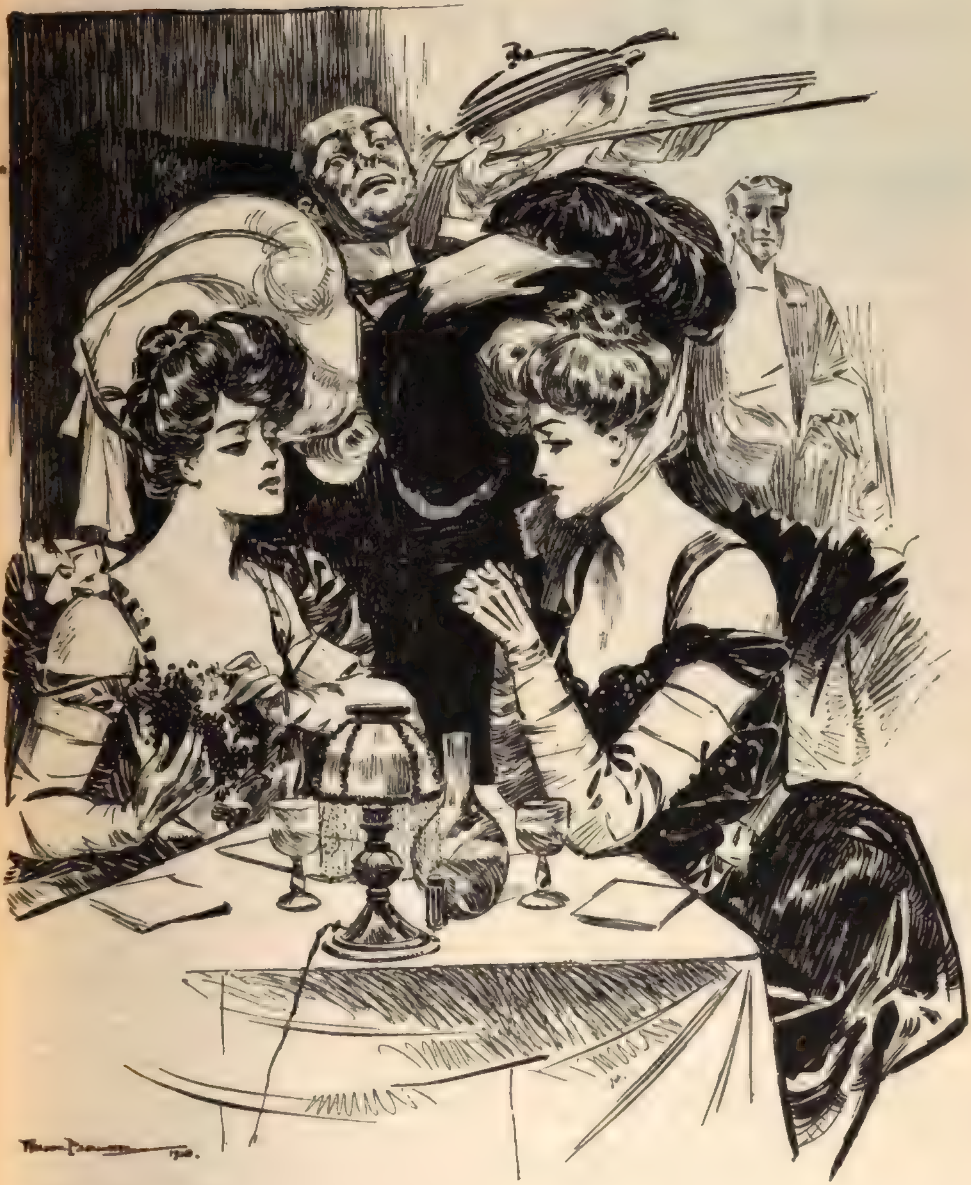

LO, PITY THE WAITER!

The new picture hats for evening wear are all very nice, but isn't it adding another woe to the life of the ***pauvre Garcon qui porte son douceur en vingt-dollair d'ors, et tirer le diable par la queue en Dimanche a son maison sur la mere?***

From a Pen-and-Ink Drawing by Frank Parker.

A reduced fac-simile on the back page of a recent issue of BROADWAY WEEKLY. There are many of these published in this cleverest and handsomest of America's weekly papers. Mr. Frank Parker is only one of the many clever artists and photographers who help to beautify the pages of BROADWAY WEEKLY.

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An Early Jump.

By Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman.

From "The Stage Door," Published and Copyrighted, 1902,
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THEY were making an "early jump." To be strictly accurate, it were better to say they would have made an "early jump" had the train permitted. The train was late, the agent didn't know or wouldn't say how late. They had waited two and a half hours now, after rising at three o'clock. The situation had reached a poignant stage.

Mollie Shannon had walked to the extreme end of the long platform of the low, red-painted station. She had snubbed two or three members of the company who dared to be conversational. She drew her dark furs close around her pretty, petulant face, shrugged her shoulders, and looked down the curving track for the tardy engine.

"Jim" Hamilton and his wife were sauntering near.

"Your first trip South, Miss Shannon?" ventured Jim.

"My fourteenth," returned Miss Shannon, scarcely audibly without turning around.

"Come on. Don't bother her," whispered Mrs. Jim, looking at the "second lady" with something like apprehension.

"But I must talk or swear—and you are too sleepy to talk to me," persisted Jim, "and Miss Shannon looks as though she needs cheering up. This is our first trip through the South," he said, in what was intended to be a debonair tone.

"It's a country you can do very well without seeing," snapped Miss Shannon, still refusing to take her eyes from the far sweep of the track.

"I like the courtesy and warm-heartedness of the people. I liked the spirit of the audience last night. Not a snowball in it. True, their standards differ from ours."

"Yes." Miss Shannon was savage. "The Southern women demand that their lovers be gentlemen. Northern women are content if they be men."

"The cooking at our hotel was good. The best fried chicken——"

"The cooking is degenerating in the South. And the hotel rooms are mere holes."

"This morning air is so soft," murmured Mrs. Jim, pacifically. "It is more like that of the Italian Riviera than in any spot I have seen in the United States."

"You don't seem to be hungry," said Miss Shannon, lowering. "You must enjoy being routed out of bed at three and waiting three hours for a train at a vile station."

Mrs. Jim laughed. "Miss Shannon is tired of us," she said. "Let us see what the others are doing."

"They're scandalizing, of course." Miss Shannon smiled unpleasantly.

"We've been together eight weeks. It is then the backbiting begins in American companies. They have found out all there is to know about one another by that time."

"I think this is a very friendly company."

"As friends and companies go," and Miss Shannon resumed her study of the track.

"There's the test of a woman's temper," said Jim Hamilton, still frowning under his snubbing. "If she gets up ill-natured she's a shrew."

Again Mrs. Jim laughed. She had learned how a laugh dissipates an impending storm, and she used it effectively at times like this. The deep furrow between her husband's eyes almost disappeared.

"Never mind." His wife's cheek grazed his shoulder quite as if by accident.

"Your favorite motto again," he said, smiling. "It's a pretty good one in almost any emergency."

They strolled to another group. Mrs. Corwin, the old woman, was sitting on a packing-box. Alice Greely, juvenile, and Eleanor Lawton, soubrette, stood beside her laughing.

"I've been umpiring a game," said Mrs. Corwin, pointing to a wheelbarrow full of broken glass. "Eleanor has been sitting on the wheel and Alice on the handles. One would jump off and watch the other save herself. A nice intellectual pursuit, isn't it? But that isn't the game. Each told me she had been sitting on the front of the wheelbarrow. Now, I leave it to you, Jim, which is the front of a wheelbarrow?"

"The wheel, of course."

"That's where I sat," said Alice Greely, in triumph.

"Jim Hamilton!" Miss Lawton struck a threatening attitude. "Do you mean to say that my arms are not on the front of my body?"

"Yours are, I believe."

"Then the arms or handles of a wheelbarrow———"

"A wheelbarrow wears his behind."

Miss Belle Errington, the leading woman, and Howard Loeser, the star, were passing. At the sound of laughter they turned grave, inquiring faces upon the group.

"What a gray morning!" Miss Errington shivered.

Eleanor Lawton smiled at her with sudden brightening of the eyes and flash of the teeth that were instant restoratives to good-humor for all who saw.

"It is gray because it is going to be golden in a little while. Do you see that glow over there on the rim of the world?" They followed the soubrette's whimsical glance and saw the faint, slow flush in the east.

The leading woman turned her fine eyes on the young woman. It seemed she had never really looked at Eleanor Lawton before. Faint memories of a cheeriness that never failed stirred within her. Why had she been too self-centred to notice this wholesome girl before? But then she belonged to the profession of egotists. Why should she be expected to think of others?

"You seem to distil drops of hope from any sort of a gloomy mixture," Miss Errington said, still looking kindly at the girl.

Eleanor Lawton blushed. The leading woman was as fine as she was remote. The girl had admired her fervently for many a season without daring to say more than "Good-morning," "Good-night," or the lines of the play to her.

"What is the book you are carrying?" Miss Errington held out her hand for it.

Miss Lawton blushed hotly. "Not a diary," she protested. "I call it 'Help.' Good things that I hear or think, and can remember, I write in it. There are philosophical sayings, sentiments, even jokes. It is a hodgepodge of everything, and when I am lonesome I like to read it. It is a great comfort when we have an 'early jump.'"

"May I read from it?"

"Certainly."

"Aloud?"

"If you like."

Miss Errington turned the leaves slowly, scanning the girlish, irregular writing.

"Everyone has a third leg. It may be belief in some religion or philosophy. It may be only a great faith in a friend. But it is something outside of ourselves that we depend upon. It is our support in the hard places and in the hard times of life."

The leading woman looked quickly from the book to its owner.

"You wrote that yourself?"

"Yes."

"And you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Who does not?" asked the leading man. "What is your third leg, Mrs. Corwin?"

"Christian Science, applied," said the old woman. "I have been living by it for several years. It is the prop our profession most needs. We should take our religion as we take our medicine, according to our particular needs. Methodism is needed for the emotional. Episcopalianism for the formal, Presbyterianism for the stern and the self-restrained, but Christian Science is for the fretful and the finical. It makes you say 'It doesn't matter' about the things that used to harass you. It makes them seem matters of comparative indifference if someone else gets the part you wanted yourself, and if some ambitious young chap takes your scene from you. Our profession, more than any other, needs Christian Science, for there is no other that has so many petty annoyances. Science teaches you what trifles all those things are."

"But does it make one indifferent to his work?" Howard Loeser asked this with some apprehension, for he had a share in the management.

"On the contrary, it makes one a better actor, because it increases the sense of responsibilty toward the management and the public. It helped a girl I know, who was undersized, to grow several inches taller, so that she might play leads."

The second comedian blew upon his fingers.

"I know this to be true, Tommy Trot," said the old woman, mildly. Everyone recalled that she had boxed the comedian's ears publicly three years before because he dared to doubt a statement of hers.

"It teaches one to divest a character of its

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personalities." Mollie Shannon was walking languidly nearer. "You don't say that anyone you know is shrewish or selfish. You deal with qualities alone. You say ill-temper and selfishness are phantasms of the mortal mind. As they do not exist, you know no one who has them."

All eyes turned involuntarily toward Miss Shannon, then toward the east, where the sun was breaking gloriously from his prison behind the horizon.

"Like this," said Miss Errington, reading from Miss Lawton's "Help:" "A woman once set a rose-bush in the window of a dark room. The rose, turn it often as she might toward the gloom of the room, always twisted back toward the sunshine. We can train our natures to be like that rose, always reaching upward and outward to the sunlight, away from the darkness."

She turned a page. "Marcus Aurelius said something like 'Nothing in itself can hurt us. We have nothing to fear but our opinion of it.' At least that's what he meant, and I think he's the same dear old fellow who said that if we didn't like a thing we must simply change our opinion of it; just turn around the headland and into the bay."

"May I have the book?" Miss Lawton turned the leaves quickly. "Doesn't this come near summing it all up?" she said. "This just came to me once, and I set it down and I've thought a great deal about it. 'The ultimate is always good.'"

"I have seen Christian Science turn men and women from intemperance, from insanity and suicide. I have seen it perform miracles, for I have known it to make people stop hating. The most fearful thing in the world is hatred. I believe it slays its thousands every year; not the persons who are hated, but those who hate. Do you know that a great chemist has proven by actual tests that violent hatred and anger cause a distinct chemical change in the human body? I have no doubt that people are hated to death every day. The only way to counteract the current is to send out thoughts of love and happiness to the race. The person so insulated cannot be slain, nor even hurt, by anyone's hatred."

"When I was in France I visited the famous miracle-working church at Lourdes," said Howard Loeser. "I went there simply because I wanted to see the place that had worked a wonder with Minnie Caswell. You all know that Minnie was on the débris heap four years ago. She had lost her voice, her beauty, her friends, and her hope. She was the most forlorn figure in Thespis land. In fact she didn't belong in the land any more. I might say that she had strayed beyond the border. She was always talking about Lourdes. 'They could make me over at Lourdes,' she said. The next thing I heard she had gone over in the steerage to Havre and from there to Lourdes. And you know were she is now? Right at the top in comic opera, and there to stay, too. So it is a question of any system or faith, after all, Mrs. Corwin?"

"It is developing the light within, in the way that is easiest for us all," admitted the old woman.

"Deep in our natures is a never-failing spring of kindness to others and faith in the good. Pump it up. Keep on pumping," read Miss Errington from Eleanor Lawton's "Help."

"Fear nothing but hatred of your kind," Hannah More said. "If I had an enemy I should want him to hate someone." Mrs. Corwin smiled as she looked far over the soft Southern meadows. She slid off the trunk and made her way to Mollie Shannon, whom she joined in her walk.

Soon the second woman's face relaxed into a smile. Its strained look disappeared. It began to take on the soft contour of content.

"Did you know that Mrs. Corwin is a healer?" said Alice Greely, in a low voice. "She is treating poor Mollie Shannon for her 'blues' and her temper."

"How?"

Even doubting Tommy Trot was interested.

"Just by thinking," explained Alice. "Thinking hard that everything's all right with Mollie and with everyone and everything else in the world. She says you can think people into anything good you want them to be."

"Provided you never allow yourself to lose hope and faith in them," added Eleanor.

"That's all right. I like that." Tommy Trot thought deeply for a moment. "Isn't the 'profesh' buying a reading-desk or pulpit or something for some sort of church somewhere?"

"Yes. The Second Church of Christ Scientist in New York."

"Let's fix up a contribution from the company," said Tommy.

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"Good, Tommy. We'll do it. You shall be treasurer," said Loeser.

"Where shall I send it?"

"To Mrs. Beaumont Packard, New York."

"And this is finis in Miss Lawton's 'Help,'" read Miss Errington. "Ella Wheeler Wilcox, isn't it?"

"The tide of love swells in me with such force
It sweeps away all hate and all distrust,
As eddying straws and particles of dust
Are lost by some swift river in its course.

Love is a plant that we can cultivate
To grace and fragrance sweeter than the rose,
Or leave neglected while our heart still grows
Rank with that vile and poison nettle—hate.

Love is the law: but yield to its control,
And thou shalt find that all things work for best,
And in the calm, still heaven of thy breast
That God himself sits talking with thy soul"

"Hooray! There's the train!" shouted Tommy Trot.

Just Society Notes.

THE noble Earl of Flimflam was much incensed at the Balledoff-Castoria recently by being asked to pay his bill. He said that he had only been in the country two months, and that was scarcely time in which to look up the records to see which of the eligible debutantes was the richest. He was granted three days' grace and when last seen was walking in the direction of Bradstreets.

REGINALD TOOLEM, while driving his four-in-hand through the Park recently, espied a thousand dollar diamond solitaire ring in the road before him. Although going at a furious rate of speed, he deftly whisked the thong of his whip about his head and then down into the dust, picking up the treasure, and with a skillful twirl landed it on the third finger of the left hand of Daisy Bondmerger who was coying with two Dukes on the rear seat. Daisy took the hint, cut the Dukes and threw him a kiss of acceptance. Cards are out.

AN unique dinner was given by Mrs. Addlepate-Porker at Maderia's the other evening. Mrs. Porker is the wife of the ten-billionaire of Skinskinnatti, and is bidding for society. She had one of the largest porcine specimens from her husband's abattoir sent here, the same weighing nine tons. A barbicue took place, the porker's skin was inflated and dried, and three hundred and sixty people sat down to dinner of seventy varieties of porcine dishes in the mammoth's enclosure, the remains of the feast being sufficient to feed the entire East side for a week. These Westerners know how to do things though.

IT is not true that Bertie Lamkin is now the silent partner of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. He let it out himself.

JOEY MONOCLE, the star starer of the Gauntlet Club, is missed from the front ranks of the plateglass brigade of that fashionable rendezvous. Joey has gone into politics. The last heard of him he was running for the Warden of Sing Sing, at the rate of forty miles an hour, a deputy sheriff on either side. Joey was always a rapid fellow anyway.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Mrs. P. A. Gibson, wife of Ex-Senator Gibson of Pennsylvania, a magazine critic, says of BROADWAY MAGAZINE. "Each issue of your American weekly and monthly magazine constitute an up-to-date library of literature and art which every home, reading room and library should have."

THE duel between Jimmy Gazolyne and the Marquis de Chaffchaff over the subject of respective merits of American and French motorcars, will take place on Hempstead plains next week, the weapons being their own cars, "The Green Bloodcurdler" and "Le Mauvais Loupgarou," each driven at the rate of ninety miles a minute, colliding head on, the largest piece of either combatant found afterward to be declared winner. It is understood that seats on the roofs of all mansions in the vincinity are selling at fabulous rates, and telescopes are in great demand.

IT looks as if His Highness, the Prince of Wales, would not visit us this summer after all. It is said that he is angry with the Swashingtons, of Sizzle Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., U. S. A.

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Broadway Weekly, the Beautiful.

Some of the features in No. 13 of Broadway Weekly were:

Front page in brilliant color of four modish beauties from "Nancy Brown" at the Bijou Theatre.

A beautiful back page of Miss Maud Fealy, America's youngest leading lady.

A brilliant middle page by Frank Parker, entitled "The Awkwardness of Gwendoline"—one of Mr. Parker's inimitable society satires.

A New Hankins' Girl.

Intimate Gossip of New York's Smart Set.

The Smartest Girl in Town.

"Plays and Players of the Week," fully illustrated.

New York's Handsome Cabbie Girl.

"An open letter to Andrew Carnegie."

"Broadway Weekly and the Newsdealers."

A dozen other unique, interesting and beautiful features that are not duplicated in any sense of the word in any other weekly paper.

These features, all printed on the finest wood cut paper in most exquisite mechanical style, make Broadway Weekly a wonderfully interesting paper at 10 cents a copy or $4.00 a year. You can get the first 13 numbers of Broadway Weekly in order to complete your file for $1.00, or Broadway Weekly for the next 3 months (13 numbers) for $1.00.

Order of your newsdealer or direct from publication office.

BROADWAY WEEKLY COMPANY, 121 West 42d Street, New York.

A Great Summer Offering for Our Readers.

Broadway Magazine has several times made subscription offers to its readers, and in every case they have been satisfied and have written in their appreciation of our generosity.

This is hardly the word, now that we think of it, because whatever we do for our readers is done for ourselves as well. At any rate, we always want to satisfy our subscribers. As a rule, the summer months are not the busiest subscription months of the year, and for that reason, the publishers of Broadway Magazine have gone to extraordinary pains in order to procure pictures that would be of peculiar interest to their subscribers.

With a full command of the field, with a full knowledge of the picture world that cannot be surpassed, and in the belief that they know exactly what Broadway Magazine readers want, the publishers have arranged so that subscribers can obtain absolutely free, the following fine portfolios, entitled (1) "Great Statesmen and Soldiers" and (2) "A Series of Musical Masters."

One of these sets will be sent to any subscriber sending $1.00, and also Broadway Magazine for the balance of 1903. You can get both sets by sending $2.00 for which you will also receive Broadway Magazine up to and including July, 1904.

It is not necessary to impress on old readers that the pictures we offer are not chromos, but we beg to inform new readers that the pictures offered in both of these sets, are beautiful, artistic and worth framing in every case.

No. 1, "Great Statesmen and Soldiers."

These comprise the very best pictures that can be found for reproduction of

Paul Revere
Daniel Webster
Lafayette
Admiral Farragut
General Grant
General Robert Lee
Home of Abraham Lincoln.
Benjamin Franklin
William McKinley
Abraham Lincoln

If you get this set of pictures, you will have a patriotic art treasure that will be fit for your drawing room table, for your library or for the walls of the best room in your house.

(Offer continued on lower half of page opposite).

Oh, dear no!

This is not a scene on the Golf Links of the Spiffleton Country Club. It is simply a flashlight of Mr Finney, posing in a scene from "Other People's Money" produced not long ago at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

FASHIONABLE PIETY.

MAY—"Well, good-bye. I'll see you at church, Sunday."

RAY—"Ye-es, if my new gown is ready in time."

BETTER THAN ELECTRICITY.

AGENT—"Wouldn't you like to have a burglar alarm put in your house?"

MR. BINKS—"Don't need it. I've got a wife."

No. 2. "Series of Musical Masters."

These consist of remarkably fine reproductions of the world's acknowledged portrait master-pieces of

Mozart
Young Handel
Franz Liszt
Mendelssohn
Chopin
Richard Wagner
Beethoven
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Handel

Beethoven and his friends.

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All you have to do is to send us $1.00 and we will send you No. 1 or No. 2, and BROADWAY MAGAZINE for the balance of 1903, or if you want both sets of pictures, send us $2.00 and we will send you both sets and also BROADWAY MAGAZINE up to and including July, 1904.

If you want to get pictures for your country house, your city house, your bachelor's den, or your boudoir take advantage of this offer at once as it must necessarily be withdrawn as soon as the supply of pictures is exhausted.

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121 West 42d Street, New York.

Enclosed herewith find $1.00 for which send me portfolio of pictures No.................. with magazine for the balance of 1903, as per your special offer. It is distinctly understood that all express and other charges are to be paid by the publisher.

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Broadway Localettes.

I saw ex-Congressman Splogg at the Holland House the other day. He assured me on his oath that it was on business in nowise connected with submarine boats.

The unusual number of suicides along the Rialto are said to be in nowise attributable to the late Lindinger edict against free lunch as a spite measure against hayseed legislation, but to an actual over-burden of money. Prosperity certainly kills more people than it saves.

A Broadway manager who owns property in Prohibition Park said they had a fire over there the other day, and there was not enough water to put it out. There were only two bottles of water in town, and both were Kirsch.

The municipal departments are all overworked and underpaid. Colonel Woodbury was seen brushing flyspecks off his glasses on Broadway the other day, and another distinguished Colonel across the street was kicking a one-legged man's news-stand into the gutter because the street was not wide enough for one news-stand and one Colonel at one and the same time. Why do not some of our cartoonists fix imperishably the edifying picture of "The Pied Piper of Gotham" whistling through this antique town, with thirty thousand quadrupedal news-stands in his train, with as many thousand cripples, orphans, and widows in the rear? Ideas come slowly to some people.

It is the boast of some folk near Herald Square that the Earl of Pawtucket has made forty thousand dollars within a few months. But it is another Earl who gives Pawtucket the laugh—that is Yarmouth. He made two millions during the same period—in Pittsburg Preferred. At any rate, Earldoms seem to be looking up, and they aren't all of them in the bald-headed row, either.

A great big success was our last month's combination offer of "BROADWAY MAGAZINE" and "BROADWAY WEEKLY."

We make it all over again for the benefit of those who have not already taken advantage of it.

Every reader of "BROADWAY MAGAZINE" should also get "BROADWAY WEEKLY" regularly. To enable you to do so, we make this special offer: Send us $5.00 and we will send you BROADWAY MAGAZINE for the next twelve months, and also 52 issues of "BROADWAY WEEKLY," including the first eight numbers free. We will send these eight issues, FREE, so that you will have a complete file. Send in your order at once, as this offer will be withdrawn and your money returned as soon as the first numbers are exhausted. You can take advantage of this offer by sending direct to publication office or through your newsdealer.

Combination Subscription Blank.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE COMPANY,
121 West 42d Street, New York.

Enclosed herewith find $5.00 for which send me "BROADWAY MAGAZINE" for twelve months beginning with .... number and also "BROADWAY WEEKLY," 52 numbers, together with the first eight numbers free, as per your special offer.

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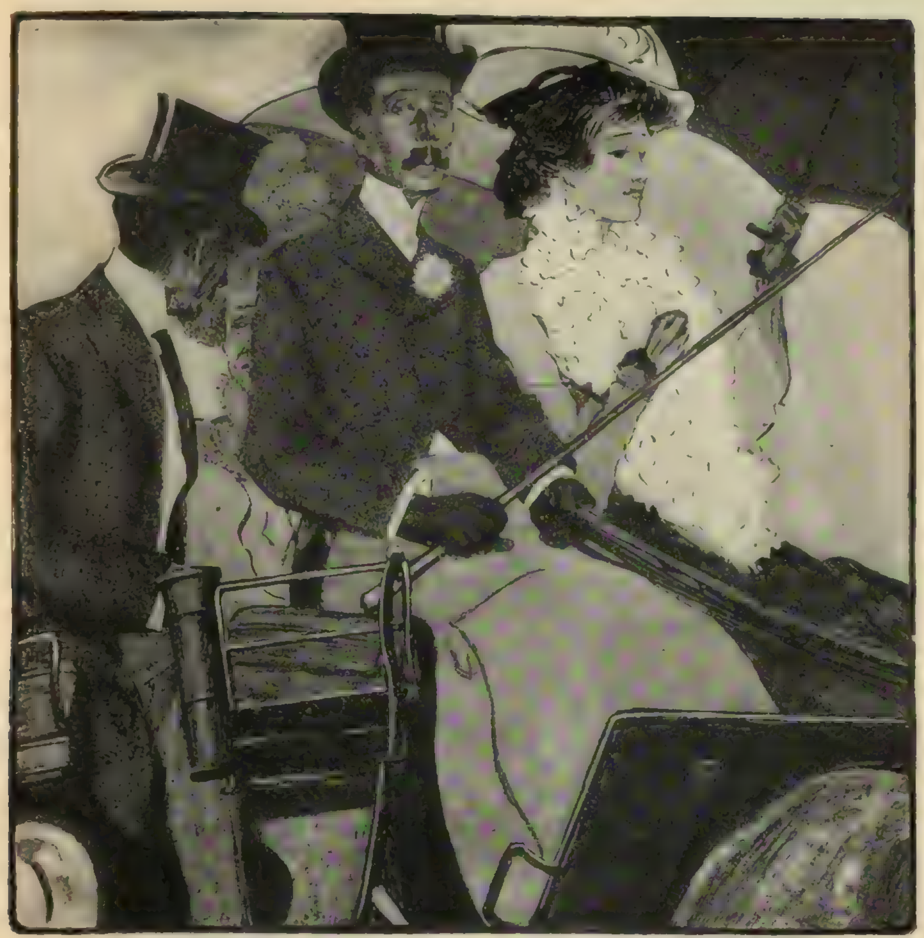

Mr. Ray—Is your husband fond of horses?

Mrs. B.—Oh, very; why he has just ordered a new hunting jacket, silvered spurs and "Howlett's Manual of Driving." He says now the only thing he needs to make him a horseman of the first water is to run into an automobile and break his collar-bone.

CLUB LIFE.

Ray: "Yes, he is trying to organize a new club."

Bay: "I thought he belonged to all the clubs in town now."

Ray: "Yes, he does. That's what suggested the new one."

Bay: "How so?"

Ray: "Why, the new club is designed to enable a man to know just what clubs he belongs to, where they meet and when. Bixby says the idea is enthusiastically received. He wants to call it the Index club and limit the membership to those belonging to ten clubs or more."

BASE FLATTERER.

The presence of mind of an impecunious lover was illustrated recently at a bazar, where there was a stall for the sale of watch charms.

"Oh! George," she said, "buy me a charm."

"Sarah," answered he, "you have too many already."

DRAWING THE LINE.

Mrs. Henry Peck: "Yes, every married man should take the greatest pride in his home ties."

Mr. Henry Peck (angrily): "That's all right, but if you make me any more home ties out of your old petticoats I don't wear 'em. See?"

Google

Photograph by Hall, New York.

MISS MAUDE LAMBERT.

Who has been prominent during the past season as one of the principals in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

CLOTHES INSANITY.

"Yessir, they say that she was one the most popular actresses we had a few years ago," remarked the attendant at the Asylum, "but she's quite insane on the subject of her personal attire."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the married man. "Have they started shutting women up for that! Give me your doctor's address."

APPRECIATED.

There was a very small audience present, and it was rapidly dwindling away. On the stage the hero and the heoroine are holding a rendesvous.

HERO (to heroine): "Are we alone?"

HEROINE (thinking of the audience): "Not yet. There are two fellows near the door who look as if they might be able to sit through another act."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

MISS GERTRUDE QUINLAN

One of the pretty women in "The Sultan of Sulu" which ran for so many months at Wallack's Theatre, New York

SENTIMENT AND BUSINESS.

Youngs—"I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement, because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family."

Oldson—"Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."

TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

Jabbs—"He's making money selling a very clever little paper-weight."

Stabbs—"What is it?"

Jabbs—"Why, it's a striking imitation of a lunch biscuit; looks for all the world like the real thing."

Stabbs—"It is the real thing. His wife makes them."

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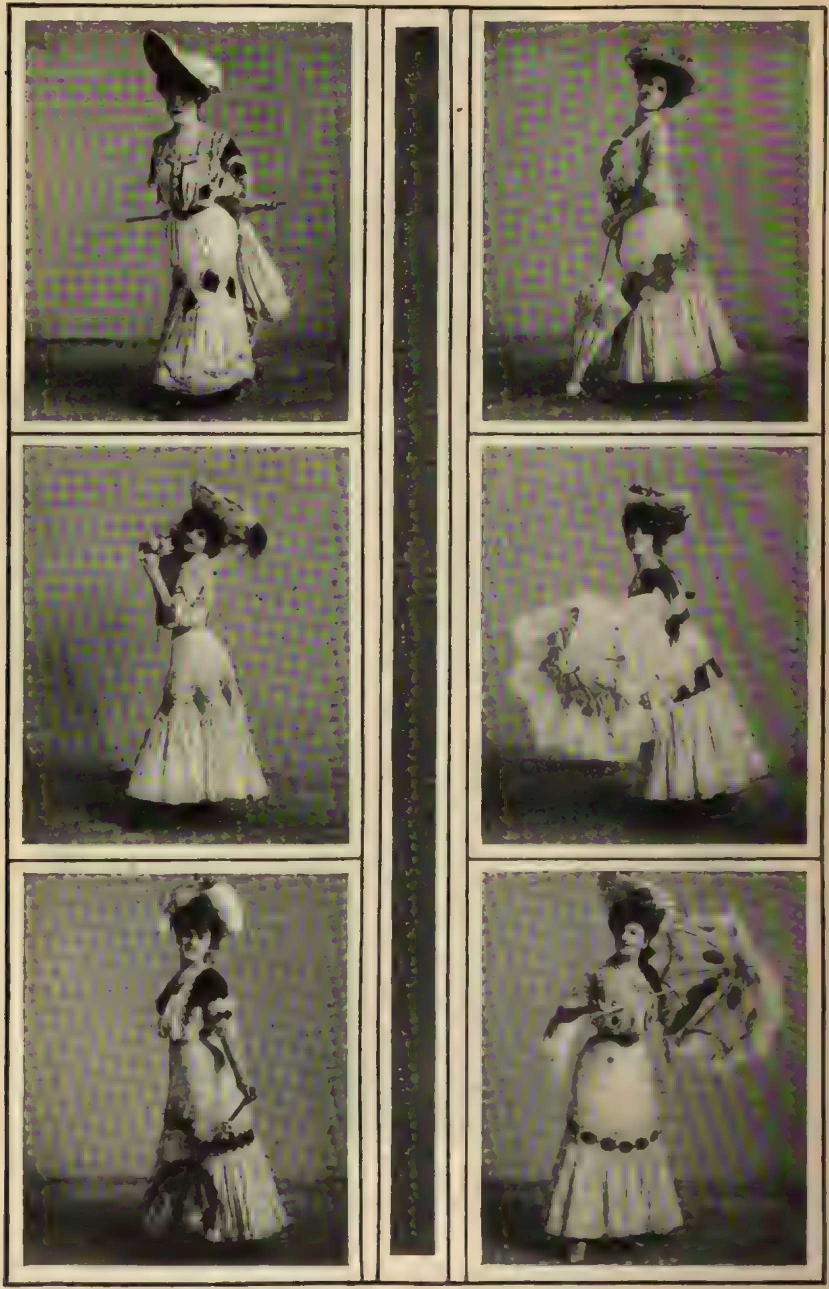

Photographs by Tonnele & Co., New York.

SEXTETTE OF SUMMER BEAUTIES FROM "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN,"

At the Broadway Theatre, New York.,

Miss Holmes.
Miss Clayton.
Miss Macdonald.

Miss Marsh.
Miss Hertwell.
Miss Price.

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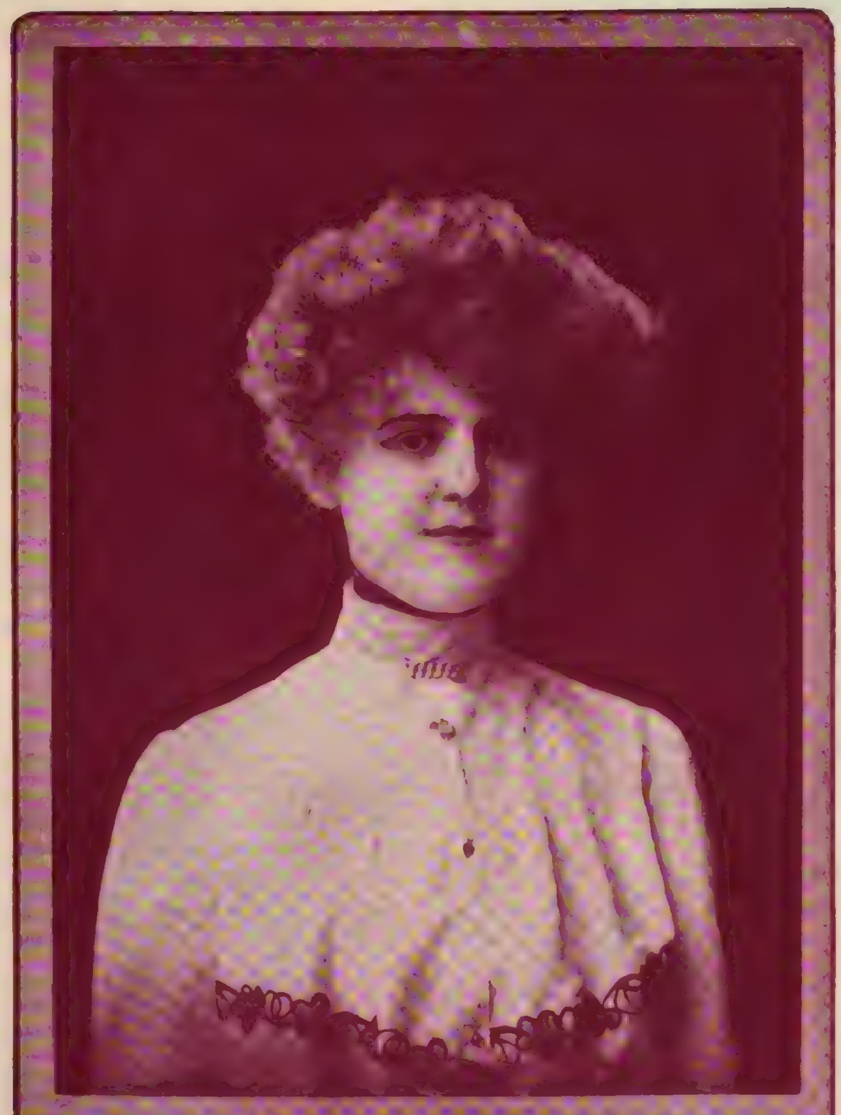
Morrison
·Champlain Building·
N.W. Cor. State & Madison Sts.
·Chicago·

Miss Bessie Doris Van Ness

Who has been all season with Mr. Francis Wilson in "The Toreador." Miss Van Ness does not seem to be annoyed because Mr. Wilson will rest for a year

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SOME FOLKS THE EDITOR HAS MET

With pictures taken specially for Broadway Magazine

HARRY CONOR

Mr. Conor played *Welland Strong*, the invalid in "A Trip to Chinatown," for so many seasons, that he finds it difficult to go through life without the aid of a pocket thermometer and an unabridged edition of "How to Keep Strong Though Healthy." Otherwise Mr. Conor is in excellent health, and as one of the principals in "The Blonde in Black" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, is fairly well settled for the summer.

EDWIN FOY

In Chicago they would not recognize Edwin Foy, as it is "Eddy" out there—even the horse car drivers and elevator boys know him by that name. Mr. Foy has been in "Mr. Blue Beard" all season. He is not only an actor, but is also one of the well-known real-estate owners of Chicago.

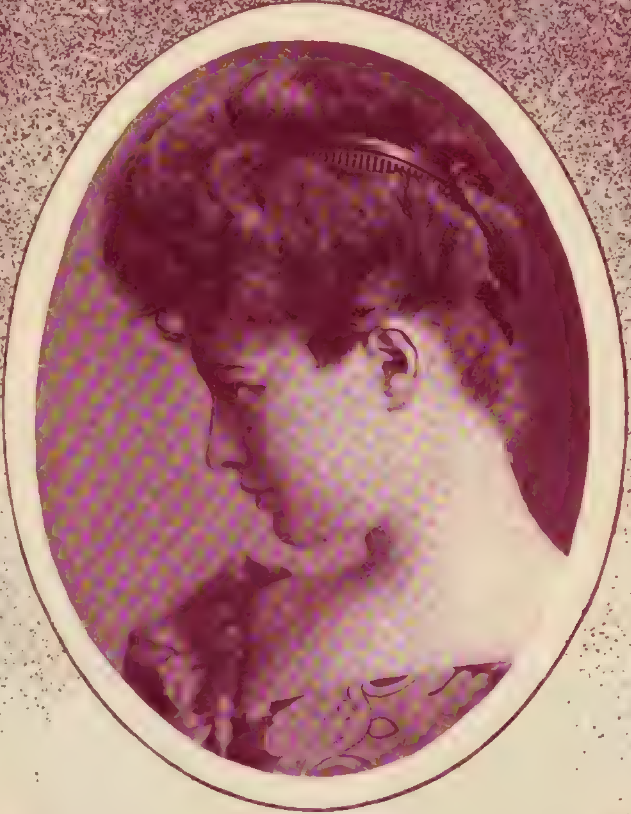
Google

HELEN LATTEN

It would be the easiest matter in the world to say that Miss Latten is one of the bright particular stars in American theatricals, that she is a genius of transcendent ability, and that the effulgence of Bernhardt sinks into utter insignificance alongside the halo of Miss Latten—all of which would not be strictly true. Miss Latten is a notably pretty member of "The Chinese Honeymoon" company, which in itself is not so unimportant.

MARY MANNERING

Miss Mannering is, in the eyes of the average hero and heroine worshipper, doubly fortunate, being the wife of James K. Hackett and, at the same time, a successful star. To my mind, however, she is more strictly fortunate in being able to play rôles that are hardly suited to her personality, and to be accepted in them by a public that is partial to beauty, but which, after all, demands something besides classic features. Miss Mannering is young.



PAULINE FREDERICK

What easier matter than to repeat much of what has been written already about Miss Latten? In fact it would not be difficult to add the statement that Miss Frederick has made Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Carter so thoroughly ashamed of themselves that they will never again appear before the American public. All these things, however, being untrue, though perhaps not uninteresting, could not change the fact that Miss Frederick is not as important as she looks. She is, however, an exceedingly pretty woman, with an ambition as boundless as the Pacific. She has been long enough on the stage to have acquired some *aplomb*.

JULIET CROSBY

Who also has the honor of being Mrs. Frederic Belasco and a sister-in-law of David Belasco. Miss Crosby is the leading lady at her husband's San Francisco theatre, The Alcazar. She is not well known in New York, which is San Francisco's fault, because they insist on keeping her out there practically the whole year round. One of Miss Crosby's notable successes has been made in "Madame Butterfly," and, as Mr. E. D. Price expresses it "in the uncouth story of 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment.'" Miss Crosby has one of the handsomest residences in San Francisco—which, of course, is very nice. She is also a handsome woman, which is very much nicer.

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DEPARTMENTS, HUMOR, EDITORIALS, ETC., ETC . . . . . .

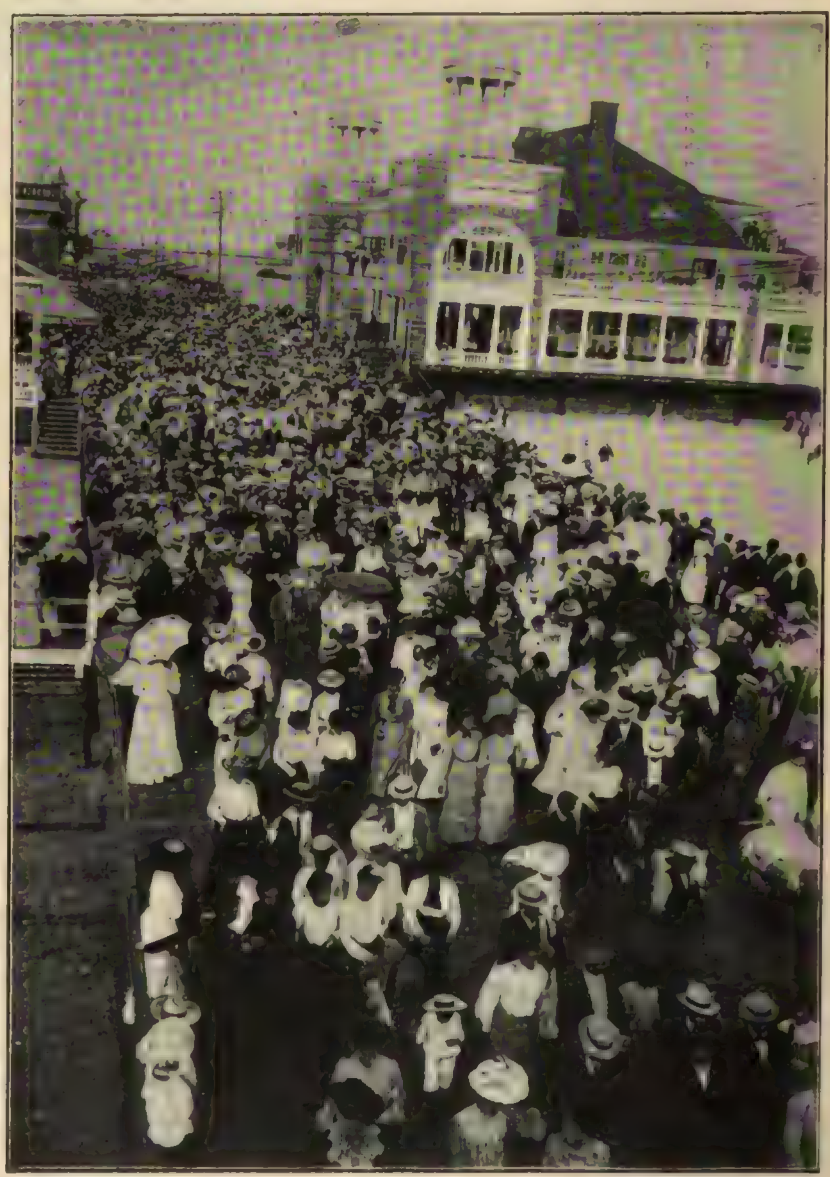
Broadway Magazine's New Dress

On the presumption that nothing is too good for Broadway Magazine readers, the publishers are glad to have the opportunity of calling attention to the new type-dress throughout this number.

While the contents of a magazine are the first and most important requisite at the same time the manner in which the material served to the public is dressed up, is a matter of considerable importance for first impressions are unquestionably the strongest. A quiet, though handsome, style has latterly been adopted by all the first-class American magazines—a style which, though sufficiently direct and important is also artistic and fitting the elegancies of monthly journalism. That is why the publishers have adopted the various though always consistent styles of type to be found in this number.

Compare this number of Broadway Magazine with the high-class publications like *Harper's* or *Scribner's*. The best is none too good for Broadway Magazine readers—either in type, pictorial or literary matter.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE COMPANY, - - - - 121 W. 42nd Street, New York City.



A LITTLE NEW YORK, SOME PITTSBURG AND MUCH PHILADELPHIA ON THE BOARD-WALK AT ATLANTIC CITY

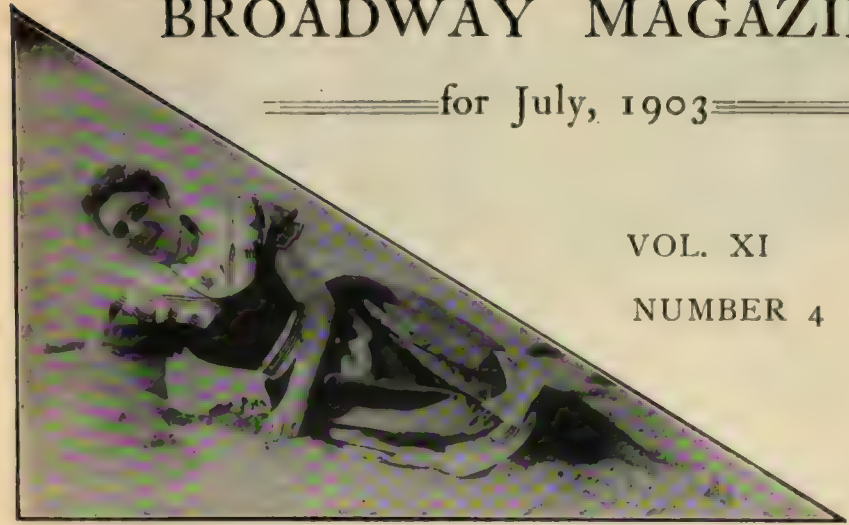
This is a snapshot of a typical Sunday crowd at the New Jersey resort. There are probably more visitors along this board-walk than in the same number of square yards in any other resort in the world with the possible exception of one or two thoroughfares of Coney Island

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

for July, 1903

VOL. XI

NUMBER 4



The way the novices sport in the water amuses her at Cape May

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

By James M. Harte

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY BIDWELL AND BAIN, NEW YORK

AT about this time of year some twenty millions of good and wholesome Americans are engrossed principally in amusing themselves in various ways at the tens of thousands of resorts far and near, that make a strong bid for the great American genus, the Summer Sojourner. This has been an era of unprecedented prosperity, so that there is every prospect of a rich harvest on the part of the caterers to the public throng who hold out every inducement by land and sea to make nature charming, restful and recreative to the tired citizen worn with business struggles and social aspirations.

Summer resorts are of as many different kinds as there are distinct classes of society. Each one has its followers and believers, each has its earnest votary. There are people who have gone to Saratoga every year ever since that inland city became the fashionable resort of forty years ago. Newport is noted as the place where people, whether of the exclusive inner circle or not, go year after year in search of recreation and rest amid the most charming and fashionable surroundings, while Atlantic City likewise attracts a mighty army from Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and other towns of the surrounding country.

Contemplating a dip at Southampton

It is said that five hundred millions of dollars leave New York for Newport every year, although they do not by any means stay there. This huge sum is represented in the millionaire class which owns town houses in the metropolis and which takes its pastime with some exclusiveness and not a little seriousness in the Rhode Island seaport. It is certain that there are here some of the most luxurious cottages in the world—cottages in name only, being magnificent country homes such as grace the great manor

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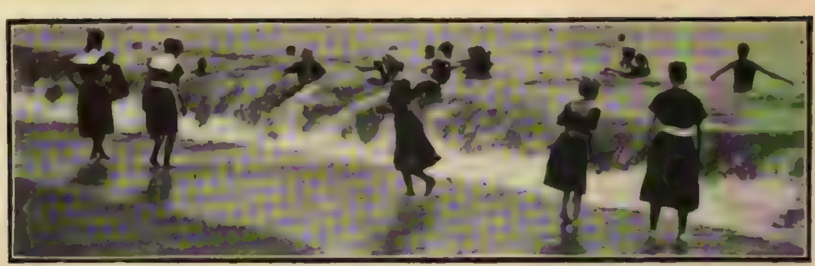

Jumping the breakers at Far Rockaway

parks of the British inland counties.

From Newport to Coney Island seems a mighty stretch, but it is more than borne upon the public that summering is not a class trait, but a general indulgence. It is an institution founded upon precedent and long custom. Americans more than any other people of the world leave their arduous labors behind them for a period and take to the mountains and the seaside. Perhaps because the strenuosity of American life makes it compulsory, perhaps it is the inborn spirit of fun, perhaps the natural restlessness of the American character. At any rate, no particular class is exempt from this passion of "the silly season," and the immense success of Coney Island as a resort for the people of narrow means proves this.

The name of Coney has long been held in contempt by certain pharisaical people who believe themselves to be above suspicion, and yet not without a certain justification. Coney has been rank in times past when political corruption ruled and the lowest element of society of the great metropolis made it a rendezvous. Of late years, however, there has been a change

"The Bowery," Coney Island, on a Sunday afternoon

The long roll of waves on a calm morning, Brighton Beach

The young oarsmen always make a sensation along shore at Newport

for the better, and this year particularly has there been a tremendous stride taken in the attractions and the class of frequenters as well. The establishment of Luna Park and other attractions from the Midway of the Pan-American Exposition had much to do with raising the whole tone of the island, and the police as well as the various other municipal departments have exercised their utmost judgment to purge the name of Coney from the evils which have corrupted it. At present there is not a single objectionable feature, and the attendance has been not only far larger than ever before during the same period, but it has been likewise of a higher grade of patronage.

The beaches in the vicinity of New York have received the attention of the authorities as well, and whereas in former years the sands were covered with driftwood and refuse from the sea, at present there is comparatively little complaint on that score. The burning of the refuse of the great metropolis has contributed to give the beach lines a clear stretch of unpolluted water and the objectionable feature of former years is eliminated.

There is as much sport digging in the sand at Brighton as in the surf

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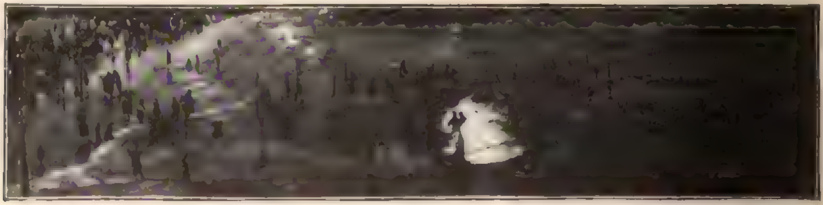
Coney Island is visited by more than one hundred thousand bathers every summer Sunday

The American is developing into more and more of an outdoor personage. He is taking after his English cousin, and, in consequence, all summer resorts have every sort of sportive inducement to draw people thither and to keep them in the open air. The yachting spirit prevails in one section, perhaps, whereas the 'mobiling rage holds forth in another, while golf holds sway at a third. To put up a summer hotel now that will attract the moneyed classes is a matter of tremendous outlay, and yet for all the competition, there is sufficient patronage for them all. Outdoor life is becoming more and more a feature of American character and will continue to develop so long as we realize the value of fresh air and exercise to counteract the strenuous struggle for commerical, social, and political supremacy.

Shooting the chutes is a Coney Island classic

Never has summer opened so auspiciously as this. The various resorts have put up a great repast for the benefit of the sojourners, and millions have been invested in every kind of amusement. The general prosperity of the country has justified the expenditure, for there was never such a rush to the seaside and the mountains as there has been thus far this season. The nearby resorts of New York have been particularly lavish in their hospitality. Coney Island, for instance, has brought thither almost the entire Midway of Buffalo, including no less than fifty distinct features, and at an expense of no less than a million and a half of dollars. Of course, Coney Island is an ideal summer world's fair, since every Sunday there are no less than a hundred thousand visitors, and all the week long during the heated term about



The beach at Rockaway is one of the finest in the world

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Daughters of the smart set of Newport on the way to enjoy a morning dip

Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin (to the right) and her sons being rowed from their yacht to their cottage on the Sound

W. Roby, Robt. J. Collier (in riding boots) and others on the beach on a windy morning half that number, daily. When it is remembered that even on a gala day like the Fourth of July there were scarcely more than one hundred thousand people at the Pan-American Exposition, and all the week long rarely so many as are daily at old Coney Island, it will be seen that with an expenditure of something like fifteen millions of dollars, the loss was very great. The additional advantage of Coney Island is that it will be year after year a great feature, and the investment will remain more or less permanent. By reason of this one may enjoy there at one-quarter the price the very same entertainments which were so attractive at the Pan. It is said that Far Rockaway and other resorts that draw upon New York and vicinity will now invest hundreds of thousands of dollars, seeing the tremendous success which has come to Coney since the recent opening. If this follows, there is sure to be pleasure enough within the reach of the citizens of Greater New York to make amends for any of the inconveniences of a heated season which they are by necessity compelled to bear with Christian fortitude and complacency. One thing is certain, and that is that we live in a fortunate period of our civilized history, considering the few enjoyments that were afforded our ancestors only a few generations since. The men who have catered to the public in an amusement way have made fortunes, and there are greater fortunes still to be made. The public is ever hungry for the new, and the rewards are many.

Any sort of amusement makes a hit at the seaside

Mr and Mrs. Barclay, Mrs. Steven Ulman (laughing) and other society people on the beach at Newport

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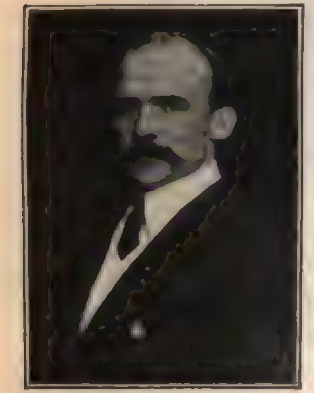
AS OTHERS SEE US

By George J. Bannister

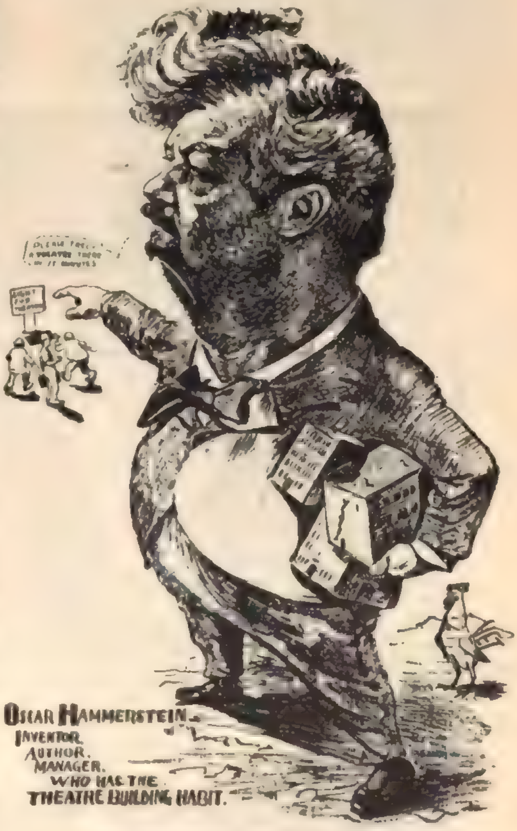
Illustrated with Pen-Portraits of Prominent People by J. S. Anderson



Photograph by Hollinger, New York
J. S. Anderson, "Vet"

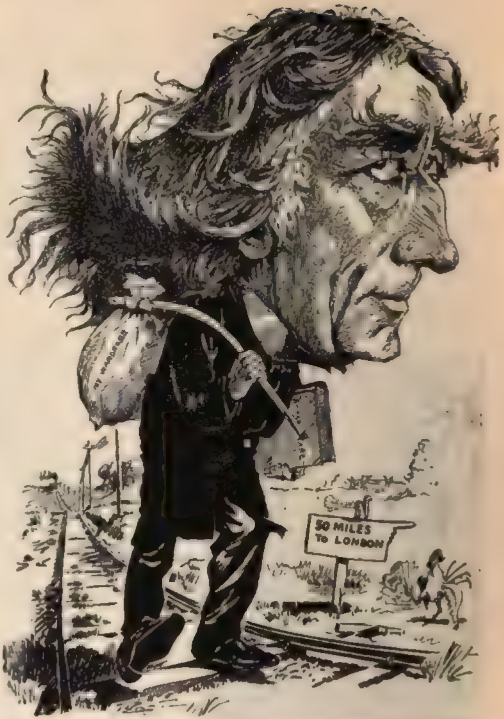
THE men who can write amusing matter are legion, although genuine humorists are few. The most difficult of all is to find a man who can draw funny lines—that is, who can see in the faces of those whom he portrays some subtle individuality, some salient feature, some characteristic which lends itself to caricature without being too grotesque and yet instinct with humor. Men of this stamp are accidents—in other words, they are discovered by accident and rarely achieve what they have accomplished through effort. One might labor for years in so-called schools of caricature and never be able to grasp the situation to a degree which would entitle one to recognition. It is a gift, like the poet's ability to see the spiritual significance of things and for the humorist to see the funny side of life's every-day problems. It was recently said by a prominent editor that if a man desired to start a humorous periodical, he could find plenty of writers who would fill the requirement, whereas the artists who can draw with precision and grace as well as possessing the ability to perceive the subtly amusing points in a given portrait, are so rare that the periodical would surely fail. This is more than ever borne upon the student of metropolitan affairs when one considers that every caricaturist of note has contracted for his output for a term of years, and the rivalry between publishers for the work of the public's favorites was never so keen and the rewards of genius in this direction never so munificent.

There came out of the West some time since a young man who understood his business as an artist, yet who was apparently feeling about in the dark, as it were, for something to guide him toward those channels for which he was best fitted. He came to the New York *Herald*, applied for work, and being found in no wise wanting in draughtsmanship and the keen as well as quick perception of the requirements of a newspaper office, he was enrolled on the art staff. This young neophyte of caricature was Mr. J. S. Anderson, a farmer's son,

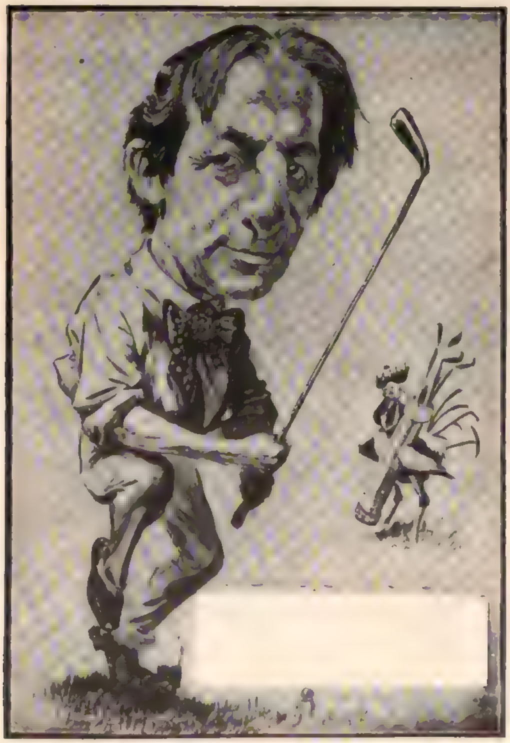


Mr Hammerstein displays his versatility

of the wilds of Bear Lake, Michigan. Mr. Anderson came to New York with a remarkable fund of health and strength, and a capacity for hard work which makes Western men succeed in the metropolis. He did nothing very remarkable, however, until Mr. C. M. Lincoln, news editor of the *Herald*, one day suggested that Mr. Anderson attempt something in the way of caricature, as his work seemed to give evidences of a trenchant sense of satire. The earliest works of "Vet," as he signed himself at that time, and still does, was not characterized by any remarkable individuality, but encouraged by Mr. William C. Reick, city editor of the *Herald* and well known as a discoverer of genius, "Vet" persisted until his drawings became a settled and interesting feature of the Sunday magazine supplement and brought him into national prominence. From that time forth all things were easy. Anderson became an out-and-out satirist, and his drawings were in great demand.



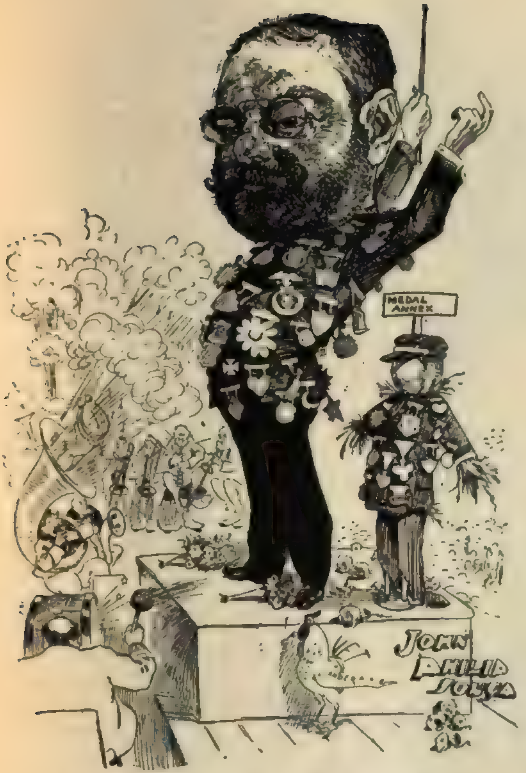
Sir Henry Irving takes good American dollars to London



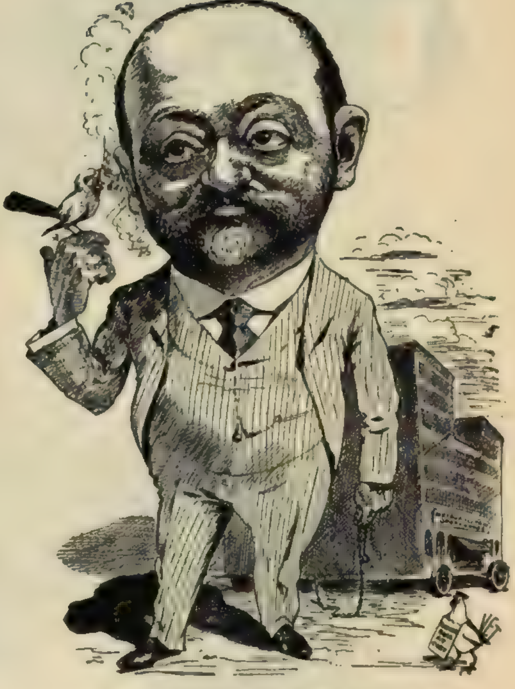
Francis Wilson allows "Vet" to be his caddie

"Vet" differs from the average caricaturist in vogue in many ways. He is first of all, a faithful portrait-artist, and, doubtless, would have made an etcher or pastel portraitist of the first rank. The funny phase of commonplace affairs, however, is too strong with him to be resisted, and faithful as his portraits are, they are nevertheless burlesques of his models—always, be it understood, without offense, never with malice and sometimes with true inspiration. Not only that, but his accessories are likewise fraught with fun, as, for instance, in the case of Mr. Hammerstein with an armful of theatres and his get-to-work manner of doing a little of everything and that well; Mr. Sousa with his medals, Miss Lulu Glaser with her wonderful picture hat, Clyde Fitch with his marvelous versatility, etc. These points give pertinence and timeliness to his work, and while in nowise giving offense, dealing with salient characteristics.

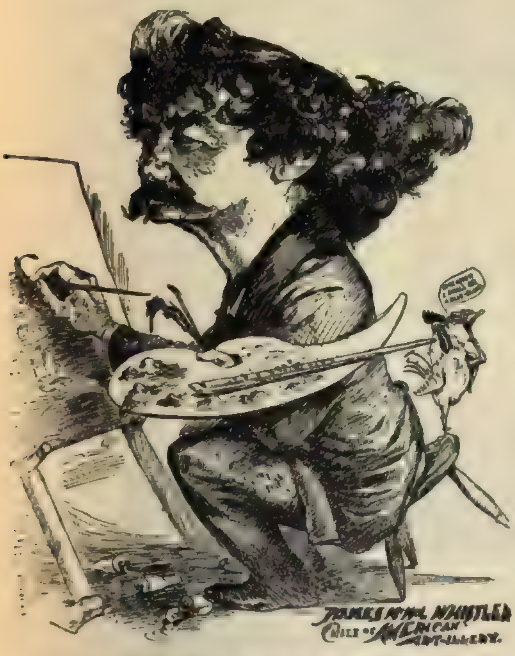
"Vet" does not remember when he learned to draw, and if asked such a


MEDAL ANNEX
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

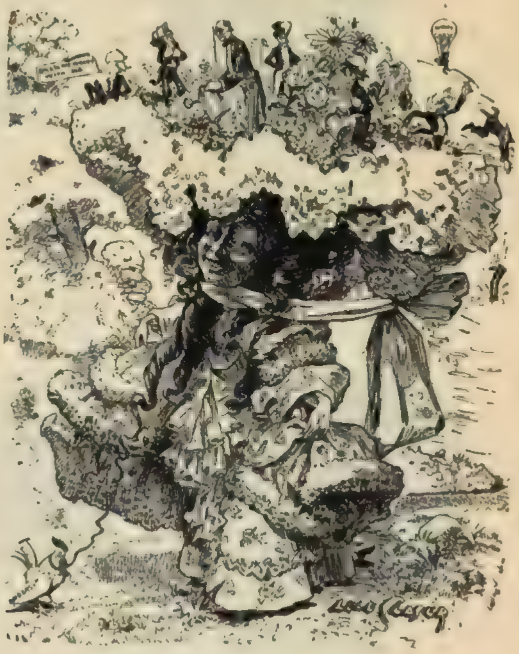
John Philip Sousa makes music for the million



Maurice Grau listens to the song bird


JAMES McNL WHISTLER
CHILE OF AMERICAN ART-ILLERY.

J. MacNeil Whistler in one of his moody moods


LULU GLASER

Miss Glaser's marvelous picture hat

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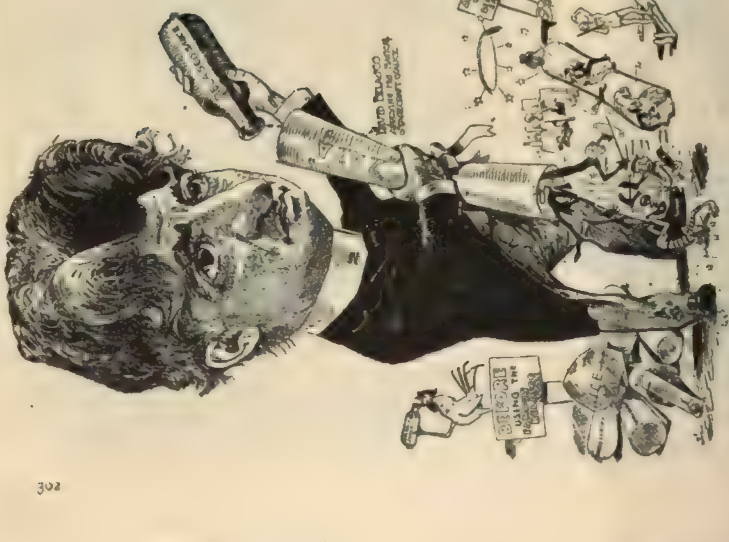
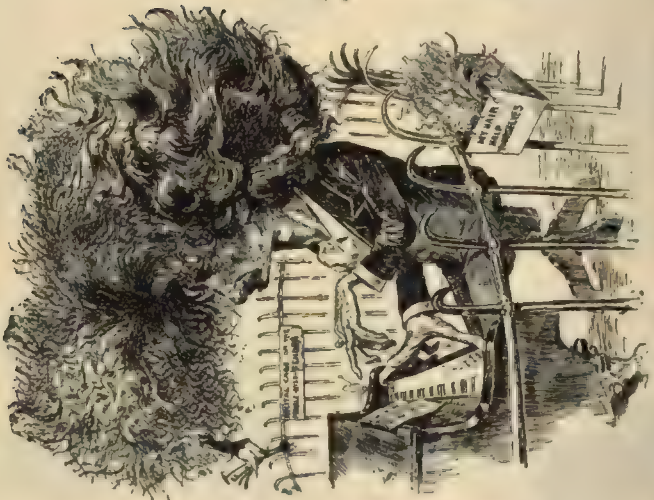
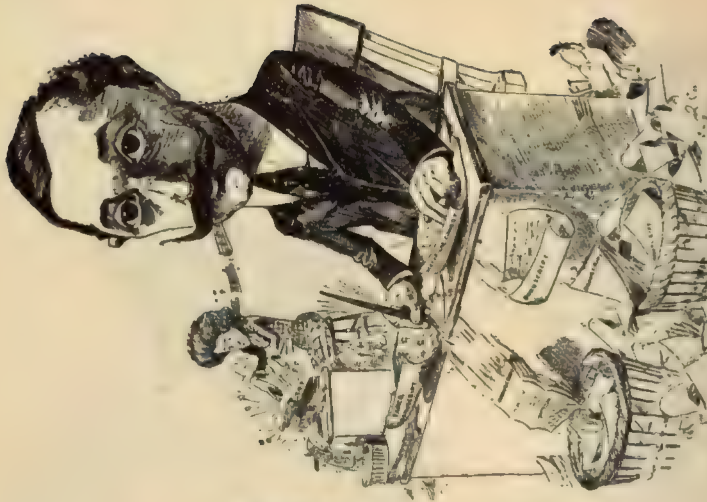
question downright, he would probably say that he was still learning it. However, his first reward of art was at the age of five, when he drew pictures on his slate in the district school—caricatures which drew forth the rage of the wielder of the birch rod. Later he took to sketching from life, and this habit he has continued to indulge to this day. He is often encountered in New York making hasty sketches of queer types, strange and ludicrous situations of prominent Broadway characters. Mr. Anderson does not give away any of the secrets of his art other than to say that, "in order to succeed as a caricaturist one must be conscientious, fearless, energetic, and cultivate a wholesome, sincere point of view. He must never stand still, for his work is of the day. Another thing that is essential is the principle of anti-bluff, as I call it; that is, allowing the work to stand on its own merits, and to do one's best always."



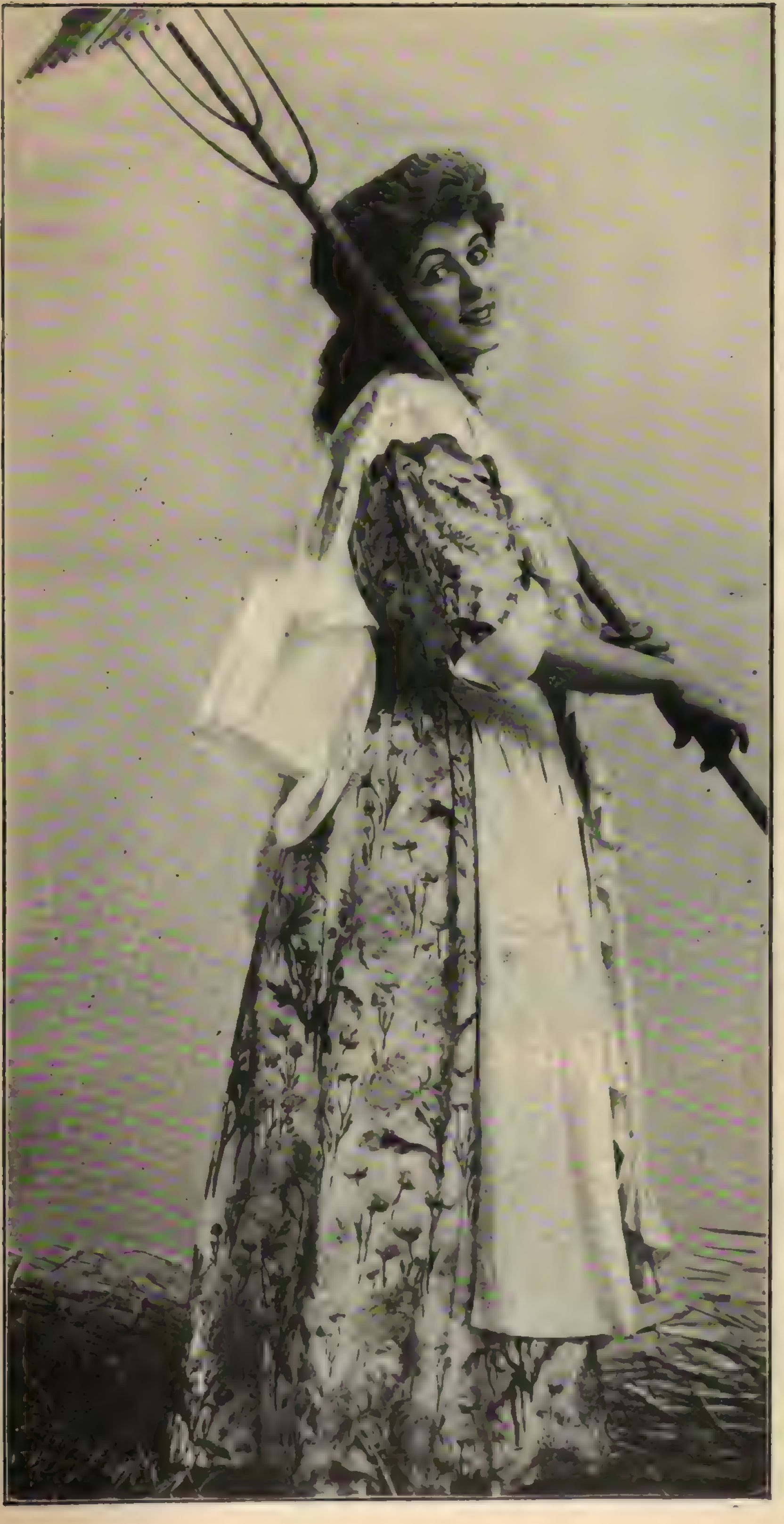
Belasco Sauce is evidently a warm proposition



Ignace Paderewski distributes souvenirs to the matinee maids



Clyde Fitch works both hands, both feet and a typewriter



"THE
GIRL WITH
THE
RAKE"

*From a
photograph of
Miss Grace
Freeman
taken by
The Burr
McIntosh
Studio,
New York*

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OUTDOOR POSING FOR THE CAMERA

By Owen Hitchcock

ILLUSTRATED WITH SPECIAL SUMMER PHOTOGRAPHS

SOME cynic has said that during this season of the year the world is populated with several billions of people, mostly camera fiends. There is good cause for the cynicism. The camera has taken a place beside the many necessary appliances of every-day life. A few years ago photography was a difficult art to master. To-day the handling of cameras is brought to such simplicity that even children manipulate them with no small degree of success. As family records they are invaluable, and for that reason the snapshots of children and of domestic scenes generally are of importance to those concerned, being open chronicles of the progress of childhood, the charm of country life, and now and then a work of real merit from an art standpoint.

Habits of observation are not so easily cultivated. It requires some mental stress, and people are loth to exercise it. The camera habit is a great strengthener of the observing faculties. The man who is a good amateur photographer is usually found to be a man of keen perceptives. It is not always, of course, that excellent results can be obtained. There are difficulties of light and shadow to contend with, the subjects may be out of focus, may not be caught at an opportune moment—either too soon or too late, usually the latter. More than that, the subjects are apt to look self-conscious and thus spoil the chief charm of a photograph—absolute oblivion of the photographer's presence. A picture that is studied is no picture at all, and the true charm lies in the apparent ignorance of the sitter of the fact that a picture is being taken.

Photograph by De Silva and Hill, New York

Among the daisies

This is one of the reasons why children are such ideal subjects for the amateur or the professional. They are incapable of self-consciousness, and, whereas they cannot always be made to look at their best,

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they nevertheless seldom take on that picture-taking look which we see so often in their elders. The first illustration accompanying this article gives evidence of this thorough unconsciousness which makes childhood so winsome.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios

Beauty by the turnstile

There are several camera associations in New York, one of which is a real institution. Yearly prizes are given for the best work, and the display of art by amateurs is remarkable. Such a club is a great spur to the amateur, and the rivalry is very keen. It must be admitted that some of the graduates from amateur photography into the professional ranks have opened new avenues and made it possible to achieve higher flights into the realm of art than hitherto attained. Indeed, the old style of picture-taking has been quite superseded by the development of what might be called the "art study," photographs which combine all the features of photography with those of true art.

Along Broadway and Fifth Avenue one may see the studios of the younger element, prosperous and ambitious, while many of the older have lapsed for lack of enterprise and patronage. The successful studios in our great cities are for the most part run by young men who have graduated out of the amateur ranks, and for whom the art side of photography has great charms and fascinations.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

A frolic with the fawns

This art side presents manifold phases. There is no aspect of city or country life that does not offer immense opportunities to bring out hidden features and latent beauties undiscovered by men of the pencil and brush. Portraiture, while the most interesting branch of the manifold art, since people are first of all interested in people and then in inanimate life, is not all of photography. There are possible to the camera the grand epics of the ocean, the elegiacs of the serene valleys, the heroics of battlefields and of historic reliquaries, with ever the changing gradations of day and night, of light and shadow to give charm and beauty to the most commonplace scenes. Night photography has lately taken on new phases, and books have been written upon the subject from a learned standpoint. Orthochromatic plates, or such as are chemically compounded so as to give the fullest and finest values to colors, have opened a vast field for the development of the color fad in photography, and here again countless volumes have been written to give the adept a surer grasp of the color values of flowers and woods, the face of nature and the "countenance divine" of the human family.

Again, microphotography has interested amateurs to an extent that a cult in this branch has been established, opening a vast field of research. The lens is becoming well-nigh omniscient and is certainly omni-

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present. As no nook or cranny of the great globe seems to have escaped its eagle eye and retentive memory, as it were, so too, are the possibilities every day increasing.

Outdoor photography is becoming more and more popular, while even yet in its infancy. The strides that have been made in the art within the past decade, marvelous as they have been, merely foreshadow what is to come. Every possible feature of the art has been taken up by men with brains, possessing a willingness to sacrifice time and money in the pursuit of the higher art, lifting photography out of the realm of the mechanical into the region of pure art. The rewards are many, for we are writing our history in pictures, and photography offers an open chronicle of our progress in war and in peace. To-day the illustrated periodical takes the lead, for "he who runs may read." The leading newspapers send their men behind the lens into the uttermost parts of the earth in search of the rare and the beautiful, the tragic and the humorous. Millions of dollars are spent every year to bring the scenes of great events to the eye of the public and to show them the progress of the world "through storm and stress," as well as in the "arts of peace." Outdoor photography thus makes for itself a place among the institutions of a progressive nation, and as a field for ambitious youthful endeavor, offers gratifying and ever-increasing opportunities.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

An art study—"Under the Oaks"

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A TYPICAL NEW YORK ILLUSTRATOR

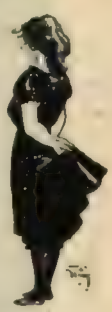
By C. L. Longstreet

Charles H. Wright, and the Work That Has Made Him Known

Photograph by Hollinger, N.Y.
C. H. Wright, Artist

A FEW years since it was quite impossible to get an illustrator to give his talents to a magazine or book for the reason that the engraving process was so long and laborious that only the few could afford it. The wood-engravers at that time had everything their own way, and woe to the publisher of periodical or book who ran counter to these autocrats' demands. The invention of the half-tone process gave the wood-engravers the *coup de grâce* at a single stroke, but whereas it sunk the former under a tidal wave, upon its crest there arose a great army of young men armed with pencil and brush—men who set a high pace and have kept it up ever since, so that to-day illustration is a part of our national institution.

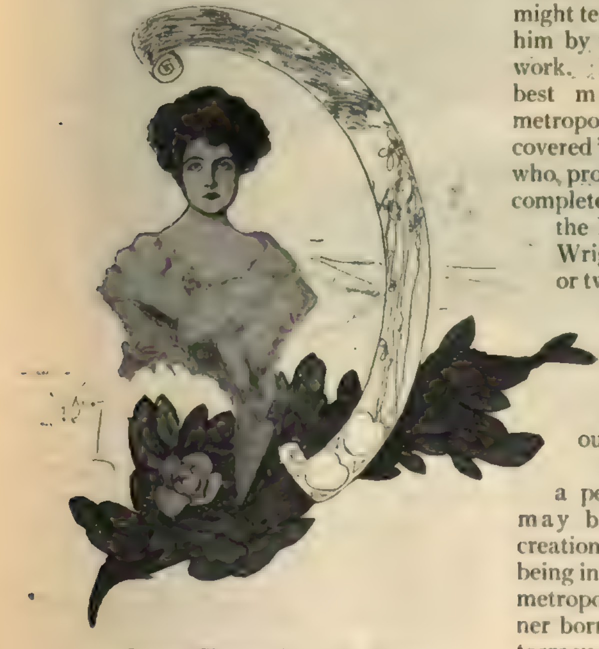
Every year sees the advent of new recruits, some good, more bad, and still more indifferent. As many are called and few are chosen, it may be said that in no calling is there so much mediocrity displayed, and yet in none is the reward for excellence so large and satisfying. The public craves good illustrations, and that periodical which can furnish the best will ever have the largest following.



A Wright Bathing Girl

Among the younger men who have passed through the fiery furnace of metropolitan criticism is Mr. Charles H. Wright, a Westerner who, after passing through several schools in the Middle States, came to New York to discover what more it might teach him and also offer him by way of reward for his work. He studied under the best masters here in the metropolis and then was fortunately "discovered" by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who promptly drew him over to Paris to complete his art education and to work on the Paris edition of *The Herald*. Mr. Wright remained in Paris for a year or two, the special protégé of Mr. Bennett, and on returning to America, took up illustration as a profession, doing excellent work on *The Herald*, and finding time for outside contributions to various other periodicals.

Mr. Wright's work is marked with a peculiarly subtle expression, which may be called an inspiration. His creations live and move and have their being in the up-to-date, active, whirly-burly metropolitan swim. They are to the manner born—not mere patricians of an aristocracy of money. They are the women



A Summer Phantasy by C. H. Wright

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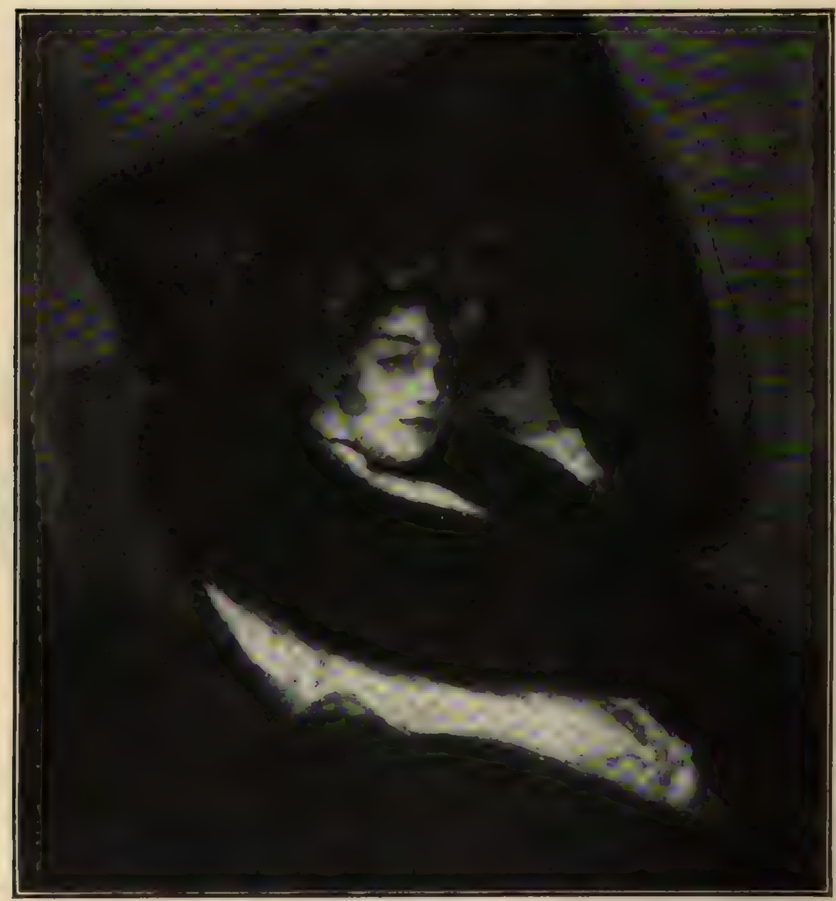
whom we adore—Americans through and through, patriotic and intense, refined and heroic withal.

Mr. Wright has had the advantage in his illustrative work of coming in contact with all sorts and conditions of men—a feature of the metropolitan artist's life which develops him and gives to his work a certain swing and breadth which is otherwise impossible to attain. Of course it may be claimed that this metropolitan spirit is at the expense of repose and that finish which gives a lasting quality to works of art, but there is at the same time a compensation in the rapid portrayal of the types of the town whirl, such as is demanded by our dailies, and this Mr. Wright thoroughly appreciates. He is essentially the artist of the avenue, the salon, the foyer and the thousand resorts where men and women of culture convene, and his sketches are in the nature of impressions, never vulgar, ever refined and sometimes illuminated with a more inspired light.

Personally, Mr. Wright is the typical New Yorker, if so by adoption, being like so many Westerners who have come to the metropolis to make their way, taking up with the fads and foibles as well as the serious features of New York life by a process of assimilation which makes them seem more metropolitan than those born of generations of the Knickerbocker blood. He has a wide circle of acquaintances and entertains in his uptown studio in a charming and unconventional manner.



A New York Girl
A Portrait Study in Crayon, by C. H. Wright

S'CONSET, THE PLAYERS' SUMMER EDEN

By Elmer S. Hartley

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURR McINTOSH STUDIOS, NEW YORK

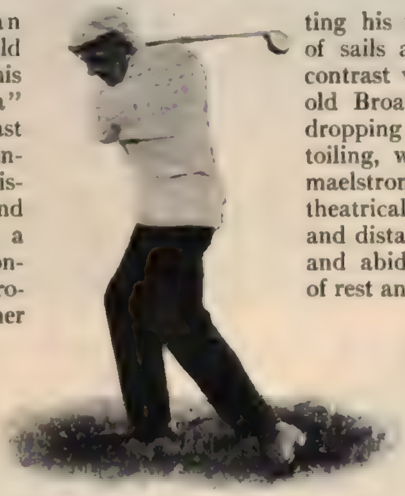


Photo by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

W. H. Thompson making a long drive from the sixth hole, S'conset Golf Club

"SWEPT by ocean breezes" is a mild term for it. This "pearl set in a silver sea" stands miles off the coast of Massachusetts—"Nantucket, the Blessed," historical, tragic, quaint and altogether ideal as a summer residence—colonized from the great metropolitan Rialto as no other spot on the green firmament is peopled. It differs from Newport "as one star differeth from another," from Asbury Park and Ocean Grove as rare orchids differ from the hothouse rose. It is the wilderness of the sand dunes enveloped in the epic poetry of the sea, the silences of nature in repose awakened by the thunders of the billows, with the fresh odors of seaweed and the shrill cry of gulls, the song of the fisherman setting his nets and the flapping of sails along the bar. A great contrast with the hurly-burly of old Broadway, say you—like dropping out of the savage, toiling, whirling, irrepressible maelstrom of metropolitan theatrical life into some dim and distant crater of the moon and abiding there for a period of rest and recuperation.

Well, such is Siasconset, situate some eight miles over the sand bluffs of the island of Nantucket from the port, a sea-girt isle where Alexander Selkirk might have written:

I am monarch of all I survey,
  My rights there is none to dispute;
From the center all 'round to the sea,
  I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

A strange place, you imagine, for a rollicking coterie of Thespians—these chil-

Photos by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Mr. Woodruff condescends to relieve his Japanese valet of a lighted match

Mr. Woodruff can ride one and nineteen-twentieth miles without turning a hair

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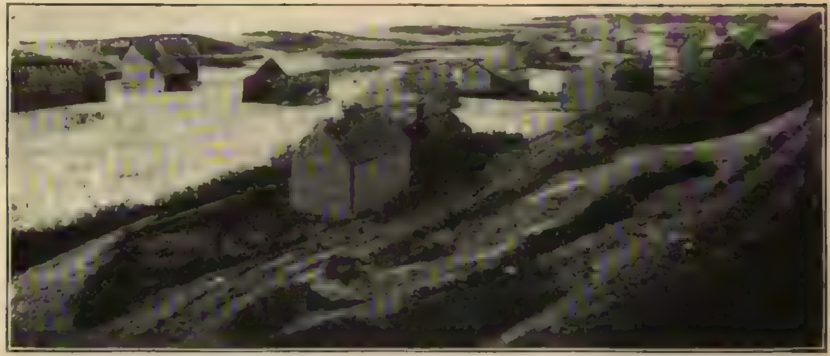

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Fishermen's huts along the beach of the S'conset east shore

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

"Osprey," the old Underhill house, containing museum

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Mary Shaw (on the left) and Nannette Comstock playing medicine ball on the green

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Mrs. Digby Bell taking a snapshot of Henrietta Crosman

dren of the mimic world who live, as Shelley says the chameleon lives, "on light and joy"; who thrive on applause, and to whom a dulcet line in the critic's column and the clatter of glove-splitting through parquet and balcony is sweeter than the breath of ocean, more inspiring than all the music of the spheres. And yet there they are, a merry band, indeed, taking life with all the negligee of princes at a forest meet, knowing one another intimately enough to appear together in the unconventional dress of the

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Group on piazza of Woodruff cottage: Mary Shaw, Harry Woodruff, Nannette Comstock, Digby Bell, Frederick Perry, Charles Henry Meltzer, Miss Meltzer, Walter Hale, Mrs. Hale, and other guests

Another snapshot of the same group on piazza of same cottage, with the same players looking at the same camera man

far-away seashore, joining in all their sports alike, sharing equally in the pleasures of fishing, yachting, cycling, golf, the after-dinner song and the festive "rubber."

The photographs herewith give more than a clew to the personnel as well as the surroundings of the Actors' Colony of S'conset, and were the fruit of a fortnight's sojourn there by Mr. Louis Blum, of the Burr McIntosh Studios Company. The island is historical. There are houses there which were built early in the seventeenth century, and other relics of pre-colonial days.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

The curio room in "Osprey," the Underhill museum house

There is, perhaps, no class of people who enjoy themselves together more than do actors when the onerous duties of the stage are thrown off and they are far away from the bickerings, enmities and strife of the metropolitan struggle for fame and fortune. It may be true, as many have affirmed, that actors and actresses generally have the bump of jealousy more abnormally developed than the majority of mankind, but whether this is or is not a truism founded on experience, it is nevertheless a fact that in the clear atmosphere, lovely scenery, general comeraderie and the amenities of clever people unbending to the vacation mood dispels all clouds and makes Sciasconset a veritable Arcadia of peace, plenty and good fellowship.

Nor is it all play, by any means. There is serious work between times, and many an hour in the quiet of the morning or at twilight some aspiring or already fixed star in the theatrical firmament may be heard

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Photo by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

The Misses Isabel Irving, Nannette Comstock and Lotta Linthicum making believe they are real farm hands

invoking the wild, wild waves after the Demosthenian manner of old, or hidden away in some cloistral nook, "conning by rote to cast into the teeth" of the public the sonorous lines of the coming production. In fact, it is said that one of the sights of the sea-girt isle, and one worth an eight-hours' trip from the metropolis, is to see Aubrey Boucicault pacing the summits of the sand dunes like an Olympian god, rehearsing from a forthcoming drama clenched in his nervous left, while far down the drab-toned shores, whipping his locks against the rubescent twilight,

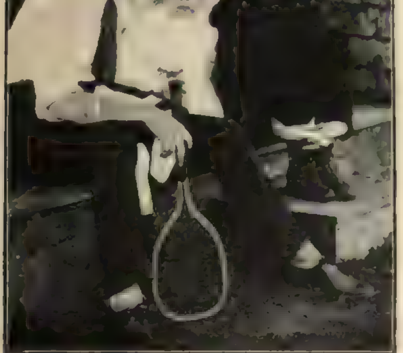

Photo by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Maurice Campbell, his wife (Henrietta Crosman) and their two sons

Photo by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Miss Isabel Irving studying a part under charming auspices

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Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Mary Shaw running over a new piece of music for the benefit of the pleased Mr. Woodruff. The accident was not reported to the police

Charles Henry Meltzer is seen striding along the salt-washed level compounding verbal paradoxes for the Philistines of a perverse generation, now and then lapsing into verse, anon rolling his eyes in fine frenzy over a peculiarly apt phrase.

Then there is Digby Bell, a family man in all the word implies, romping with Maurice Campbell's brownies, with Henrietta Crossman and Mrs. Digby in the background watching it all with a *Hausmutter's* calm complacency. Then comes the quiet meet on the veranda of Harry Woodruff's cottage, when Marie Shaw, W. H. Thompson, Frederick Perry, Isabel Irving, Nannette Comstock, Walter Hale and wife, the Meltzers, *pere et fils*, Lotta Linthicum, and a score of other interesting personages more or less known to fame, foregather to spin the latest yarn, indulge in the mild badinage of the Rialto, sing a song and plan the following day's diversions, with Mrs. Greenleaf Sotherland, the dramatist, joining the ranks later in the evening after a hard day's work over her new play, and Vincent Serrano dropping in for a rubber at whist.

It is certainly an idyllic life that is led by these Thespians by the sea, and it must be admitted that for once birds of a feather have flocked to the right spot, "far from the madding crowd," and the distractions of fashionable resorts which are their abhorrence.

And when the summer is over, and the players return one by one to scenes of activity, it is with a longing regret for the wholesome out-door life of S'conset. The season at S'conset must necessarily be a somewhat short one, because the professional player often begins rehearsal for the new season's work as early as August first, and from that time straight through to October, S'conset resumes, gradually, its normal aspect and the quiet uneventful existence of seashore and fishing life takes its course until the coming of soft winds in the following June.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DRAMATIC SCHOOL

By James K. Killoran

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR BROADWAY MAGAZINE

TO paraphrase the prophet, "of making many actor-folk there is no end." The Rialto of the great metropolis on a bright day looks like Main Street of Boomtown on circus day, or the platform of the railroad station of Strenuous Corners when the presidential train is due. It is for the most part a prosperous motley—a conclave of kindred spirits who have tasted most of the comforts of life and some of the luxuries. There are some in "the sere and yellow leaf," some grown patriarchal in the guild, many more full of the buoyancy which comes with youth and success. Now and then there is a pathetic note or even a sad one, but it is rare, and actual beggary, never. It is no wonder then that the stage, which offers such immunity from the bitter drafts of life, should attract swarms, hordes, armies of the youthful, the romantic and ambitious, the talented as well as the obtuse, the beautiful and the plain, the hopeful and the hopeless.

And yet, strange to say, the demand for excellence in stagecraft as in almost every other profession, for that matter, always moves in advance of the supply. It is for this reason that clever people, realizing the commercial possibilities of the situation have established here and there dramatic schools of more or less excellence, and have found them profitable. But even these have not succeeded in glutting the market. Every year they have turned out graduates of more or less ability and promise; but while we are building theatres at a rate which would have been thought madness a decade ago, while we are producing plays in astonishing numbers, and stars are still looking for the great American play as the public is still star-gazing for the great American actor, the supply of talent never exceeds the demand. Realizing this, Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, of the Theatrical Syndicate, started some time since, and now have upon a firm and successful basis a free school of dramatic art, singing, dancing, and various instruction relative

Photograph by Hall, New York

Four clever young dancers rehearsing

to the Thespian art. As this syndicate alone employs more than two thousand persons in various capacities throughout the theatrical season, it is seen that they can guarantee a reasonable certainty in the matter of employment after a suitable degree of proficiency has been attained.

The new free school is under the management and direction of Mr. Ben. D. Stevens, with the equally well-known stage director, Herbert Gresham, as instructor in dramatic reading. Frederick Solomon, who is a leader and a thorough musician, becomes responsible for the pupils in the matter of music, and Edward Weyburn has in charge the classes in dancing and concerted movement. These instructors are also the stage and musical directors of the Klaw & Erlanger productions, and are men of practical experience in every branch of stage work.

The announcement of the big project some months ago brought applications by the hundreds. Naturally there were scores who had an inkling of a notion that they were fitted for a stage career who still lacked the necessary incentive and encouragement to make the start. In these there were found some of genuine promise. There were no requirements other than those of general fitness. The ages of the young men were required to range between eighteen and twenty-two, the young ladies from sixteen to twenty. All who did not come within the range of these age limitations were of course rejected without even an examination.

The process of examining the applicants was a prodigious task and was a matter of some days' hard work. Voices were tested in range and volume, each applicant was noted as to face and figure, general standard of intelligence, etc. More than 700 pupils were selected out of the entire list, enrolled as prospective pupils and entered immediately upon their course, the school being declared formally opened. Since this inception there have been more than 100 pupils added to the roster, and more are being received into the classes every week. To-day the institution stands unrivaled as to numbers, and is undoubtedly the greatest free school of dramatic art in the world.

The classes of the free school do not meet in an empty chamber, but on the stage of the Knickerbocker Theatre at ten o'clock in the morning, continuing the session till three in the afternoon. It is here that they have the advantage of contact with stage affairs and the spirit of the place. There are no formalities. Work is the only thing in hand, and the discipline is strict. Music is generally the opening feature, the pupils being placed in groups according to voice and degree of proficiency, and Mr. Solomon proceeds with the drill. The director listens to every pupil individually, bringing out all the unique talent that is discovered. By this method, after only a few weeks of training, the average of the chorus is very gratifying. Some of these who have been selected from the rank and file have given great promise and receive individual instruction.

The musical feature being over, the dancing lessons begin, and the class is turned over to the care of Mr. Weyburn. It was this gentleman who arranged and produced the beautiful dances and marches seen in such attractions as "The Billionaire," "Mr. Bluebeard," and others of like note. Mr. Weyburn has several assistants, some well known to fame, as, for instance, Miss De Voie and Mr. Frank Young, both having danced themselves into public favor.

Lessons in dramatic reading follow the dancing instruction. These are under the direction of Mr. Gresham. This department has not yet been brought to the perfection which the others have, but sufficiently so to demonstrate the efficiency of the system. Mr. Gresham has won his spurs as a stage manager and producer of plays. He gives the pupils each day a certain amount of matter to commit to memory and tests to the utmost the natural abilities of each in the matter of memory, reading aloud, inflexion, expression and voice. Other departments will be instituted as soon as the progress of the pupils warrants, and other features introduced.

The Klaw & Erlanger Free Dramatic School is unique. It offers to deserving young men and women an opportunity to develop their individual talent under conditions never before offered. Stage mechanism and the atmosphere behind scenes is very essential to the fullest development of the new recruit and this advantage no other school than the stage itself affords. During the time the young women are being

Photograph by Hall, New York

Frederick Solomon, Music Director, coaching specially apt pupils with high soprano voices

coached, they are in charge of a matron who has supervision over their conduct and their apartments, and who regards their needs and comforts from every standpoint. There are also attendants for the young men pupils, whose duty it is to see that there is preserved that decorum and discipline which is so essential to progress, and by every means in the power of the promoters of the institution the pupils are given to understand that they are there for the most serious of concentrated purposes, both for themselves and for those who have their interests at heart. The pupils fully appreciate this, and there is yet to be found a single instance of breach of discipline or decorum, there being only seriousness of purpose and natural gratitude accruing from the efforts of the projectors' laudable efforts.

Audiences of the coming seasons will appreciate the value of such a school, for no longer will they be pained by unrehearsed and incompetently drilled choruses singing wretchedly and conducting themselves in such woeful contrast with the stars and their immediate support. There is also the possibility of bringing out some great star, or a galaxy of them, which is in itself a sufficient recompense for so much expenditure of money and personal endeavor.

Photograph by Hall, New York

Dancing instructor instructing class in concerted movement

Photograph by Hall, New York

Class "A," in dancing, ninety pupils

There have been many attempts previous to this to establish a school of acting in New York such as would meet all the many requirements of a metropolitan stage. The late Augustin Daly had some such scheme in view at one time, and others have seen the necessity for such an enterprise and met it with at least elaborate plans which never came to practical issue. In a measure, every stage is its own school, but it is also true that whereas no bank in the world would think of taking into its employ a young man of ordinary rudimentary education, persons of various ages have the notion that in order to go on the stage, all one has to do is to break the way in at the rear entrance and stay there. In many cases that has proven true, and many is the successful young man who has first of all been one of the ushers, one of the scene-shifters or other menial about the playhouse. However, that is ancient history, for men of mark in the profession are not made that way nowadays.

Photograph by Hall, New York

A particularly apt pupil given instructions in individual dance

As it is more and more true that college graduates are becoming the leaders in metropolitan affairs, so it is equally true that the leaders of the stage are more and more the graduates of some good dramatic school. This idea was expressed very forcibly by Miss Grace George in a recent interview, and her advice was that a person feeling that he or she could succeed on the stage was to seek the advice and the help of some practical person who has gone the hard road and stands in a position to point the way to others whereby the pitfalls and disillusions of the novitiate may be spared them.

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, however, are the first to put to practice this admirable idea in such form as to be available to all. It is no longer a question of pull or of money influence—only merit decides the question of qualification, and one thing is certain: if the novice finds that he or she does not succeed as a pupil, there is not much hope whatsoever on the stage proper. Therein is this school doing a great service to the profession as well—by weeding out the incompetents and offering to the public only the worthy.

The population of America is composed of some sixty-eight millions of people, half of whom believe sincerely and truly that they can entertain the other half on the stage, and would do so if they but had the chance. However, the fact that every enlightened person is more or less of an actor or actress, is the real reason why the profession succeeds so well. It was Macaulay who said something the same about poetry—that almost every person of culture could and did write more or less really good verse, but it remained to the one who did excellently what many did well that gave the favored one such a grand lead in public estimation over all competitors.

We are all more or less born actors and actresses, perhaps, and that is why we enjoy the stage in all its glory and patronize it to the extent of about thirty millions of dollars a year, a large percentage of which gets into the hands of the winning talent which charms us with the art in which many succeed passably well and a few make lasting fame and at least a fortune.

It is certain that the experiment of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger will be watched with interest, not only by the profession at large, but by the theatrical managers of the many large cities of the country, who, if the project comes to successful issue, will doubtless follow so practical a lead.

Photograph by Hall, New York

Frederick Solomon instructing a large class in sight reading of music

Photograph by Hall, New York

A lesson in fancy stage dancing by the chief instructor

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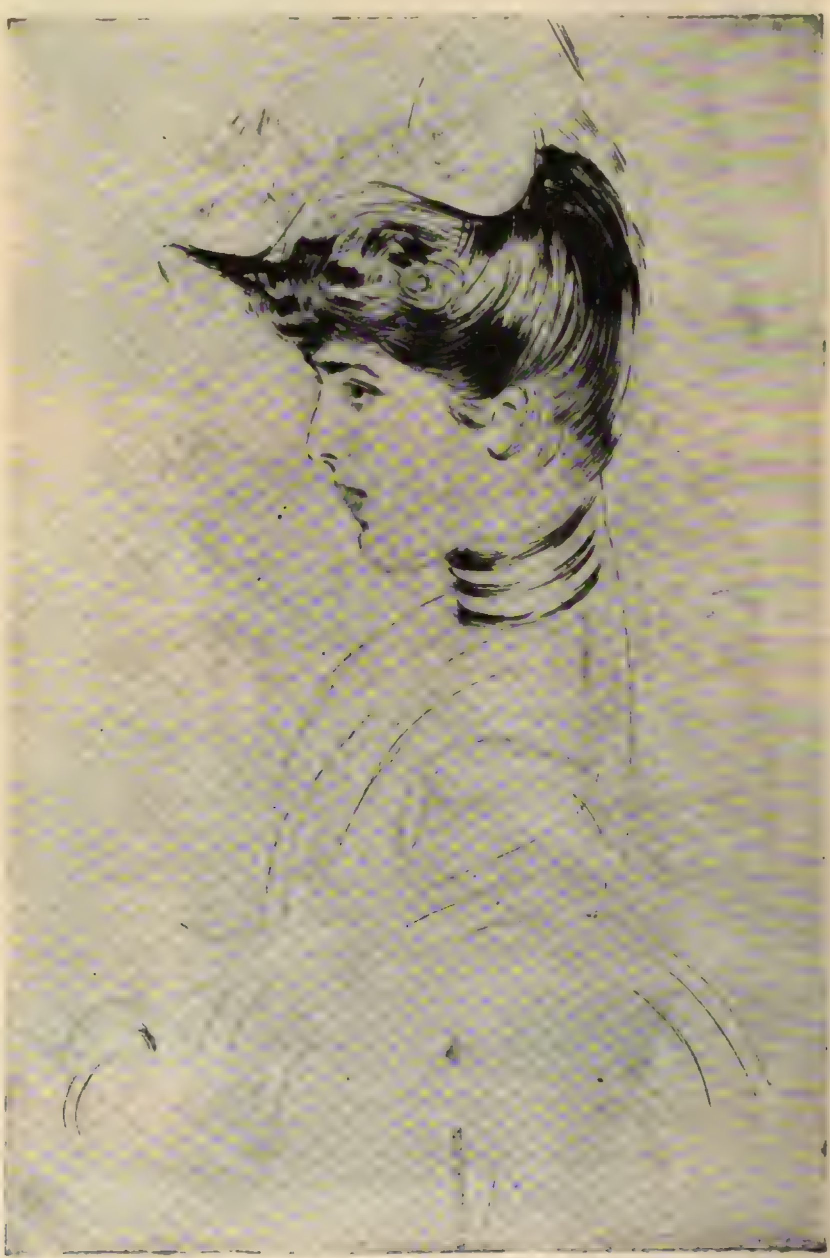
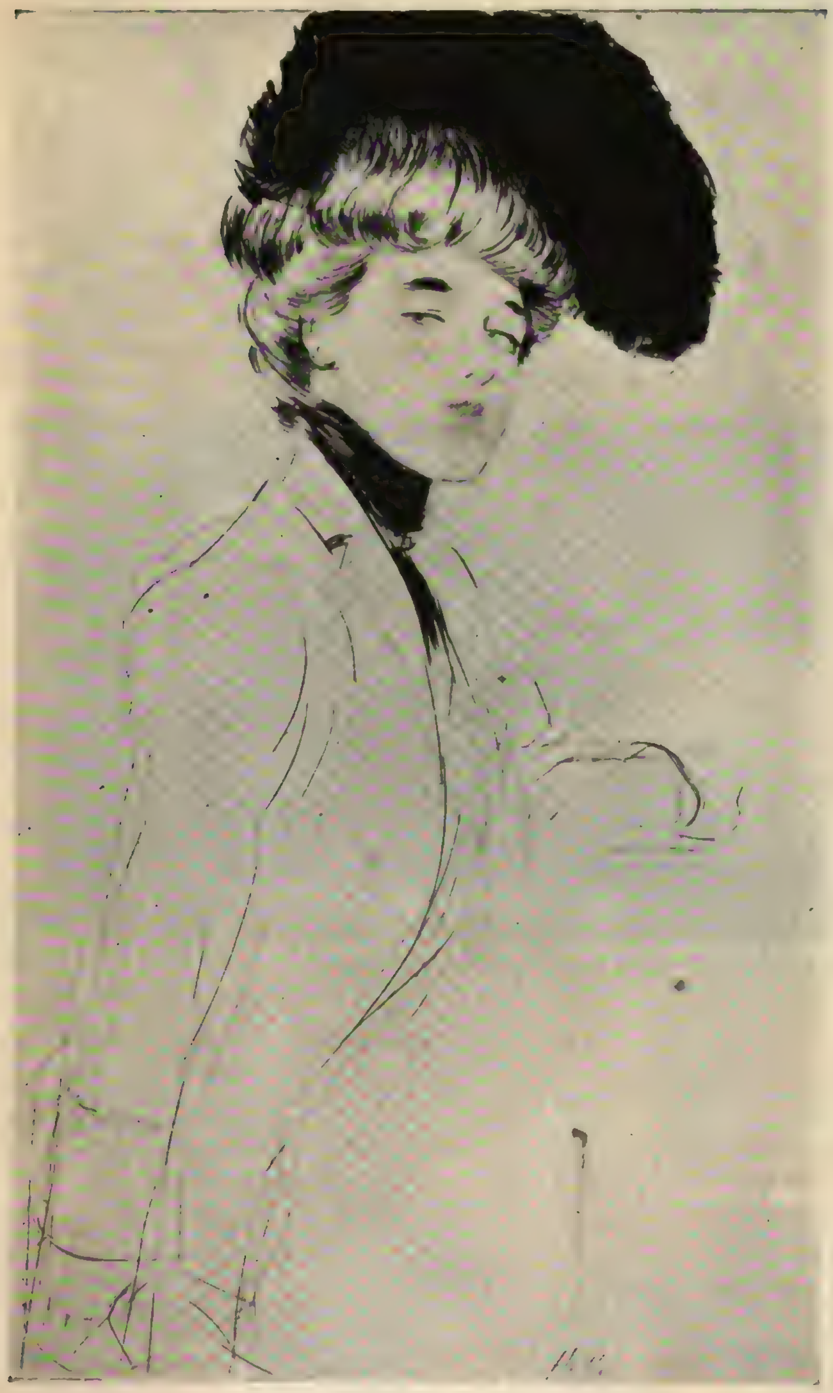
TWO NEW AND BEAUTIFUL HELLEU SUBJECTS

Helleu is the famous French dry-point artist who makes his drawings directly on metal, and who is generally acknowledged by critics to be the cleverest dry-point artist in the world



"Her Grace, the Girl."



Portrait of Miss J—

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IN DARKEST NEW YORK

CHERRY HILL, THE WICKEDEST SPOT ON EARTH

By John K. Lippmann

IT may not be strictly a truth in the concrete that Cherry Hill—that district of New York which lies on the lower East Side of the metropolis, overshadowed by the approach to the great Brooklyn Bridge—is actually the wickedest spot on the face of the globe, but in the abstract it is a truism. In point of fact, the regions of crooks in various cities of the world are more scattered than in New York, and cover a larger territory. In this city, most efficiently policed as it is, crookdom is concentrated, and every man with a suspicious cloud hanging over him, is so closely watched, that sooner or later he drifts into the realms of the quarter which includes "The Burnt Rag," "Mag's Roost," "Blind Man's Loft," and a score of other rookeries which are successful hiding-places, where every sort of crook congregates and every scheme for the extorting of money by criminal means is hatched. In spite of the fact that the best detective service of the city is directed toward Cherry Hill, robberies are of daily occurrence, and as the writer pens these lines there is a paper before him giving details of two stabbing affrays and a sandbag mystery in which an unknown man met foul play at the hands of ruffians, who do not hesitate at murder if detection stands between them and the object of their combined greed. This, it appears, was a case of revenge, in which one crook, having been suspected of giving to the police information that led to the rounding up of a gang, found his own medicine meted out to him.

Photograph by Robertson, New York

Old Colonial Mansion in Cherry Hill, once owned by one of the old-time smart set, now a rookery and infested with crooks, the headquarters of a gang recently broken up by the police

Cherry Hill, in ye olden tyme, be it known, was a very aristocratic neighborhood, whence its name. It was in the days when the City Hall was quite out of town, so to speak, and there were situate upon Cherry Hill some of the mansions of the wealthy whose names are handed down to us and found to-day in the pages of the *Social Register*, the Blue Book of the metropolis.

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As the northward trend of development followed, the old mansions were one by one abandoned; in some cases they were replaced by tenements, in others by manufacturing concerns, but there are still many fine old specimens of colonial architecture throughout the district, which are the delight of the artist and the historian.

These old mansions have been the scenes of vile intrigues, conspiracies, murders and crimes to an extent incredible. In fact, as one police magistrate expressed it, Cherry Hill is ankle-deep in human blood. The gangs that infest this quarter—and there are scores of them, each with a single head and bound together by oaths as strong as those of the Mafia—have gone forth on foraging tours through the various parts of the city and even into other cities of the East, making the rich and the poor alike their prey. The gang is the essential power of the precinct, and New York has had its gangs ever since the famous Five Points gang, which made New York a byword to the nation a quarter of a century ago, and the Whyo gang which followed.

I was interested in reading in a New York daily paper some time ago a court story in which Judge Leroy Crane figured. Judge Crane is accepted by many as the Solon of the New York bench. He meets every type of humanity in his court work and makes his decisions with his heart as well as his brain. Although I always have considered him a particularly close observer, I cannot help being surprised at what he is reported to have said to some youngsters who had been arrested for playing ball on upper Fifth Avenue on Sunday. The officer who made the complaint remarked that the boys were quite as bad as the downtown youngsters, to which Judge Crane replied: "Why, the boys of Cherry Hill are better than those of Fifth Avenue."

Judge Crane was either reported incorrectly or else he had forgotten his own experience in the downtown courts. A more unsavory, devilish and malicious lot of youngsters is to be found in Cherry Hill than in any other spot of the world, bar none. This does not mean that some children in that neighborhood are not as they should be, but it does mean that if you want to find pure unadulterated cussedness in the juvenile world, all you have to do is to hunt through the nooks and crannies of Cherry Hill and you will be surfeited with the real article.

In the museum of the Department of Police there is a coil of thin, tightly plaited rope which bears a tag upon which is printed: "With this rope Danny Driscoll was hanged," thereafter following details of the crime of murder (he stabbed his sweetheart to death for fancied treachery), the date of the crime, conviction, execution, etc. Driscoll was a typical Cherry Hill gang leader and his execution, while in nowise deterring the formation of gangs, was wholesome in its general effects, for before that time the leaders were supposed by their followers to be more powerful than the police themselves, and, indeed, to have members of their secret band on the force and holding high positions there. Driscoll paid the penalty, as many of the leaders have since done, but the spirit of lawlessness survives. It is estimated that the various Cherry Hill gangs cost the city and the State no less than five millions of dollars yearly to keep them within proper boundaries and to bring the offenders to justice whenever they commit crimes, which is almost daily. There is consolation, however, in the fact that were these gangs suffered to infest other localities, their raids might be even more frequent and their power for evil intensified.

THE SCALES

The reign of the gods is fortuitous,
  Mankind takes mankind upon trust;
Some few can afford to be generous,
  But all can afford to be just.

J. Quimbly

LITTLE STORIES OF THE STUDIOS

By Milton C. Ochs

THE models required by the painters and the photo artists are legion, and are, for the most part, refined, self-respecting, and sometimes talented even to a point of genius. Many of the painters and photo artists of the metropolis have married their models and have found in them charming and helpful mates. The time has gone by when the artist's model is regarded askance by the unthinking public. Model work is in nowise the haphazard, precarious and questionable profession that it was regarded years ago. The ranks have since been recruited by young women of exceeding beauty and refinement who have not an aversion to seeing their faces and figures immortalized by competent artists who are quite as enthusiastic in their way as any other professional people the world over.

Little stories of the studios are continually cropping up, and some of them would make novels of no secondary interest. There was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria a few weeks since a matron who has lived abroad for many years, being the wife of an American artist whom she befriended when he was doubtful as to the whence of his next meal. At a function given in honor of some charitable event, a very pretty girl presided at a table where a woman of fashion was making a purchase, and very much after the manner in which she might have shopped in Fourteenth Street.

Photograph Copyright, 1903, by Hall, New York

Miss French as the sleeping beauty

"My dear," remonstrated her friend, the artist's wife, "you should have been more considerate of the young girl's feelings. She is doing this for sweet charity's sake, you know—"

"Feelings?" responded the other, "what right has she to feelings? Why, she is only a model. She posed hands and feet for Mr. Blank's portrait of me." "Ah, I have often admired the picture," said the other. "You should have only sentiments of gratitude toward her. It is to be regretted that for the pure sake of art she could not have posed for your face and figure as well. Besides, for two years before I married my husband and helped make him the great man that he is, I was his model and I am infinitely proud of it."

The New York artist's model is in nowise the *Trilby* of Parisian fame. She is quite as often a real artist in her way, and sometimes, indeed, a student of the strenuous profession herself, who, not being able to indulge her desires, still hovers about the fringe of studio life, picking up ideas wherever she may and making good use of them. Many of the successful young women artists have first of all received their incentive in the studios of successful artists, and many young geniuses have been helped along the ragged and difficult way by the men for whom they have posed.

There is one internationally famous artist whose studio overlooks Central Park,

Miss Lillian St. Clair, a beauty with luxurious hair

who has educated no less than ten ambitious young girls who have shown aptitude in the art direction, and two of these are to-day famous as illustrators, while another has her shingle out on Fifth Avenue, being one of the most successful photo artists in the country, making a specialty of children's portraits in their own nurseries and in the drawing-rooms of the rich. There passed away a few months ago a painter who was mourned by many a young *protégé* of either sex—graduate models, as it were, whom this quiet, generous soul took under his fatherly protection and started along the highway to success. He found his models everywhere. Even in shops and in public conveyances he was wont to walk up to a particularly fetching young woman and ask her politely to come to his studio to pose for him, and did it in such a sincere and polite manner that he rarely gave the slightest offence, and in that way managed to secure some of the models which made his work famous the world over. The models, themselves, were ever grateful to him, for, not only were they paid adequately, but they had the rare satisfaction of seeing their faces and forms imperishably reproduced on canvas and hung upon the walls of the rich and in galleries of national repute.

New York furnishes the most perfect

Photograph Copyright, 1903, by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Miss Maud Fealy, a prize-winner, much admired by all photographers

models for the highest art. Other countries of the globe may furnish more distinctly individual types appealing to a certain taste, but it is only the American girl who offers the composite which pleases men and women of all nations. It is, therefore, a matter of pride and congratulation that we have young women who are adopting posing as a profession and lending it dignity and charm, and it is no wonder that with such elements of romance as they bring with them, the little stories of the studios should become classic and of such increasing interest to metropolitans and provincials alike. The model is taking her place among those who make their living, and with a serious point of view.

SUMMER STREET SCENES IN NEW YORK

By Horace F. Hodgins

WITH SNAPSHOTS BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN, NEW YORK

WHEN "the sun has mounted high," the thermometer tops the pinnacle, and the streets are sizzling ovens of motley humanity in more or less a condition of undress, then is the time that New York becomes interesting to the student of human nature. In mid-winter the street-scenes are, perhaps, more harrowing, but there are fewer people abroad and there are not so many incidents to attract the eye—episodes of simple citizen life that call for a moment's stay at the curbstone, perchance to laugh, to pity or to applaud, for there is heroism as well as humor everywhere rife.

Street urchins bathing in the public fountain when the police are not looking

It is in summer that child life most appeals. It is in the heart of the heated term that the greatest mortality is reached, and when as never before the souls of good people go out to the suffering and offer succor here, there and everywhere. In no city of the world is there more charity distributed lavishly and still wisely than in the metropolis, no less than twenty-seven millions of dollars being given away every year. A large share of this goes to the relief of thousands during the hot season; for whereas man fights against his common foe, King Cold, with some degree of success, against the ravages of the sun he is not yet so well armed. There are free booths for the distribution of ice, milk, ice water and other commodities for the relief of the poor, and the firemen are instructed to flush the streets and cool them of their frightful radiations. There are, also, scores of associations and guilds that

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make a feature of giving the children of the poor a regular outing, lasting from two to twenty days, and also seaside hospitals for the sick, all doing a thriving work in the torrid stretch of mid-summer. Various newspapers also, such as the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Journal* and *Times*, take up general collections for the purpose of providing forms of relief for the poor who cannot leave the city, but who must take their chances with the great swarming populace to whom life is a prolonged penance even with ample food and proper shelter, which, alas, are only too rare.

Free sterilized milk distributed through the poorer districts

In the lower districts of town where are congregated hundreds of thousands of every nationality, one can see child life as it is. In one school near old Mulberry Bend there are twenty-seven nationalities represented by actual statistics of the Board of Education. This gives only an inkling of the variety of people which the street scenes of the metropolis present to the student of the lower strata of society and the camera fiends, who delight to catch them unawares. These poor people are not at all averse to accepting the charity of the city or of private individuals and associations, and whereas there is always at first some tinge of suspicion (for foreigners cannot understand how anybody could be broad-minded and soft-hearted enough to give away anything without money or price, and have a natural peasant's distrust), nevertheless, they soon realize that the bounty is meant for them and they grasp their opportunities eagerly. The free ice, free ice water and free sterilized milk have proven a boon to the sweltering thousands and saved many a life. There is still room for any who are inclined to study sociology from a practical point of view, as these illustrations give ample proof.

Ice cream sandwiches are a very refreshing penny's worth

People who live secure, luxurious lives have little idea what the stress of existence in a great city is. It is known that for every wage-earner there are at least six mouths to be fed and six bodies to be clothed, and when one takes into consideration the low rate of wages and the lack of work at certain periods of the year, it is indeed no wonder that poverty reaches such appalling depths. These hand-to-mouthers, as it were, swarm the lower quarters, living in the cheapest tenements, sometimes a score in one miserable apartment not fit for a single small family, and yet somehow seeming to thrive. Of course, during the less inclement periods of the year, the street is the principal playground of the younger element and the workshop of the elders. Push-cart life has all but driven the shops to perdition. Every sort of convenience and luxury to the poor is arrayed along the curbstone, and whereas the law is ostensibly violated a thousand times a day, nevertheless it would take a regiment of policemen to keep the great army of pushcarters on the move, and riot and confusion would result.

The streets of New York then, are the

Ice water without cost to the poor saves many a life

people's playground and workshop, and oftentimes bedroom, dining-room, dispensary, theatre and church. It is no wonder that the interest of strangers goes out toward these moving scenes, for they are the expression of modern life as it is lived amid the mighty stress of a great population center.

"LONG AGO"

By A. L. Harris

There's a lane where the blackberries grow,
A lane only you and I know,
Where the hedge is so high that it tickles the sky,
In the Land that is called "Long Ago."

There's a stream that is winding and slow,
Where bulrushes whisper and blow,
Where the kingfisher dives and forget-me-not thrives,
In the Land that is called "Long Ago."

There's a garden lies sheltered and low,
With gillyflowers all of a row,
Where the cabbage rose blooms and the bumble bee booms,
In the Land that is called "Long Ago."

There's a Land—'tis the fairest, I trow,
Do you see it in sunshine or snow—
That, once on a time, was yours and was mine,
The Land that is called "Long Ago."

AMERICA'S NEW CROP OF WRITERS

MADELINE BRIDGES AND CLARA ELIZABETH WARD

A FEW decades ago it was considered unwomanly for a writer of the fair sex, however gifted, to have her name emblazoned at the cross-roads, where he who ran might read, and to see her pictures in the daily periodicals. Time, which alters all things, has brought about a wholesome revision of this ancient tradition. To-day the women writers who have succeeded and who have made the world better for their having lived and worked in their own particular veins are legion. Among the writers of whom the nation may be proud are two, the subjects of this sketch.

Miss Madeline S. Bridges is perhaps one of our best known American writers. Miss Bridges is a Brooklynite born, and still makes the City of Churches her home. Her father was the editor of the first daily paper in the Williamsburg District and a writer of note. Her first work showed a strong poetical bent, and whereas she has not confined herself to this expression entirely, having written a vast deal of criticism, short stories and humor for the magazines, her best moods are those which find expression in verse. Miss Bridges is of Irish extraction and voices the sadness as well as the readiness of wit which is characteristic of the race. Miss Bridges has been a constant contributor to all the leading periodicals, sometimes in a serious vein, sometimes subtly comic, for her versatility is as great as her powers of application. Home holds a great attraction for this gifted author and she lives a most retired and studious life.

Miss Madeline S. Bridges

Miss Clara Elizabeth Ward is a New Yorker, living in the central part of the State in the historic Scondondoa Valley, on what was known in older days as the "Seneca Turnpike." She is a graduate of the Syracuse University, and also studied at Wellesley, where first her literary talents attracted attention. She has taught music, Latin, Greek and kindred studies, taking an active part in the social and semi-political movement of the district where she resides. Her first literary effort was a long story, entitled "Eunice," a book for young people, and published by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia. Since then she has poured forth innumerable short stories, sketches, poems and other contributions to periodical literature. Miss Ward is President of the Vernon Library Association and an active agent in the culture movements of her village.

Miss Ward's greatest success undoubtedly has been with "The Regeneration of Mary Mather," a novel that recently appeared in *Lippincott's*, and which if published in book form would undoubtedly have brought Miss Ward prominently before the novel-reading public. It is seldom that a woman—particularly a young woman who has not had great experience—is able to write a story in a way that displays the strength of a man and the finer perceptions of a woman. Miss Ward may, of course, if she chooses, frivol away her time on pretty, but not epoch-making, verses. If she really wants to be accepted as a prominent figure in American letters, however, she should stick to prose.

Photograph by Phister Co
Miss Clara Elizabeth Ward

One of the books that has been talked about during the past year is "By the Stage Door," which was written by Miss Ada Patterson and Miss Victory Bateman. We have had very many books of stage stories, but few of them have that absolutely convincing touch which makes fiction something more than a mere jumble of words. Stories of the footlights are very apt to be cheap and trashy, for the reason that those who write them have neither the required inside knowledge of the stage nor the technique that often atones for many literary sins. "By the Stage Door," however, is one of those books which bear the imprint of skilled workmanship. Miss Patterson is a keen-tempered writer whose work for some years has been very well known on various metropolitan dailies. She is essentially a journalist, with the true reportorial instinct. Aside from this, however, Miss Patterson knows how to turn a sentence in true literary style—a style that is none the less fetching because it has been fostered in a newspaper office. On the other hand, Miss Victory Bateman has had a long and useful experience in stage matters—an experience which has run the gamut of starring and stock work.

Miss Ada Patterson

One of the best stories in "By the Stage Door" is undoubtedly "Grimston's School of Acting." It is not only very funny and very human, but it is also very true to life, for I have it on good authority that Grimston is only a disguise for a manager who is well known in the Green Room Club. There are other stories, however, that touch the note of pathos in no uncertain way. "By the Stage Door" is an ideal summer book.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that the woman novelist has added a new note to her literary song. For the last quarter of the nineteenth century, women formed a more or less important feature of the literary world, and it was fully recognized that their writings had grace, pathos, and very often considerable strength, but the element of humor was almost entirely lacking. Away back in the early fifties an English woman wrote a book called "Cranford," which was a classic and which contained much genuine humor. In some respects it was the finest humorous production of any of the women writers of that period. Now "Cranfords" are not entirely lacking in our novel-reading curriculum.

Miss Victory Bateman

ARCADIA AT OUR ELBOWS

By Minot J. Sanford

IN the glory of its summer dress—rich foliage, fragrant meadow and the perfume of natural flowers—the great park land of the city, the people's reservation, never contributed so greatly to the pleasure of the islanders of Manhattan as at present. Public appreciation of this great center of health and recreation is now at its zenith. It would be proper to describe the Park as the country in the city, for within its confines all the joys and gladsome features of pastoral life may be found, without any of its disadvantages. The City Fathers who projected this God-given gift, builded even better than they knew, and time has proved their wisdom. Every feature of the Park breathes beauty and intelligence. It not only is a source of pleasure, not only appeals to every sense, but is instructive in nature, science, history and art.

Photograph by Ritsmann, New York

The great playground on the west side of the park

Photograph by Ritsmann, New York

Sailing miniature regattas on the beautiful lake in the park

The great variety of its attributes affords repose for the toiler, the professional man, and the young. Its lake freshens the landscape and relieves the vista of green sward, wooded dell and floral display.

Its playground section is not warped by undue restraint, and one can get close to Mother Earth and sniff the hygienic vapor.

To those who have an eye for the beautiful, there is a long range of variegated vision, and in its aviary one may study the strange birds of plumage and forest songsters of Oriental and distant lands. Its menagerie has a fine selection of the magnificent brutes who were kings in their wild mountain fastnesses and jungles; while the inoffensive ships of the desert and useful animals from the Arctic demonstrate the story of natural history more clearly than all the books which were ever written.

In the great Metropolitan Museum of Art there is a wealth of objects depicting the progress of civilization during the eons of time. Relics which throw much light upon the domestic customs of the original man, of communities lost in history, of the primitive inventions which were the forerunners of the great modern utilities—are all in evidence.

In the art section there are original works in statuary and painting by the great masters—replicas of priceless treasures of the great art centers of the world, and even the mortal remains of people who were prominent thousands of years ago.

Photograph by Ritzmann, New York

The great campus where the children spend their Saturdays

Photograph by Pitzmann New York

The broad driveway where the well-to-do take their airing in carriages

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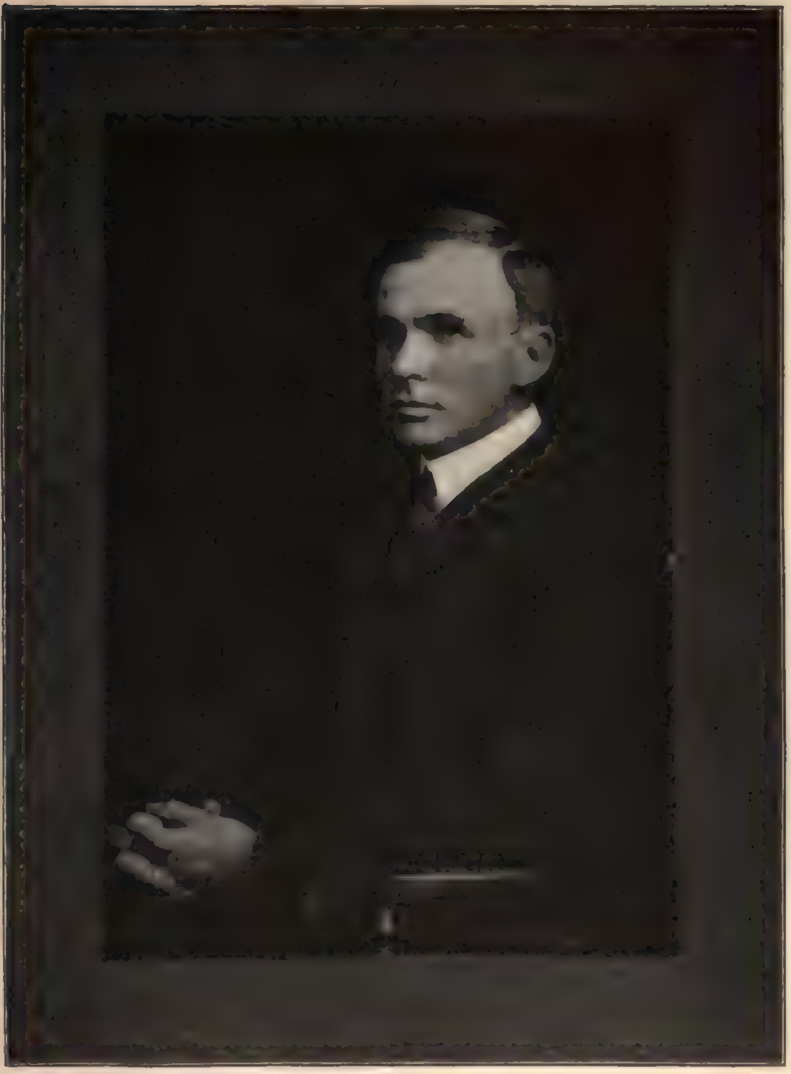
Mr. Charles Dwyer
Editor of *The Delineator*

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES

TO Mr. Charles Dwyer is due in a large measure the success of *The Delineator*, a magazine that has made rapid strides within the last few years. Mr. Dwyer is a man who has won his spurs as a writer and has had the ear of the editors and publishers for many seasons. The magazine of which Mr. Dwyer is editor has been devoted to fashions for a considerable period, but under his management has branched out into standard literature with marked success.

The Atlantic Monthly was at one time the foremost magazine of the East. This was in the heydey of the transcendentalists of Brook Farm fame, including Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor and



Mr. Bliss Perry
Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*

others of international fame. The illustrated magazines which were put forth in New York, however, step by step overwhelmed the magazines which were not illustrated, and high art dimmed high literature. Within recent years, however, the staid old *Atlantic* forsook its archaic policy and became a live, flesh-and-blood contemporary. A new and strong staff took the place of the old with wholesome effect, Mr. Bliss Perry, a Massachusetts son, taking the helm. Mr. Perry is the author of a number of books which give him high standing with literary people not only in America but abroad. Mr. Perry's home is in Cambridge, an ideal residential spot for one of quiet literary tastes, and filled with landmarks of the great leaders in literature, science and art who have gone before.

Mr. Perry, by the way, when he assumed the editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly*, was one of the youngest of our American editors. His name has appeared over many a contribution of literary worth during recent years.

MRS. RYLEY, DRAMATIST, AT HOME

AUTHOR OF "MICE AND MEN," AS SEEN BY OUR LONDON REPRESENTATIVE

THE conditions which determine the peculiar nature of a worker's art can never fail to be interesting. In Mrs. Ryley's case, her evolution into a dramatist has in it something out of the ordinary, and it therefore acquires an additional element of interest. Gifted with a beautiful soprano voice, she went on the comic opera stage in America, and was the prima donna of the McCaul Opera Company, and subsequently of the Casino Theatre, New York.

"You will observe that I am very fond of books"—

"As well as of dogs"—

"And am likewise partial to the phonograph"

In time the success won by Miss Madeleine Lucette, as she was known on the stage, induced an enterprising manager to offer her an engagement to "star" in a musical farce. It was an adaptation from a French original, and was not received by the public with that favor which was hoped for it. In every theatre, however, in which it was played during its short life, the manager would invariably go to the star and say, "Miss Lucette, I wish you had a better play, for the sake of the business; however, I shall always be very pleased to give you a date, so that you may play here again."

How to get that other play to serve as a vehicle for the display of her talent was a difficulty, for plays cost money. Still, the offers were too good to be ignored, and at last Mrs. Ryley said to her husband, "As I cannot get anybody to write a play for me, why shouldn't I write one for myself?" She accordingly set to work and wrote a comedy called "Lady Jemima." When it was finished the inevitable difficulties of producing a play by an unknown author were insurmountable, so it was sold to Miss Minnie Maddern. Miss Maddern shortly after married and retired from the stage for a time, and Mrs. Ryley determined to devote herself to writing plays rather than acting them. Her next play was "Christopher, Jr.," with Mr. John Drew and Miss Maude Adams in the leading parts, and acted at the Empire Theatre, New York, in 1895. In the following year, as "Jedbury Junior," it was done at Terry's Theatre, London, with Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Maude Millett in the chief characters, and served to introduce Mrs. Ryley's name to the English playgoer, for after its run in London it had a considerable vogue in the provinces.

There was something in the nature of a little tragedy in connection with the play when it was to be produced in America. When the rehearsals began, it was found that the typewriter, in getting out the parts, had made some mistakes in the text, and the dialogue did not dovetail. The stage-manager was naturally disturbed, so he sent a telegram to Mr. Charles Frohman's offices announcing the fact in the following terms: "Cannot produce play as advertised; the parts are at variance."

"To keep up with modern literature is a task"—

"From which one finds relief in music"—

"Or a grand old classic."

"Gardening is a pastime with me"—

"With a cycle spin now and then"—

"Along the lovely English roads. Good morning!"

The official who opened the telegram had traveled a great deal in America, and knew that in Southern California there was a town named Variance. He at once jumped at conclusions. "How on earth did those parts ever get to Variance, California?" he exclaimed. "There is a Variance, New Jersey," said another official, who also knew his geography; "perhaps they are there." "Well," said the former, "we will send there and see." He called a clerk and gave him instructions to start at once. "But you cannot get to Variance by train," the clerk said. "Then you must take your bike and ride there," his superior replied with supreme composure. To Variance that unfortunate clerk went, but naturally the parts could not be found. Meantime Mrs. Ryley was notified of the fact, and was actually asked to rewrite the play so as to expedite matters, for only one copy of the piece had been made and no one knew where the original manuscript was to be found. Eventually, however, the real explanation was forthcoming, and the typewriter's errors were corrected without much difficulty.

It has been said that Ibsen's plays make the reputation of actors. Mrs. Ryley, if she chose, might justly claim that her plays make the reputations of actresses. It was "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" which in America gave a fine opportunity to Miss Annie Russell; while "An American Citizen," which was played at the Duke of York's by Mr. Nat Goodwin, enabled the talent of Miss Gertrude Elliott to appear in so conspicuous a light that when the company returned to America, she remained behind to play at the court, and, making her home in London, won an abiding place for herself in the heart of the English theatre-goer.

In addition to the plays already mentioned, there have been produced, "The Voyagers," "A Coat of Many Colors," "Richard Savage," "Realism," "My Lady Dainty," "The Altar of Friendship," and "An American Invasion."

Mrs. Ryley always makes a point of rehearsing her own plays, and last autumn she returned to New York to direct the production of "Mice and Men" for Miss Annie Russell and "The Altar of Friendship."

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FACIAL EXPRESSION AS A FINE ART

By Thomas Hildebrandt

Three distinct characters—*The Indian Boy*, *Tommy Atkins* and *Pierrot*

THE modern actor is a composite personality. He is called upon to achieve every feat of facial legerdemain and miracle of the make-up box. Especially is this true if he be one of the uncertain members of the profession struggling for recognition with the public, and not yet attained that supreme adeptship in his art where he can play a single rôle for a season or perhaps for many, every season improving on himself. He must fulfill the Shakespearian strolling player's demands of being able to play "many parts," and all with an equal grace, fervor, and truth to life. It is thus a great schooling that the aspiring Thespian receives—one that for versatility, variety, interest and intelligence is second to none in the whole range of human endeavor.

The young actor whose "many parts" are portrayed in speaking photographs here is Mr. Mortimer H. Weldon, a New Yorker born and bred, who early entered the ranks of the profession, and at the age of twenty-three has a considerable list of successes to his credit. His first appearance was at the age of seventeen with Mr. Charles Coghlan, in "The Royal Box," and his latest the rôle of *Lord Kennaston* in Miss Cecil Spooner's production of "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," at Daly's. A score of other rôles have made Mr. Weldon's work known to the profession and the public, including comedy society parts, Elizabethan, *Tommy Atkins*, pantomimic *Pierrot*, Indian character and others of difficult and diverse requirements.

Professors of make-up, costume and facial expression have made it possible to develop to-day a versatility never before demanded. The requirements of the modern stage are so varied and the uncertainty of a play entering so largely into the equation that it often happens that before a comedy is well launched before the public, another of a different nature is in rehearsal, to insure against failure. The capricious public's moods must be studied and its appetite appeased. It is therefore a great art to be able to command a wide range of characters, and be ready at a moment's call to leap from part to part, and to assume all with a certain guarantee of excellence.

In this regard Mr. Weldon has demonstrated the fact that he appreciates the advantages of artistic make-up and profits by it. Seriousness has characterized his work wherever he has appeared on the metropolitan stage—that seriousness which gives evidence of a thorough faith in his own talents, belief in the doctrine of hard work, and content with the promises of the future. He has not yet emblazoned his name in scarlet along the main streets, nor has he made any obscure playwright famous. However, like scores of other young men of his profession, he prizes his talents well and can be relied upon to give a good account of himself. Metropolitan audiences are very critical, yet they are at the same time indulgent to their favorites. Once one has attained a certain standing with the public, that capricious and exacting body will forgive a multitude of sins, as witness the numberless times that men of standing in the profession have committed follies and indiscretions which in a man of lesser note would have consigned him forever to oblivion. There is a certain acme of public recognition which is a sort of guarantee of success in almost any play, and once achieved, the winner may retain this regard indefinitely without any such struggle as was required to attain these heights. Mr. Weldon's career is merely typical. It remains with such as these to prove their birthright by that seriousness of purpose, that energy and regard for the public criticism which is so rare, and yet when discovered, so heartily appreciated and consistently rewarded.

The Juvenile

Seashore Man

In Old Comedy

Just Trouble

Not Quite Clear

There certainly never was a time in the history of the stage when all things conspired to cast the lots of our footlight entertainers in pleasant places, and yet never was the critic so exacting, the illusions of greatness more rife than now, and the distractions and pitfalls at every hand so alluring to the ambitious Thespian.

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HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES, STAR

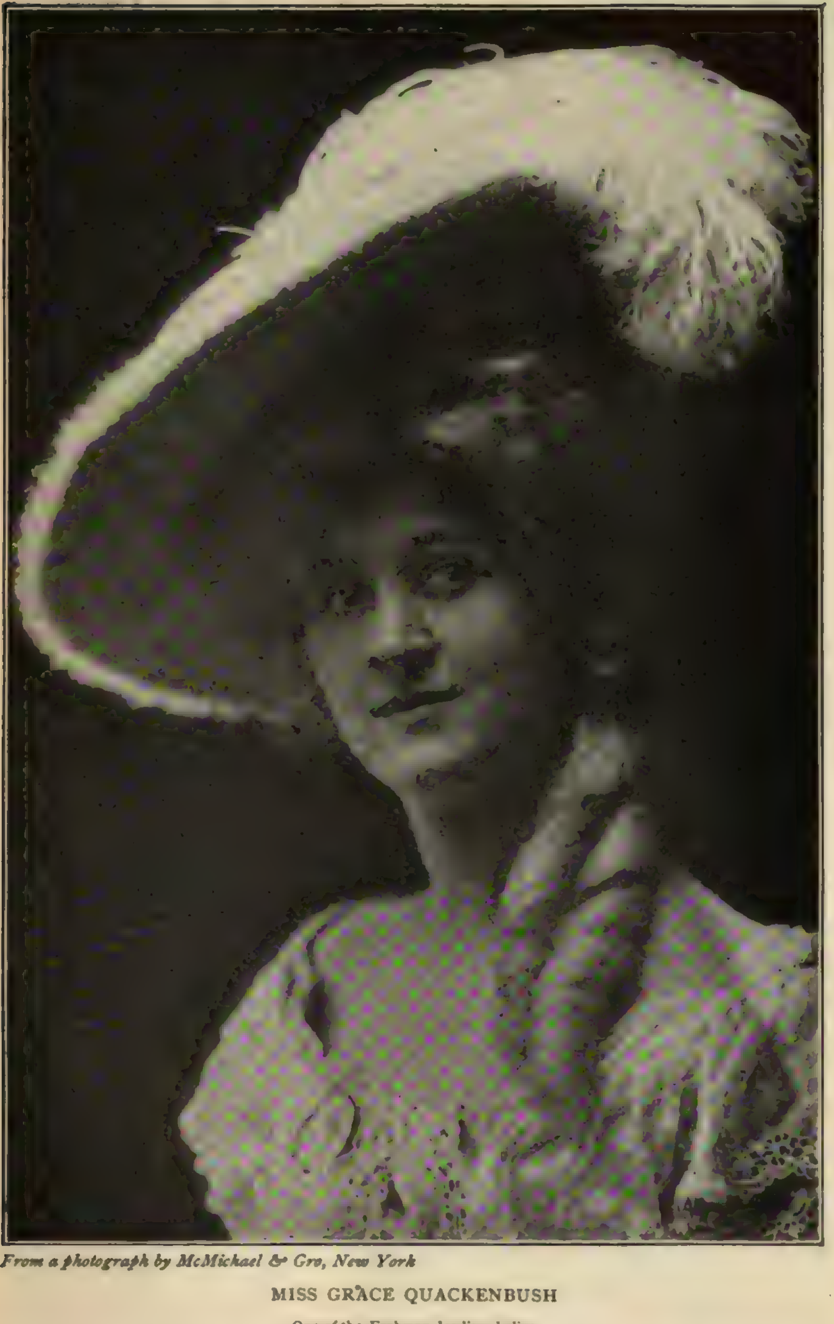
By J. T. Clemmer

HALLIE Erminie Rives is a Virginia girl of promise and fulfillment. She has written many books, one of which has sold in the hundred thousands, and which is being dramatized at the present time. "Hearts Courageous" is the title of the book and will be the name of the play. More than that, Miss Rives, the author, will herself appear in the title rôle of *Anne Tillotson*, the heroine, in the forthcoming production, and Mr. Orrin Johnson will play the part of *Armand*, the hero. Miss Rives is tall, statuesque, with Titian bronze hair, and is of the Bernhardt type rather than of the Brown-Potter cast. Mrs. Potter, however, will have a hand in the forthcoming production, as it is she who will spend a greater part of the present summer preparing Miss Rives for the autumn début before the footlights. The accompanying photograph shows the lithe figure of the young Virginian impressionist, whose career is one of the most romantic and interesting in all the South.

The forebears of Miss Rives were all staunch Southerners, her father having been once an officer in the Confederate Army. He was taken prisoner in the North, and upon being released, returned to his home and vowed that he would never cross the Mason and Dixon line—a pledge he has faithfully kept. He is a large plantation owner and tobacco grower, and spends a great share of his time hunting and fishing. Miss Rives is herself an expert horsewoman and a dead shot. She and her father have a shooting lodge in the Cumberland Mountains, where they spend a portion of the year, Miss Rives writing and her father hunting. It is called "Moonshine," having been thought at one time to be the rendezvous of a certain band of illicit distillers and was raided by revenue officers. Miss Rives's books breathe strongly of the Southern atmosphere.

Photograph by Sarony New York

Miss Hallie Erminie Rives
Author and prospective star



From a photograph by McMichael & Gro, New York

MISS GRACE QUACKENBUSH

One of the Frohman leading ladies

Deponent sayeth not regarding the exact measure of prominence that should be given Miss Quackenbush. Truth to tell, Broadway Magazine has not a detailed record of any tremendous anxiety on the part of the public regarding Miss Quackenbush, her ability or personality. The fact is, the picture is attractive, and McMichael & Gro inform us with all sincerity that Miss Quackenbush is one of Mr. Frohman's leading ladies. Sincerity is always to be commended—therefore Miss Quackenbush's portrait

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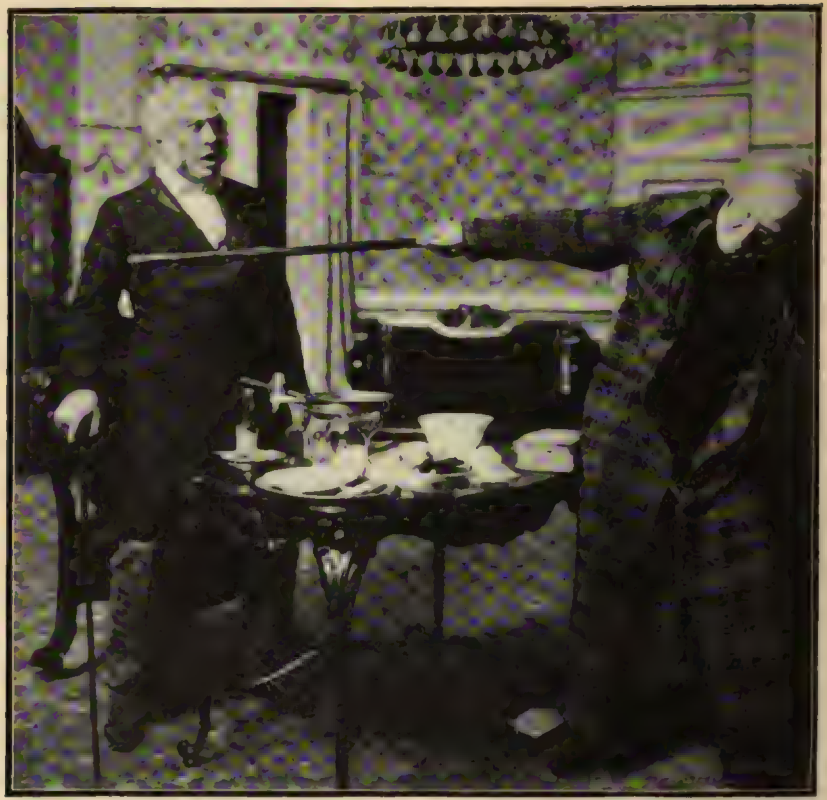
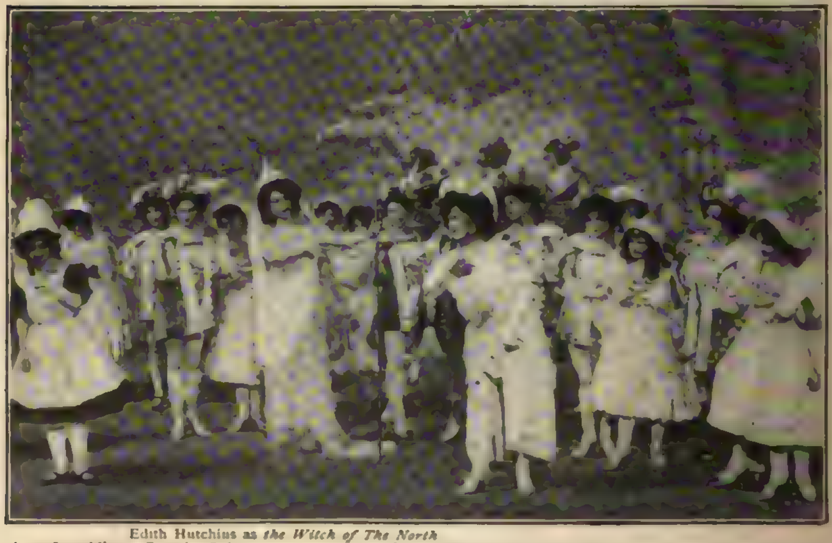


Henry Dixey as *Tom* Thomas Ricketts as *Dick*

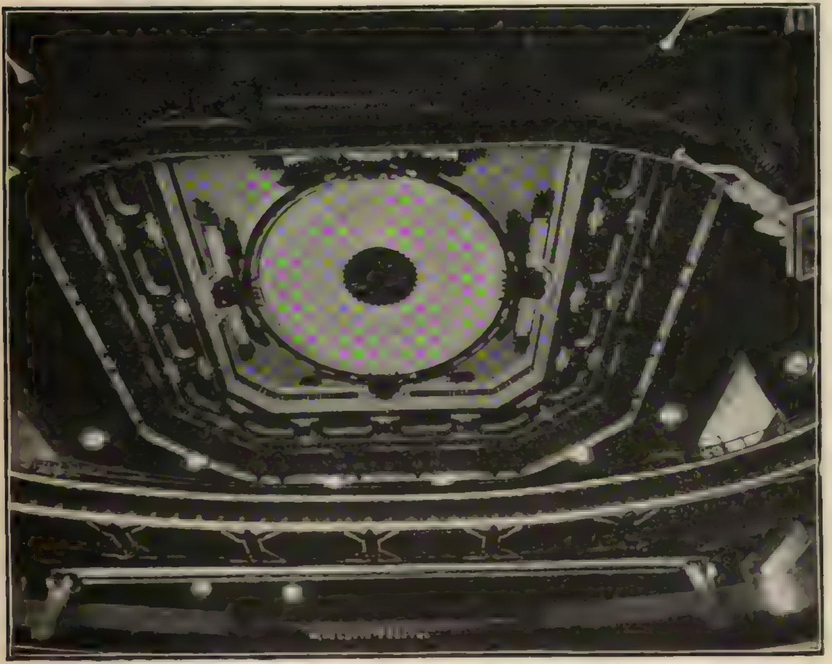
Scene from "Over a Welsh Rarebit" at the Garrick Theatre



Edith Hutchins as *the Witch of The North*
Anna Laughlin as *Dorothy Gale* Bessie Wynn as *Dashemoff Daily*

Scene from "The Wizard of Oz" at the Majestic Theatre

The Misses Flora and May Hengler as the girl reporters in "The Runaways" at the Casino



An odd view of the interior of the Majestic Theatre taken from an upper box

The Majestic is the newest theatre above Forty-second street, and is one of the handsomest houses of amusement in America

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From a flashlight by Joseph Byron, New York

Miss Irene Bishop   Miss Laura Senac   Miss Mabel Barrison   Miss Frankie Bailey   Miss May Leslie

A GROUP FROM WEBER & FIELDS' COMPANY, WHICH CLOSED ITS SEASON AFTER A TOUR OF THE COUNTRY

While these young women form merely the Show Girl feature of this company, they are important from the standpoint of those who do not take their dramatics without a good supply of the eternal feminine

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THE SUMMER STAGE IN NEW YORK

By Roland Burke Hennessy

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF CURRENT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE young Messrs. Shubert were the first of our managers to make a production essentially fitted for the late spring and summer season. They gave us "The Runaways" at the Casino, and before producing it, informed the public that they were quite willing to have it understood this production would be as pretentious, as fine, as any of the season. They were quite right. "The Runaways" is a great, big, slashing musical piece—full of fun and frivolity, with nothing objectionable in line or situation. This, in itself, is a relief after some of the productions of recent seasons.

Jacob P. Adler, the Hebrew actor who appeared in New York recently in "The Merchant of Venice" with an English-speaking company

"The Runaways" was written by two men practically unknown—Addison Burkhardt, who was responsible for the book, and Raymond Hubbell, who wrote the music. With all kindness to Messrs. Burkhardt and Hubbell, without the kind assistance of the Shuberts and a very fine cast their names would not go thundering down the corridors of time to any extent. In fact, if "The Runaways" were put on by the old time management, there would be little to recommend it to theater-goers. As it is, "The Runaways" is entertaining, magnificently staged, beautifully costumed, and is played by a capable company. As to the story — well, what's the use? The public doesn't care a rap for dramatic stories, just so long as their intelligence is not actually insulted. Woe be to the manager who asks his audience to think when the thermometer is frivoling around ninety degrees.

Mr. Alexander Clark, a very good comedian who is usually miscast, has the right kind of a rôle in "The Runaways." He plays *General Hardtack*, and makes it funnier than it sounds.

Mr. William Gould plays a young man of sporting proclivities and no particular desire to work, but whose flow of the very latest thing in slang is amazing in quantity and quality.

Arthur Dunn, who, though small in body, has a big regard for what he probably considers the Ethics of Mugging, plays *Blutch*, a regular Francis Wilson rôle. However, Mr. Dunn is amusing. After all, to amuse is sufficient unto the day.

The *Widows* are an especially fascinating feature of the piece. In real life no man in his right senses would ever leave such a bevy to the tender mercies of an admiring world. The *Widows* are stunning enough for the try-on rooms of a fashionable modiste.

Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler is energetic and well meaning in the rôle of the wine agent. As a singer he belongs to the strenuous school.

But, after all, Arthur Dunn, late of vaudeville, is the one true note of humor in "The Runaways." He is funny merely because nature intended that he should be nothing else.

CECIL SPOONER IN "MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN"

MISS SPOONER had been doing stock work for some seasons in Brooklyn before she came to Broadway as a star. Broadway knew very little of her, but it soon made up its combined mind that here was a young woman who had the vital spark, and who, sooner or later, was bound to become a feature of American dramatics.

Google

Miss Spooner brought to her work the qualities of temperament and ability. She showed, to be sure, some of the rough corners due to hard and incessant stock work, but this in itself did not mar the general effect of her performance. Miss Spooner had youth also to recommend her and she aroused the admiration of the town by the manner in which she handled the foils. In fact, it was generally acknowledged that her exhibition of fencing was quite the best that had been seen in New York for years.

"My Lady Peggy Goes to Town" was not all that a star could wish as a vehicle for the exploitation of ambition. It was nevertheless, sufficiently entertaining to have made the critics believe that if it had been seen on Broadway earlier in the season it would have been one of the year's big successes. At any rate, Miss Spooner proved to New Yorkers that there are young actresses that can surprise them. Incidentally, it might be well to mention that it seems quite probable Miss Spooner will hereafter be accepted as an American star, for in all likelihood she will be seen in New York again next fall in "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," and perhaps, also, a new play which an American dramatist has written especially for her.

"RUNNING FOR OFFICE"

ONE of the surprises of New York theatricals has been the production of "Running for Office" at the Fourteenth Street Theater. Mr. George M. Cohan and all the little Cohans and all the big Cohans came to New York without very much heralding. They had not been at the Fourteenth Street twenty-four hours before people sat up and began to take notice. "Running for Office" is not, in all truth, a great musical play of the very highest order of comedy, nor is it all that its author, George M. Cohan, claims for it. Nevertheless, New York found it so much cleaner, prettier and cleverer than many of the lighter Broadway productions that Mr. Cohan, who, by the way, also wrote the music, is sure of a welcome higher uptown later on. It is interesting to note, by the way, that amongst the Cohans present were Mr. Jerry J. Cohan, Miss Helena Cohan, George M. Cohan, Josephine Cohan, Ethel Levy Cohan, Fred. Niblo Cohan, and Fred. Cohan Niblo, Jr.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston

Miss Miriam Nesbitt,
Young American actress

"SKIPPER & CO., WALL STREET"

"SKIPPER & CO., WALL STREET," as produced at the Garrick Theater, did not catch the town. It was by H. J. W. Dam, who has given us some good stage material, but who fell wofully short in this piece, used to introduce Mr. Macklyn Arbuckle practically in a stellar rôle. Mr Arbuckle is a clean-cut and satisfactory comedian, and it is too bad that his manager, Frank McKee, could not have secured a better comedy. "Skipper & Company, Wall Street," after the New York run, went to Boston and closed its season with no particular regrets on the part of the public.

THE SHYLOCK OF ADLER

JACOB P. ADLER came up from the Bowery with a great blare of trumpets. Mr. Adler was surrounded by an incompetent company and the production was anything but an adequate one. However, we have before seen Shakespearean productions which were not remarkable for anything except the ability of the stars. Rumor, even in this direction, says that Mr. Adler did not make amends.

Undoubtedly, one of the world's greatest *Shylocks* is Henry Irving, who, despite his acute mannerisms, gives a great performance of the rôle. As everything goes by comparison, it is not unjust, therefore, to compare Adler with Irving—and in so doing, the Bowery *Shylock* immediately becomes unimportant in our eyes. When he appeared at the American Theatre, he gave us no new insight into the character of *Shylock*, nor did he rise to the tremendous heights required by the rôle. To be sure, his rendition of

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the lines in Hebrew handicapped him with an English-speaking audience. On the other hand, real geniuses like Duse and Bernhardt rise superior to all lingual difficulties. This Mr. Adler was not able to do and as a consequence his performance was no better, and for that matter, no worse, than many we have seen in New York for the past twenty years.

It is quite probable that Mr. Adler will not be seen as a Shakespearean actor in upper New York for some time to come.

HENRY E. DIXEY IN "FACING THE MUSIC"

THE versatile Mr. Dixey came to town at the very end of the season with a play that would have made a big hit in the winter months, and, perhaps, have run up to hot weather. "Facing the Music" is a typical English farce, with perhaps some inspiration from the French. The plot is very trite, but this does not make it any the less amusing. It is simply a story of two *Smiths* who live in the same flat house and whose wives, as well as themselves, get mixed up in the most fantastic manner. Mr. Dixey looked as young as he did ten years ago and had all the manner and methods of a youngster, and played one of the *Smiths* in his usual light comedy manner. There is not before the American public to-day another high comedy player with quite the peculiar ability of this same Dixey. He never resorts to cheap and foolish dramatic subterfuges, and whether he is playing in farce, romance, musical comedy or tragedy, he is always the artistic Dixey.

Another member of the cast whom New Yorkers have taken to their bosoms of late years is John Mason. He should never leave Broadway. We need him every season.

F. Newton Lindo played the ministerial *Smith* in a soft "Charley's Aunt" manner.

Miss Katherine Gray and Miss Grace Heyer, as the wives of the two *Smiths*, were pretty.

From a photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, New York

Miss Grace George

Who played a long season in "Pretty Peggy" at the Herald Square

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

"ROMEO and Juliet," as produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre was a distinct disappointment. The production as a whole did not compare in any sense of the word with the Maude Adams "Romeo and Juliet" of a few seasons ago.

New York was asked to accept Miss Eleanor Robson as a star. But New York did nothing of the sort. Mr. Kyrle Bellew was the central figure from the rise of the curtain until the final fall thereof, and no amount of press work could change the fact that the *Romeo* was too good for the *Juliet* from every point of the compass.

Mr. Bellew was a treat for the eye and ear in his every scene. He is the best *Romeo* on the English-speaking stage of to-day, bar none—and it is odd to note that he has been so for nearly twenty years.

Miss Robson gave us a conscientious and honest *Juliet*.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

THE fact that Louis James and Frederick Warde are to play an engagement in the legitimate in this city next season, has revived public interest in the careers of both men. The development of Mr. Warde as a tragedian is a revelation to English actors who knew him only as a comedian in England before he came to this country. Mr. Warde was the light comedian in the Edward E. Saker Stock Company at the Alexandria Theatre in Liverpool, and did not attempt heroic or serious parts while there. At the same time Arthur W. Pinero, the present-day playwright, was also a comedian in the Saker company, and was regarded as a very poor actor. He usually played Fitz-Noodle parts. John Constantine, who has been playing old men's characters with the Frohman companies, was also a member of the Saker Stock Company, which turned out some of the cleverest actors on the English stage.

EUGENE CANFIELD, of the David Warfield company, was greatly surprised a few days ago when a stranger accosted him on the street and claimed to have seen him act in England nearly thirty years ago, for Canfield poses for a juvenile even yet, and the actor did not deny it. It seems that at the outset of his career he was a member of the variety team of Canfield and Booker and that they made a trip to England to play in the music halls. They were successful and became well known there. Mr. Canfield says that when Charles E. Hoyt was looking for an actor to succeed James T. Powers as *Grimesey* in "A Bunch of Keys," he told the latter to find him an actor who was homelier than himself and he would open a bottle of wine. Powers appeared in an hour with Canfield. "You win," said Hoyt, after being introduced to Canfield.

Mr. Frank Goldsmith as *Sir Harry Trimblestone* Mrs. C. H. Gilbert as *Mrs. Deborah*
Mr. Charles Butler as *Kit Barniger* Mr. Orrin Johnson as *Captain George Lovell* Miss Annie Russell as *Peggy*

Scene from "Mice and Men" at the Garrick Theater

SPEAKING of James T. Powers, his present trip to London to talk over a new play with Charles Frohman is a much more pleasant experience than when he went to that city with Willie Edouin in 1883. The London public did not like "A Bunch of Keys," although Edouin was popular there, and Powers was soon out of work. He managed to get a position in a pantomime, and made so much of it that he became a success. One day he walked into the Hoffman House attired in very English style, wearing a high silk hat and several valuable diamonds. He has clung to the diamonds and silk hat ever since.

SAMUEL S. SHUBERT says that he will never open the Casino roof garden while there is an attraction playing in the theatre proper. "It only detracts from the theatre offering," he says, "and while the house was built for both theatre and roof and is structurally adapted to the purpose, it was an error."

THEN comes Oscar Hammerstein with this startling statement: "No roof garden ever paid a profit in New York. The cost of running a good program is at least $6,000 a week; you must employ star performers who demand, oftentimes $600 a week for twenty minutes work in a night, and you must have fourteen or fifteen numbers. Then people leave a theatre at 11 o'clock to go home, but on a roof garden they never want to go home."

IT will be a delight to a million (more or less) admirers of the stately Miss Ada Rehan to know that, with the able support of Mr. Otis Skinner, she will star once more in the rôles that made her famous under the tutelage of the late Augustin Daly. The last time I encountered the tragedienne whom Willie Winter pronounced to be the wonder of the Western Hemisphere, she had slipped into the crowd in the auction rooms off Broadway where her effects were going under the hammer—nay, not through the mild persuasion of the Sheriff, but through the gently eleemosynary proclivities of Miss Rehan herself, who knew that there would be a grand rush for souvenirs of the great Daly combination, and that people would pay sentimental prices therefor. I fancied that I saw a little glistening in her eye as she heard the auctioneer cry out: "Going, going, gone!" over some treasured memento, but I also noted that she was herself quite unnoticed in the horde of bidders. Such is fame! One glance was evidently enough, for she took her speedy departure. And now, behold! she becomes a youthful star again.

MR. OTIS SKINNER is one of the members of the craft who can be relied upon to do whatever he attempts well, although he will never blow up the subway. When he lived quietly down in South Washington Square, in the scholarly quarter of town, in the same building with the Gilders, Frederick Barnard, the great Dickens illustrator; Oliver Herford, the wag of the Players', and others of note, he was known as the "The Ghoul," particularly because nobody ever saw Mr. Skinner enter or leave his rear apartment save at the most ungodly hours. Barnard, who kept wassail time and might pop in any moment from dark to dawn, never set eyes on "The Ghoul," it is said, at least to know him, although he was acquainted with every other species of animate or inanimate anthropology or zoölogy "that roams the night." Fact was, Otis Skinner was

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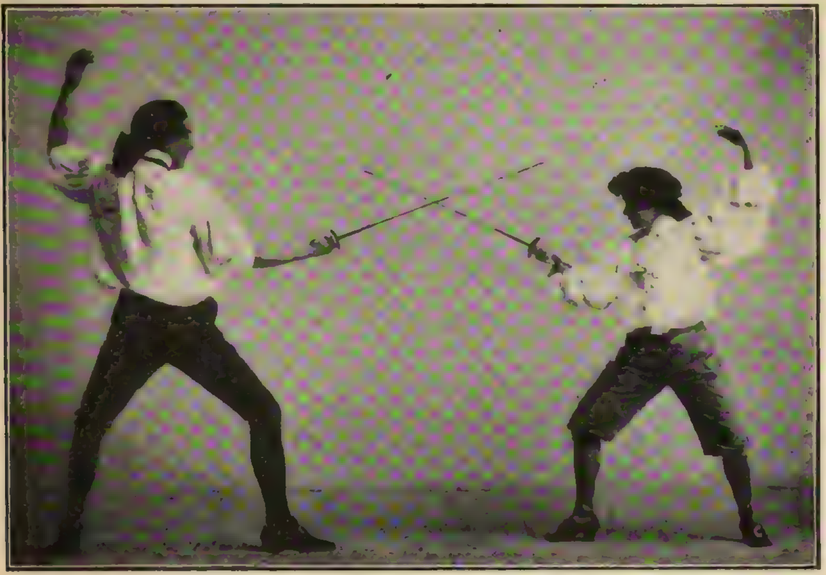
working like a beaver under Daly tutelage while other people were wassailing and going dotty or at least *table-d'hotey*—"climbing upwards in the night." Mr. Skinner's may not be the rewards of genius, but they are such as recompense the conscientious actor who believes in himself and has a sincere respect for his constituency.

A WELL-KNOWN actor on Broadway has discovered a little town in the upper part of the State by the picturesque name of Gee. He has arranged for the summer there. Simultaneously he has dubbed his Staten Island cottage, where he has recruited several unprofitable summers, "The Heels." All of which accounts for the answer which he made to a friend who met him at Browne's the other day asking whither away for the silly season. "Well, last year I was down at 'The Heels,'" said he. "This season, however, I expect to be away up in Gee." All of which is more or less expressive of the general financial condition of matters theatrical, anyway.

THE open-air performance of "As You Like It," as given in the large Columbia Field, has revived an interesting feature of play and society, for rarely do the things of the stage and those of society approach each other as on these interesting occasions. Repetitions of the Shakespearean masterpiece have taken place at the various Eastern universities, and been received with tremendous enthusiasm, and we may expect that the other pastoral plays of the Bard of Avon, as well as those of Marlowe and Ford, will be dug out of the depths of oblivion and given an opportunity to interest a modern audience of culture as they did queens and princes of old.

SPEAKING of the Shakespearean masterpiece, few people realize that the old plays were invariably given in the open air, and were for many centuries addenda to the worship of the deity, whether Pagan or Christian. The plays of China are to-day presented to the public within sacred ground and are used to bring together all sorts and conditions that there may be recreation after worship. The church was the first promulgator of the dramatic idea and there is no reason why to-day the outdoor representations of the great classics should not bring people to the drama who have hitherto held it in doubtful esteem. If anything could be done to that end, certainly the presentation of "As You Like It" amid such refined surroundings will accomplish that great good.



A Scene from "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town" at Daly's Theater

Miss Spooner (right-hand figure) made an unquestioned hit in the play which, though produced at the end of the season, soon became the talk of the town

IT is a jump from Shakespearean drama to the melodramatic, but for all that it is interesting to know that Mr. Theodore Kremer, one of the leading writers of the villyun genus of plays, has been so successful this past year turning the everyday police court tragedies into thrilling drama that he has gone to his old home to become the lion of a beautiful town in the Bavarian Alps. Mr. Kremer, as few people know, was with Mrs. Brown Potter through her Australian and Oriental tour, but found the life of the actor so strenuous that he felt obliged to forego it in favor of writing, which, he believes, is the easier profession of the two. There is a modicum of truth in the holding, for there are few Rialtoites who would not like to take a trip to Europe in state from the proceeds of their winter's work.

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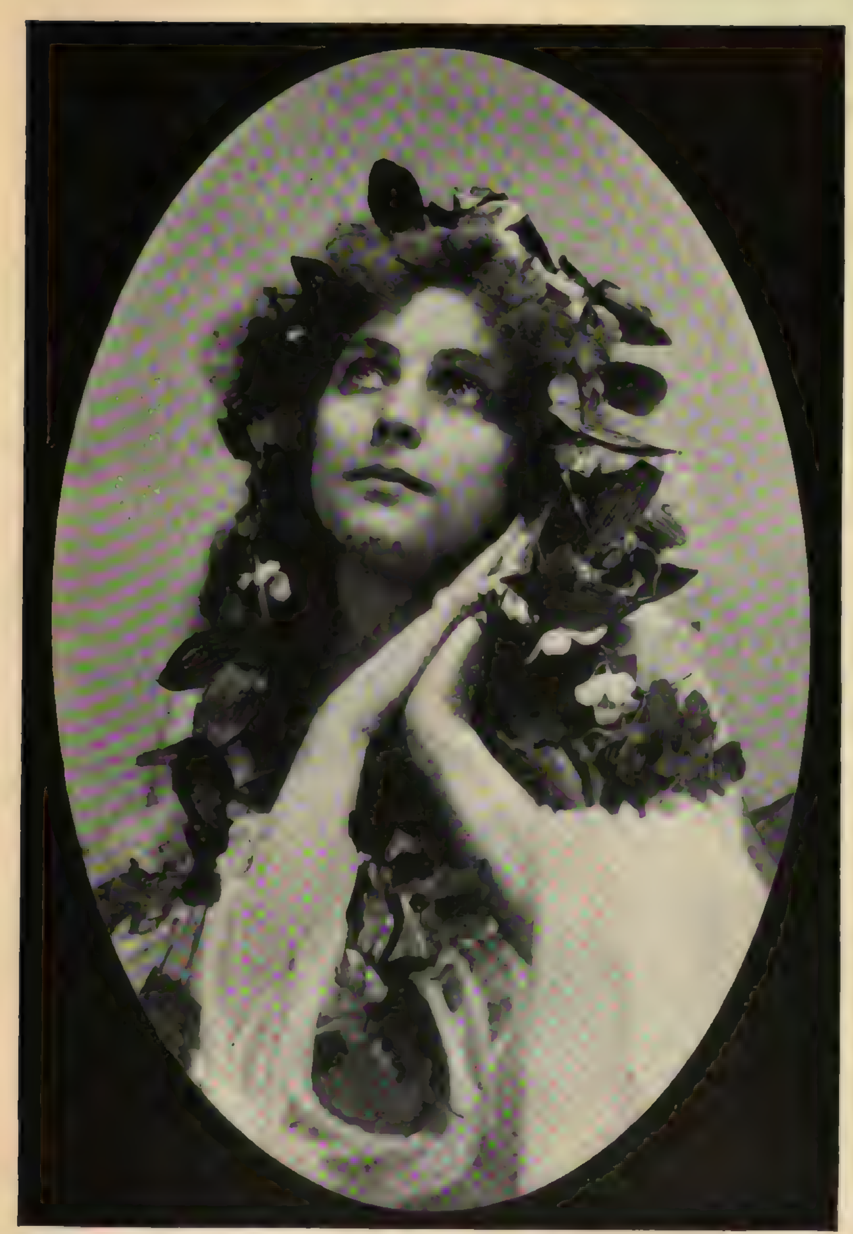
Miss Lotta Faust as *Trixy* in the "Wizard of Oz" at the Majestic Theatre

MR. JULIAN MITCHELL is said to have made arrangements for his several combinations to travel exclusively by private trains. Hitherto private cars have been considered quite sufficiently *en règle* for such stars as Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Mansfield. Trains are now in evidence, however, and soon the poor, suffering, woe-begone impresarios who cannot hire a special Pullman train for the stars, express trains for the scene-shifters and freight trains for the scenery, at the trifling expense of a million dollars a week, need not expect to compete in this age of golden eagles whose wings reach across the entire theatrical continent. One theatrical firm during the past season spent nearly $75,000 in extra sleeping car and Pullman accommodations for its players.

MISS LOIE FULLER has been one of the important summer attractions in New York. Her dances seem still to have the power to attract the public, and Miss Fuller occupies the unique position of being the most prominent dancer in Europe, notwithstanding the fact that she is an American and proud of it. Miss Fuller, by the way, carries with her a remarkable retinue, including a maid, a companion and a private secretary. Notwithstanding her lavishness and generosity, Miss Fuller is said to be worth nearly $200,000, including many French securities. She contemplates a trip to Australia in the near future. Miss Fuller is very popular in London and the English provinces.



Photograph by Wheeler, New York

Miss Margaret Kingore

One of the beautiful young women of American professional life

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Photograph by De Silva & Hill, New York

Miss Irene Bentley

Who has been playing one of the principal rôles in "The Blonde in Black" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

AWFULLY IMPORTANT SEASHORE NEWS

LOCALITIES

MANHATTAN BEACH

(*Special Wireless*)

Manhattan Beach, July 46.—Fashionable people here are trying to solve the identity of a beautiful girl who secretes herself from public view all day in her suite at the Accidental Hotel, but emerges after lights are out and plunges headlong into the surf. She attires herself in a black mask and a bathing costume of seaweed, which is provided for her fresh every day by her attendants.

Five hogsheads of costly Parisian perfume and attar of roses are sprinkled on the water before she plunges. She is accompanied by five stenographers and it is suspected that she is a Washington (N. J.) society girl.

Golf is being played on the ocean now, the players following the course with their caddies in boats. The tees are fastened to life buoys, and a buffet follows in a launch. The players can thus lunch and refresh the inner man without returning to shore.

The lobster high ball is the vogue at the swagger hotels. It consists of the clear meat of a lobster, brains of a jelly-fish, melted store cheese, one teaspoonful, and a pint of best furniture polish.

Sealskin bathing suits are popular but are regarded as dangerous. Miss Edythe Ponsonby de Claire ventured out too far one day last week and was surrounded by some strange monsters of the deep with green eyes, gnashing teeth, and grunting like nine 200-pound men walking up the side of the Syndicate Building. She attributes their attention to the brandy sauce on her luncheon pudding.

LONG BRANCH

(*Very Special Correspondence*)

Long Branch, July 76.—Dust's Band attracts a most élite and recherche audience every day, the bass drum solos being demanded and re-demanded. Charmed by the strains which are wafted o'er the wavelets, live lobsters and daring clams leave the water and cling to the bluff so that they may enjoy the concert. No less than forty-five dead lobsters were found strewn along the strand after Wednesday's effort. Some of them wore Tuxedos.

Bussell Page created a sensation at the Jailey's Club House on Wednesday by plunging at Faro. In ten hours' sitting he won two cents, and readily accepted a check for the amount, as the bank's roll had been exhausted.

H. Waldorf-Astoria swam ashore from his yacht, the *Flying Whale*, to-day, ten miles at sea. The craft can only make one hundred miles an hour, and her owner could not wait to get to the city; so he made land in ten seconds, and borrowing a pair of wings from Ocean Grove, started for the city by air.

Some "co-eds" of the Chicago University have discovered what they consider is an oil well at Belmar. They are here on a vacation and devote their time to scientific research. The well gives promise of 45,000,000 gallons daily, and the proceeds will be devoted to the endowment fund of their Alma Mater.

FAR ROCKAWAY

(*From our Regular Correspondent*)

Very Far Rockaway, December 60, or it may be July 89.—The beach resembles a white-tented military camp and a fairyland at night, with its millions of colored lanterns. There are sixty-five Hot Airships of every kind of construction anchored in the water, and the Delay, Linger & Wait Railroad Company is almost bankrupt owing to the popularity of the new air line to the city.

Many of the residents dance and high balls are very popular.

A "Snappy Jim" reception was tendered by Mrs. Strenuous Brooklynheimer on Tuesday, and the guests jumped long distances. Mr. Izzy Grand skipped his board bill.

NARRAGANSET PIER

(*From Our Special Correspondent*)

Narraganset Pier, June 32.—Mrs. Bertie Schuyler-Van Lispenard has arrived at her billion-dollar cottage, and the others of the exclusive set are arriving daily. The opening event of the season will be the Howard Vere de Vere's Elephant and Frog Reception on Friday. The guests of the evening who will arrive from the Bostock farm on Wednesday will occupy seats of honor and be fed by belles of the smart set. Mr. Parry Lear, the cotillon leader, will chaperon Miss Elephant, while Master Frog will be introduced by Mr. Potted Palm.

The display of *toilettes de mer* on the beach eclipses that at Trouville, but no one has yet entered the water.

Master Harold Montmorency-Smith, the new billion-dollar baby, has been installed in the family mansion on the cliff, and fifty-five trunks of his wardrobe have arrived. The household consists of sixteen servants, one hundred horses, two physicians and six nurses.

Quite a little ripple of excitement was caused at the Fairfax-Brown's by the refusal of the footmen to wear powdered wigs during the warm months. But by the generous use of baseball bats peace was restored in the Servants' Hall.

JOHN CLANCY LILLILIP.

NEWPORT

(By Our Special Commissioner)

NEWPORT, June 33.—Already there are rumors of several divorce suits. Mrs. Perdita Winthrop Butts has left the family residence and seeks her freedom. She alleges that her husband, Washington Murphy Butts, placed a piece of cold ice down her back while she rested in a hammock; and also that he called her a "reckless chaffeuse." Mr. Butts declined to be interviewed, but avers that Mrs. Butts had previously refused to concoct a high ball for him at 3 A.M.

Count Fromage de Brie and the Marquis Jules de Jambon have arrived and occupy apartments at the Shine cottage. It is reported that both the distinguished Frenchmen will accept the hands of wealthy girls who can make suitable financial settlements upon them.

Archie Glucose-Knickerbocker won the polo pony race to-day. He tipped the scales at 275, and beat out Percy Rhinestone six lengths Mr. Rhinestone's weight was 75 lbs. The pony weighed 96 lbs.

It is said that Mr. Knickerbocker won a bride with his victory, as Miss Margherita Gloriana Banana had made it a proviso of her acceptance that he win the race.

Miss Mamie Caramels, the star of the Central Park Opera Company, drove a very *chic* tandem of zebras on Bellevue Avenue last evening at ten o'clock. She is the chief attraction at the electric light bathing at 2 A.M.

Fournier-Sloan Nassau, the Wall Street broker, familiarly known to his friends as the Duke of Broad and Wall, is at his cottage attended by sixteen physicians and ten nurses. Mr. Nassau, while motoring late last night in company with his very handsome wife, lost control of his machine near Panhard, and dashed through the door of the Casino. The auto ran the entire length of the building and went through the roof. That's why he has sixteen physicians and a few nurses.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER FAIRY

THE spring is done and I set forth
To dance the whole day long;
To make the flow'ry summerland
A burst of merry song.

Upon a ripple of a brook
I journey where I please,
A swan's back is my resting-place
Beneath the leafy trees.

I've painted may and chestnut boughs,
Some white and others pink;
I've whispered to the amorous bee
Where honey sweet to drink.

I brush the dew-drop from the rose
With touch of my white hand;
'Tis but a tear-drop shed, because
I'm far from fairyland.

But while the fields are fresh and green
And while the sun is bright,
I'll dance and skip o'er summerland
From early morn till night.

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BROADWAY SUMMER IDYLS

CUPID ON THE DOORSTEPS

CUPID spares not that section which is intersected geographically by Broadway, not even in the good old summer time. The lovely god is as rampant now as when the swains and maidens of colonial days courted beneath the leafy trees of the old Bloomingdale Turnpike, as Broadway was then known.

For while their trysting-place is not in a Rosalind's bower, the young people of to-day still have nooks and corners in which they can whisper soft nothings and pledge their troth. Not a single boarding house in the Thirtieths and the Forties but has its summer romance.

On fine evenings every doorway and stoop of the brown-stone fronts of unromantic refuges has its quota of couples who make love under the very eyes of chaperons, and it has been found that making love on a stoop is quite as effectual as on a rustic bench in some shady grove.

Then there is the joy of a Broadway trolley ride, when the maiden with nut-brown hair, who is employed in a store or office, hatless and escorted by her gallant, gushes with compliments as she sips the sizzling soda at the drugstore fountain.

The side streets of Broadway do not lack music, and the boarding-house piano does its duty fully. In the heyday of their youth Mr. Adam, Jr., and Miss Eva enact the same love story of the Garden of Eden. There are always enough stairs to go around, and the overflow of the love brigade may be accommodated in the parlors and cozy corners of every well-regulated boarding house.

And lovers are just as rash as ever they were, only it generally ends with love in a flat instead of love in a cottage. Thousands manage to make life enjoyable within a block of Broadway in the summer, and bill and coo in defiance of every convention, even in spite of the sour-faced spinsters and crusty bachelor boarders.

The matrimonial mills do not grind slowly in mid-Manhattan in the mid-year months.

O, RARE BAN JOHNSON

NOT even the good old English poet, Rare Ben Jonson had so many faithful friends and admirers as the chieftain of the American Baseball League who is now called by his friends Rare Ban Johnson. Supporters of the National League style their opponents "invaders," but the newcomers in New York cling together nobly and every night, right on Broadway, fling defiance at all who resent their arrival. The headquarters of the Ban Johnson group is in the Criterion Hotel, and visitors to that tavern are regularly treated to an extraordinary scene when the Johnsonites are in session. A round table is specially reserved for them, and when the chief is in town his adherents sit around him in silent admiration, listening to his words of wisdom. Champagne is the only drink served.

"I never drink anything except champagne," says President Johnson. "It is the safest thing to drink."

And so the loving cup is passed about while strangers gaze on in wonderment.

When the assemblage is complete, Henry Klein, who is next in command to the chief, arises, and in the most solemn manner proposes the toast:

"Ban Johnson."

And the reverent brethren rise and with much dignity answer: "Ban Johnson! God bless him!"

Nor is this ceremony omitted even in the absence of the chief. The faithful gather at the shrine and cry:

"Ban Johnson! God bless him!"

The influence which President Johnson wields over his following is extraordinary, and the remarkable progress he has made in building up the American Association is attributed to his power in holding together many conflicting forces in athletics. He began life as a newspaper reporter in Ohio, and the present culmination of his labors has been the ambition of his career.

THE OLD GUARD OF BROADWAY

SUMMER days find the Old Guard of Broadway in its glory. There are veterans of the great thoroughfare who for a quarter of a century and upwards have been familiar figures around the hotels and public places.

Even John Habberton who was compelled to seek protection from a crowd of admirers at the 1876 Centennial, while his fame as the author of "Helen's Babies" was at its height, finds time enough to drop around and meet his old cronies.

Joseph Howard, the correspondent of Civil War days, drops into his seat in the Hoffman House for a short chat.

John Matthews, who was the friend of Wilkes Booth, is on Broadway sixteen hours of the twenty-four.

Edward Gilmore has rarely missed a day from visiting his haunts, and William Parry, who was right-hand man for Colonel Mapelson in the Patti operatic days, is one of the regulars.

Colonel James J. O'Brien, once a political power, still frequents the Hoffman House, and Edward Burke, Marcus Meyer, and William Garrison (once a jockey, now a horse-owner), enjoy a chat outside the Vendome of nights.

Nick Engel fails not to stop and pass the time of day with Colonel Burt Clark, and another Colonel—W. T. Milliken, now practising law—spends his evenings in company with Frank L. Goodwin and their particular set.

Frank Murtha seldom sees Broadway now excepting in the daytime, but every summer day he runs down from Riverside to talk to his old partner, John A. Stevens. Nelson Waldron, who built the Madison Square Theatre, now living retired upon his Staten Island property, comes up every fine day, and any summer evening John M. Ward, once Captain of the New York Giants, now a prosperous corporation lawyer, can be met at the Victoria Hotel.

Peter Soles, once owner of a racing stable, and one of the round-table regulars at Pfaff's in the past, takes his nightly promenade from Twenty-third to Forty-second Street. Until Jacob Hess, formerly Police Commissioner, was stricken with illness he was an all-day sojourner on the line of Broadway.

Theodore Schaad, Richard Neville, and Charles Welch are also of the Broadway Squad—Summer Section.

JOY, OH, BOULEVARDIERS

As Paris has its Boulevard des Italiens and Berlin its Unter den Linden, so is New York to have a lounging-place for its Boulevardiers—when Longacre Square is completed—when its hotels, theatres and show places are built and its myriad lights illuminate the plaza from Forty-second Street northward. It is hard to predict what the grand open space will be when it sweeps without obstruction a section of Broadway, Seventh Avenue and the adjacent streets. It is known that the magnificent buildings now in course of erection or proposed, will surpass anything yet seen in the city, and that it will be a centre for fashion, lavish display of wealth and a Mecca for the cream of the worldly wise people of the metropolis.

There will be at least six new theatres in the immediate section—all constructed upon the most luxurious plan. Anybody who is anybody will be found there after dusk. Its hotels, cafés and resorts will be famous in the future, and in the history of New York the trend of the city has never reached a point geographically so admirably located for a centre of pleasure. Architecturally, there is hope that Longacre will prove something of which the city may be proud. Many millions of dollars will have been invested, and the property in the contributory streets will have increased greatly in value. The city authorities propose to see that the pavement, ornamentation, and general appearance of the locality is properly done, so that within two years at most it will be a beauty spot and not the eyesore it was for years. Longacre Square, with its blazing lights, its splendid edifices, and its width, breadth and general dimensions, will be an Aladdin's lamp that will attract the eyes of the whole town and the amazed admiration of our country cousins.

NO POCKETS IN HIS SHROUD

You wonder why the millionaire
  Walks forth with soulless mein,
Why all too soon he's white of hair,
  Phantasmal, pale, and lean;
Why strewn with thistles seems his path,
  Far from the merry crowd;
'Tis this: he knows the dead man hath
  No pockets in his shroud.

Oh, life is all too short to make
  Its millions, not to speak
Of spending it for pleasure's sake,
  And rich men are so weak.
And this is why in stubborn wrath
  His thoughtful head is bowed:
He knows, poor chap, the dead man hath
  No pockets in his shroud.

Oh, pity him, good friends—you who
  Have little save good cheer,
With health and aspirations few,
  And—some few bones a year.
For, whatsoe'er the aftermath
  Of life, to heaven be loud
In praises that the dead man hath
  No pockets in his shroud.

Milton Lomas.

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ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor
GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager

A FRENCHMAN has had the temerity to affirm that the professors in American colleges are tongue-tied by virtue of the fact that rich men who have endowed their institutions, have the right to dictate the policy of the objects of their benefactions. There is no doubt that there is some truth in the statement, but one would not like to feel that because Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Carnegie and others of our rich men have endowed Columbia University, the occupant of the chair of sociology or political economy could not speak his mind on the question of the abuses of the trusts or other subjects involving national interest, any more than because a man drops a big bill into the collection-plate of a Sunday morning, he can dictate the quality of a sermon. However, it would seem that for outspoken qualities lacking there there are multitudes of others quite as able to make up the deficiency.

THE outdoor dining fad has taken hold of New Yorkers this summer more than ever. There are now at least a dozen places where meals can be enjoyed, all the way from Washington Square to the Circle, some of the outdoor features being like those of the Martin, on the street level, and others, like the new Mouquin outdoor restaurant, on a sort of terrace above. It is quite the thing to indulge this particular Parisian fad, and hotel proprietors will do well to note the public's esteem of this enterprise, and offer more of them to the Broadway *habitués* and the boulevardiers. There is a charm about an open-air meal that is as pleasurable as taking one's frivolity *al fresco* on a roof garden.

COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR will soon join the ranks of the bonifaces after the true Astor manner. He has purchased property near the proposed Pennsylvania tunnel station terminal on Seventh Avenue, and will erect a hostelry costing a million dollars or thereabouts. Since the establishment of the old Astor House the family has had a leaning toward the hotel as an investment, and what's bred in the bone will out even in the third and fourth generation. Colonel Astor is an ideal host, and even if he does not see the inside of his hostelry any oftener than his expatriated blood relative, William Waldorf, we can imagine that it will be sumptuous without being too formal, and homelike for all its palatial appointments.

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE protests. She says that her home on Fifth Avenue, near Forty-second Street, for which she pays Commodore Gerry the snug sum of $12,500 a year, no longe rpleases, and protests that she must move, whereas Uncle Russell puts in a counter-argument that good enough is the thing to be let alone. Mrs. Sage, however, avers that from her open windows these summer days she can look down into the heart of a candy store, and the sight of young and frivolous people gorging ice-cream soda gives her heartache. One young and foolish maiden actually gave her nervous prostration by leading into the ice-cream parlor three French poodles and treating them and herself at the same time to sixty-cent ices. It is indeed a cruel spectacle to bear, and even the possession of a hundred millions does not seem to hedge Mrs. Russell with that divinity which common folk imagine it should. However, Uncle Russell will "stick it out if it takes all summer," as did the illustrious Grant, for never will it be said that the man who was never routed in Wall Street was put to flight by an ice-cream soda fountain.

THE consistent and irrepressible Duss returns to New York again after a tour of the country, but no longer in the guise of the uncertain bidder for fame and fortune, nor regarded merely as a wealthy and eccentric musician bound to deplete his entire exchequer in a desire to impress the public with his personality. For a time last year, on account of the methods employed by his manager to exploit him, Duss drew people to the St. Nicholas Garden much as later the populace broke out to see Esau at the same place. However, within a few weeks, it was more than borne upon the music-loving public that Duss was indeed an artist, and was not leaning upon the reputation of the Metropolitan Opera orchestra. The summer's work might have cost a pretty penny, but the investment was a good one. This year the bandmaster turns orchestra leader and hires the Madison Square Garden, fitting it up magnificently in Venetian style. It is no longer problematic whether or not honest John, of Economy, Pa., will succeed this summer at the Garden. He certainly offers the most unique entertainment that the metropolis has enjoyed for many a season.

Now is the time that great enterprises are being planned, and it is said that at least a thousand managers are fanning their nights away on sleepless pillows trying to invent new joys for the delight of the theatre lovers. More than that, there has been a general shifting of stellar bodies, many managers taking up with new talent and allowing their old standbys to take up with new managers who think they can exploit them in a new way. Still more, some of our ambitious librettists have turned impresarios. Witness the versatile Harry B. Smith, librettist to the million, who, not content to turn out a comic opera every full moon, takes to the inner sanctum and produces his own extravaganzas. It would appear that the managers' benefits accruing are making the librettists and composers inordinately jealous, and knowing very well that few managers can write a lyric or put forth a score, they are of the belief that every man is a born manager.

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O.

Miss Mildred De Vere

A favorite with painters of classic ideal types

A MARTYR

"The main objection I have to a boat like this," commented the young man in the stern, "is that if a fellow tries to kiss a girl in one he is sure to upset the boat and land them both in the water."

"Mercy!" answered the girl.

Then with a confident, if not expectant air, she said—

"I'm so glad I am a good swimmer!"

NOT COMPLETE

A friend once wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter, and received no reply. He waited a few days, and then wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Finally he sent a third note, inclosing a sheet of paper and stamp. By return of post he received a postal card on which was the following:

"Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."

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GRIMSTON'S SCHOOL OF ACTING*

By Ada Patterson and Victory Bateman

JOE GRIMSTON was "hard up." It is not essential that we know why. His money may have departed by way of "jolly games of poker, just among friends, you know," or it may have gone the way of loans to brothers and sisters of the boards "out of an engagement."

It was gone. That was quite enough for Joe's practical, non-retrospective mind.

"What to do? That's all I care about at this talking," he said.

"Bings," the juvenile, top floor, rear room, was in precisely the same condition. So was Howard Loeser, "villain," third floor, side. Ditto Minnie Long, second floor back, who was only twenty-three, but couldn't play anything but "character" because she was so ugly. Worst of all, good Mrs. Wilkins, who kept this particular theatrical house, was being "pushed." Altercations with the butcher and grocer boys, precipitated by the bills they presented daily, were giving her chronic red eyes and a drooping expression. The atmosphere of the house was so depressing that it came near affecting Joe's irrepressible spirits. This was chiefly, though, because he was sorry for "Mother Wilkins."

"What's the matter, Joe?" asked Billy Arnold, who had stopped at Newark on his way to play a summer stock engagement at Peek's Island, and found the comedian standing in the middle of the room above the kitchen, his feet far apart, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and he whistling gloomily to an audience that, judging from his upturned face, must have been located in the ceiling.

"Had a compound fracture of my finances," returned Joe, cheerily.

"Why don't you borrow from the fellows?"

"They're broke as bad as I am."

"I can let you have a tenner, Joe, if you'll let me have it in two weeks. I'll have to send for my wife and babies as soon as I get settled at the Island."

"No use, old man, thank you. I'll probably be as bad off in two weeks as now, unless I can think of something. I was just thinking it out when you came in. You interrupted me."

"Thanks; I'll go."

"You're welcome! So long."

After Arnold had gone, Joe continued to stare at the ceiling. After reflection he brought his feet together suddenly, his eyes beamed, and he snapped his fingers, expressing profound satisfaction. He addressed the bureau with a cracked mirror.

"I'll open a school of acting," he said.

The mirror looked as though it approved.

The next morning there appeared conspicuously on the advertising page of all the local papers this leaded announcement:

"Joe Grimston's School of Acting will open next week. All branches taught. Number of pupils limited. Applications must be made at once in person. Terms strictly cash in advance."

The evening before Grimston had held a long conference with his fellows of "fractured finances."

"You can all come in on this," he said. "Bings, you must clear out during business hours so that we can open the folding doors and use the whole floor for the school. Loeser, you must cultivate the habit of early rising, for we'll want to use your place for a reception-room. Minnie, get together what make-up things you have. If you are out of powder and rouge, Mrs. Wilkins will lend you some starch and beet juice. And Mrs. Wilkins, I'll trouble you for one thing only, the desk that palmist fellow left when he skipped his bill. It looks business-like. We may have it? Thank you! It will be all we can do to be out and dressed when the rush begins to-morrow."

He was right. Ting-a-ling! The door-bell spoke with an accent of trepidation. Mrs. Wilkins's face brightened. She dusted the flour from her bony old hands. The ring of her tormentors, the butcher and the grocer boy, had a different accent.

A slender blond young man removed his hat with unction. She remembered him well. He was the cashier of the Second National Bank. There was an entirely new deference in his manner.

"I would like to see Mr. Grimston, the head of the 'School of Acting,'" he observed.

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Mrs. Wilkins, in a delighted flurry. "Oh, I wonder if Mr. Loeser is up," she whispered, in dreadful trepidation.

The "villain" was not up. Through the keyhole filtered a soft snore. He was dreaming confidently of the quick profits of the "School of Acting."

The landlady led the cashier to the top floor with more confidence.

"Come in," said Mr. Grimston, in deep abdominal tones.

He sat before the big desk writing busily. It was several minutes before he looked up.

"Ah, good-morning!" he said, brusquely.

"Good-morning," said the cashier suavely. Yes, Mr. Grimston looked even younger than on the stage in Barney's Stock. His red hair and his freckles remained to identify him.

But where were his fun and his grimaces? This young man was a serious, care-worn person. The cashier said something of the sort falteringly to the actor.

"Comedians are never funny, except on the stage," Grimston answered. "It is their business

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*From "By the Stage Door." Published and copyrighted, 1902, by The Grafton Press, New York

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to be funny. Do you find anything very funny about counting cash, now?"

Grimston opened his watch and snapped it shut quickly. "We must get to business at once," he said mendaciously. "I expect my other pupils soon."

"What do you teach, the natural method or——"

"You have seen me act at Barney's?"

"Yes, I have often had the pleasure."

"Well, then, you know my method."

"What are your terms?"

"Fifty dollars a quarter. Terms strictly cash in advance."

"That is satisfactory." The cashier took out a yellowish-green bill that was beautiful to Joe's famished eyes. The comedian hastily wrote a receipt.

"Let me see you walk across the floor. That is the first step in acting."

The young man from the Second National walked from the window of the front room to the window of the back, which Bings had willingly vacated, slipperless, in a dark brown bathrobe. Then he walked back again to the front window.

Grimston groaned.

"Try it again," he said, with an evident attempt to be patient.

The cashier again made the tour of the rooms.

Again Grimston groaned.

"Can't you walk like this?" he demanded. He sauntered across the room and rested an elbow on the roller-top desk.

"Try that," he said, without concealing his pride.

The cashier looked at him admiringly. "You remind me of Kelcey leaning against a mantel," he observed. "I have eighteen pictures of Kelcey leaning against mantels, all different mantels, too," with enthusiasm.

"I may have some mannerisms that are like Kelcey's, but we are of an entirely different class," said the head of the "School of Acting," loftily. "I could teach Herbert a good many things," he added, mysteriously.

The cashier gazed in rapt admiration at his instructor. It was plain that he was profoundly impressed. An hour later he walked into the bank with a disdainful expression. Visions of a "first night" in New York, of boxes from which lovely women leaned in an abandon of emotion to throw roses at him and follow his every gesture with love-lit eyes, of applause like intermittent thunder, of a rainfall of white and tinted notes, each with its crest and monogram and its rare perfume, in his dressing-room, made the high stools and the brass-barred windows of the Newark National a mean and hateful sight.

Grimston and the banished Loeser restored to his room, were just then laughing undramatically.

"He wanted to know how long it would take him to play Billy Faversham parts. I told him three months of our school ought to give him an even chance with Billy, but that the Englishman would be handicapped, because he hadn't temperament."

Loeser grinned. "I suppose he asked you to get him a job?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What did you do?"

"I promised."

Then they went forth to "break the bill," Mrs. Wilkins and Mollie peering anxiously from the upper windows after them.

The next pupil was a tall, tailor-made young woman, dignified, but nervous. She kept her veil down and talked stiffly. Grimston recognized her at once as old Remington the dry-goods merchant's stage-struck daughter. But his face was unmoved when she introduced herself as Miss Allen, of New York.

"I do not need any instruction," she said, "for I have distinguished myself in parlor theatricals, and I do not need any introduction to managers, for my social position is such that my name will gain me *entrée* anywhere. I simply desire you to assist me in deciding upon a stage name. I shall probably have to confer with you often, for I am fastidious."

"Very well, madame," said Grimston, in his choicest abdominal tones, to convey the illusion of a dignity as great as his caller's. He waved her to a chair with the same flourish he once used when he was miscast for the lead in the "County Judge."

"You are prepared to meet the conditions of my advertisement?" he continued.

"Oh, yes," and another yellowish-green bill was transferred from her silver reticule to his welcoming hand.

"Whoopee! Hooray!" The cry of elation, muffled slightly, came by way of the key-hole. Grimston walked to the window.

"The noise from the streets is penetrating," he said gravely. "The street gamins are obtrusive. Go away!" he roared, and the window dropped with a warning bang. Thereafter there was silence in the hall.

Miss Remington, with all the preoccupation of the self-centered, was saying: "My fancy inclines more to Francesca Paola than anything else, but I am not sure that I am quite satisfied with that. Do you think it fits me?"

"Not just like a glove," admitted Grimston. "Why don't you use 'Remington'?"

"What—do—you—mean?" faltered the visitor.

"Mean? It is a good old-fashioned English name. It flows on smoothly. If I were a rhetorician I should say it is euphonious."

"I—don't—like—it," snapped the young woman.

"Why not?"

"Because—it is so common."

"Perhaps it is. Permit me, madame, to congratulate you on a step in the evolution of woman. You have given a reason. Stand up! Let me see you cross the room. I want to get an idea of your personality, so that I may find a name to fit it. Raise your veil!"

That was exactly what Miss Remington had intended not to do, but for some reason she could not explain she did.

"Good!" said the comedian. "I have it. 'Abigail Ruggles!'"

"You must be joking, sir!" said the girl, her back stiffening.

"Indeed, I am not. It is a strong name, one that people will not forget. You have a strong individuality. What would you do with 'Leonie D'Arville,' for instance? 'Leonie' would live

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and die where she belonged, in the Casino chorus. No, Miss Allen, you are adapted to tragedy. That is what you want to play, now, isn't it? I was sure of it. You need a mountainous and picturesque name; something rugged and grand like Sarah Bernhardt, only more so."

"Thank you! I'll—think—about it," reflected the pupil, her lips silently shaping themselves to "Abigail Ruggles." "But I should like to confer with you again."

"Certainly! Tuesdays and Fridays, at two. Bring a directory of Greater New York with you. I am sorry there is no one to call a carriage for you. I sent my 'Buttons' on an errand. You won't wait for him? I am sorry. Good-morning."

Upon the stairs Miss Remington passed Mrs. Nelson. They glared at each other in the amiable way of cats and some women. Mrs. Nelson wore no veil, attempted no disguise.

"I can't say you have very promising material for pupils if Tillie Remington is a specimen. She's as graceful as a poker, just. And my mahogany dining-table has more temperament than she has. Now tell me just what temperament is. People talk a lot about it, but nobody seems to know anything. My husband says I have plenty and to spare. But he says it's temper. It isn't just that, is it? Richard is a brute. I told him this morning I was going to leave him and go on the stage. He laughed and handed me this bill. He said, 'Go to see Joe Grimston, or buy a bonnet!' I suppose he thought I would never get past the milliner's. But I did, for I shut my eyes tight when we got to Mme. Merle's corner, and told Tom I was late, and to drive fast. Well, here's the money! Now let's begin right away."

The comedian knew that Mrs. Nelson was so unused to hearing her questions answered that she no longer expected anything so unusual. So he attempted nothing unique.

"Very well!" he said, thrusting the bill deep into his pocket. He folded his arms and studied her critically.

"Walk from the fireplace to the desk," he commanded. "Now back again!"

"H'm! H'm!" he said, after she had fluttered back and forth in the erratic, wavering course of a human humming-bird.

"Walk more like this."

"I—can't," Mrs. Nelson answered, in a distressed tone, as she watched his stage stride.

"My—I—feet—are not long enough."

"That's true!" reflected Grimston. "Mary," he said, raising his voice a key, "call Mr. Loeser."

There was a space of time in which "Mary" did not appear—there being no "Mary"—but Mr. Loeser was presented.

"Now, Mrs. Nelson, Mr. Loeser is a villain." Mrs. Nelson grew a shade paler. "That is, a 'stage villain.' As to him personally, there are two opinions. One is his own, that he is not a villain. The other is that of everyone who knows him. But that is an aside. Now, Mrs. Nelson, Mr. Loeser will try to kiss you."

"Indeed, he will not!" said the small woman indignantly.

"I mean he will pretend that he tries to kiss you, but you will cry, 'Stand back, sir!'"

"Oh!" in mollified tones.

"Now, Loeser!"

Although Loeser's mustache did not touch her cheek by a respectful two inches, she carefully dusted the profaned spot with her fluff of a lace handkerchief. "Wouldn't Tom just be sorry if he saw that?" she said silently, but with emphasis.

"Stand back!" she piped.

"Gesture!" reminded Grimston.

"Stand back!" she shrilled again, glaring at good-natured-looking Loeser, and moving a nervous little arm in his direction.

"Gesture from the chest, not from the waist. Gesture away from instead of toward you. If you gesture from the waist you break the line and cut yourself off at the middle to the audience. You have none too much height, anyhow."

"I didn't come here to be reminded of that," Mrs. Nelson sniffed.

"I am merely speaking professionally. There are but two classes of people in the world, professionals and non-professionals."

"Geese and swans," commented Mrs. Nelson scornfully. But the small woman soon forgot such a ripple in the sea of amenities.

"There is only one thing that worries me about going on the stage. I must only play parts that will keep my face or back to the audience. I won't show my profile; it's bad."

So it was, what there was of it. Her nose was pettishly tilted, and it was a matter of conjecture whether there was really any bridge.

"I'm afraid that can't be done, but you might wear a false nose."

"How perfectly horrid! I don't know that I would like to go on the stage after all. It's so artificial! I think I'll go home and speak to my husband about that nose."

That afternoon Fred Nelson, the leading civil lawyer of the State, walked chuckling into the "School of Acting."

"That's right, Grimston!" he roared. "You're a clever chap! Keep her at it and discourage her by encouraging her. She's in bed now with a sick headache. Good girl, but a little obstinate. Don't tell her about the hardships, except inferentially. Here's the tuition for next quarter, cash in advance. Good-by! Ho! Ho!"

That evening there was joyous council at the house.

"Eight pupils! $400 spot cash! And more pupils and more cash coming. Things are looking up, Mrs. Wilkins. How much do you owe her, Loeser? You, Bings? And Mollie! $200. There you are!" and he hugged the landlady boisterously, an embrace she did not resent.

"But, Loeser, what a bluff! Great thing, the old American game of bluff! It's well there's no carpet; it would have been worn out, I made them walk so much. And I'd keep yelling at 'em 'Gesture! gesture!' and no matter which hand they would use, I'd say, 'No, the other!'"

The "School of Acting" grew to twelve pupils, "strictly cash in advance." They walked and gestured, and growled or piped out Shakespeare's lines in such a manner that their author wouldn't have known them, and the quarter closed with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the school. That was the first and last appearance of the pupils upon any stage.

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THE CREATOR OF THE WENZEL GIRL

Albert Wenzel in His Studio

By Elmer F. Sachs

OHIO has much to answer for and much to be proud of as well. That State may be said to be the mother of Presidents, dividing that honor with Virginia, and the mother, or foster-mother, of artists, dividing that honor with no one. The list of painters, sculptors, and illustrators who, like Lochinvar, "came out of the West," reads like a catalogue of exhibitors at the Academy. It includes such men as J. Q. A. Ward and Albert Niehaus, sculptors; Carleton T. Chapman, Robert Blum, Frank Duveneck, W. J. Baer, Kenyon Cox, the Beards, Otto Bacher, John Twachtman, and others of equal or superior note, including Albert B. Wenzel, creator of one of the most beautiful types of feminine loveliness we have ever had the privilege to regard as real American, the Wenzel Girl. Others have made a strong bid for popular favor along these lines, but Mr. Wenzel has succeeded through sheer merit, and whereas others seemed to have superior talent at the outset and promised greater things, Mr. Wenzel has taken himself seriously and set to work to achieve a name and something more than the common prominence of the successful illustrator.

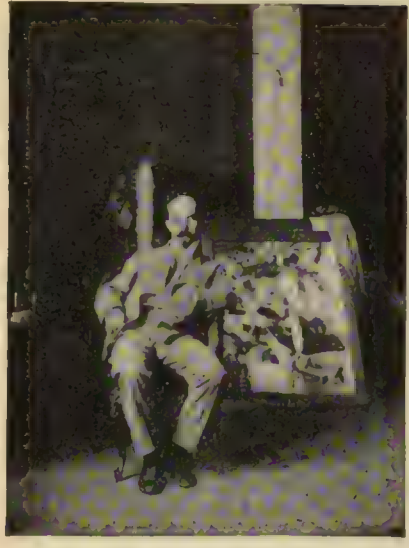
Mr. Wenzel examining the drawing of a young aspirant

Ten years ago Albert Wenzel was struggling along in a most modest way, having neither money nor the advantage of a continental education as some who have since foresworn their country, finding success too dear of purchase here. Mr. Wenzel has worked quietly, faithfully, and with that persistence which was his rightful inheritance as the scion of hardy German stock. It was not until he had achieved some considerable fame and financial success here that he went abroad at all, and then did not remain long. He is too thoroughly American in his tastes and enjoyments not to appreciate the value of an American public, and as a result there is a sort of Wenzel cult through the entire country.

Mr. Wenzel's work appears in the most prominent magazines of this and other countries, and has succeeded in breaking into the old magazines on the other side—the conservative periodicals which from time immemorial have regarded Americans as a good-natured people quite devoid of any particular art sense. He has also had time to do a great deal of painting and drawing in pastel for exhibition work, decoration of the mansions of our millionaires, the interiors of public buildings, etc. Mr. Wenzel has a studio on Fifth Avenue and a country home on the south side of Long Island. He is a very methodical, modest, and retiring man personally, finding his truest inspiration in the volume of his work and in his home, which is ideal for comfort and pleasure.

Art with Mr. Wenzel is a serious proposition. His is a dedicated life. A man in the prime of his talent, of the simplest tastes and habits, he

Mr. Wenzel is partial to pastel effects



Albert Wenzel in his studio

expresses the art idea with a fullness and a richness which seems quite one and apart from the commercially stricken age when the only seriousness apparently is the pursuit of money for the money's sake. Mr. Wenzel's work commands high prices, but there is nothing spectacular nor ephemeral in his work nor his personality. He is a plodder who has achieved what he has attained through sheer hard labor. There is nothing fortuitous or inspirational. He takes no chances with his art. He is nothing of the gambler in colors, as it were, and trifling is unknown to him. Indeed, insistent seriousness becomes at times almost didactic and certainly over-intellectual in contradistinction to mere sentiment. Mr. Gibson, for instance, appeals to the sentimental side of character, and he has what Mr. Wenzel possesses only in a limited degree—a sense of humor, always refined and sometimes very subtle. Mr. Wenzel's humor, if he has such a quality in a recognizable degree, is Teutonic rather than Gallic or American. Whatever subtlety he possesses displays itself in color and form, both developed with exceeding refinement. Such work will not startle or stun for a time and then pass away, but is bound to remain a fixed standard and to exert a strong influence upon contemporary art. Mr. Wenzel is still a young man and will undoubtedly live many years to enrich the art of his native land. The illustrations herewith bespeak the repose and quiet of his downtown den where he does the greater share of his work.

THE DAINTY SUMMER GIRLS IN BROADWAY WEEKLY

THERE is no publication in America to-day that devotes so much space to the dainty American summer girl as does BROADWAY WEEKLY.

The fascinating, fluffy girl of hammock, seashore or mountain is the theme of artists, photographers and writers for BROADWAY WEEKLY. Every issue of the summer months contains from ten to twenty special summer-girl features—to say nothing of page after page of the most beautiful pictures of beautiful women of the stage ever published in America.

Among the other features that make BROADWAY WEEKLY by all odds the most entertaining weekly publication in America are:

A front page in color.

Centre-page of Society Satires, by Frank Parker.

Latest Gossip of the Stage.

Criticisms of all new summer productions in New York.

Intimate Gossip of New York's Smart Set.

The Chat of Club, Roof Garden, Summer Resort, and the Boulevard.

Portraits of the handsomest women in the world—of American women.

Witty departments, stories, quips, etc., by the cleverest writers in the metropolis.

BROADWAY WEEKLY is for sale everywhere by newsdealers at 10 cents a copy; or, $4.00 a year.

Send in stamps, check, cash or money order and you will receive BROADWAY WEEKLY for the balance of the summer, post-paid, for $1.00

Send to-day and do not miss one issue of this great publication.

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FRESH FROM THE FOOLISH FOUNDRY

Not While She Was About

"Well, have you anything to say?" asked the judge.

The little man in the witness-box looked round the court rather fearfully

"That depends," he answered at last. "Is my wife in court?"

An Exception

"You know," said the woman suffragist, "they say, 'the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.'"

"Ridiculous!" cried Henpeck, "I'm sure my hand doesn't rule the world."

Confusing to the Court

At a trial before an East-side justice the plaintiff's attorney had made an eloquent and logical argument. When the counsel for the defendant arose the following dialogue ensued:

"What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the defendant's counsel began his argument.

"Going to present our side of the case."

"I don't want to hear both sides," replied the justice. "It has a tendency to confuse the court."

Too Hasty

Miss Softly (who has been attending a course of lectures)—Oh, Professor, I saw such a funny old fossil in the museum to-day. I thought of you at once.

(Professor Pliocene, the eminent geologist, does not know whether to feel flattered or not.)

Evens Up

Doctor's Wife—Aren't you going to take your instrument case?

Doctor—No; the patient is a plumber. I'm going to send back for the instruments and charge him for the time.

A Candid Opinion

Sill—What did you think of the live-stock show?

Bill—Well, in my opinion, that Miss Waddsleigh, in whose company you seemed to be most of the time, was far away the finest specimen on exhibition.

Strangers Now

Homer—So you and Mrs. Nextdoor are not on speaking terms? I thought you were bosom friends.

Mrs. Homer—So we were until we exchanged domestics."

In For It

Young Husband—Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?

Young Wife—That's what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram.

A Paderewski Yarn

Here is a tale which Paderewski takes an especial delight in telling.

His first introduction to London society practically synchronized with the sudden popularity of a certain melody. Just for a moment we will not say what the tune in question was; but it was the rage of the day.

The great pianist heard the tune wherever he went. The organs played it in the street, so did the bands, German as well as English, and everybody whistled it who could master that accomplishment. They who could not whistle it, hummed it.

It seemed to Paderewski—it gradually dawned upon him, so to speak—that people took a furtive delight in whistling it at his approach, and to connect it in some way with his personality. The haunting melody threatened to get on his nerves.

The strange thing was that he failed to learn the name of the tune. If he asked anybody what it was, they politely changed the subject, nor could he bring the conversation back to it.

It became so overpoweringly familiar at last—for he could not turn without his ears being smitten by it—that he finally cornered a small boy who had whistled the perpetual harmony in front of him in the street.

"What is the name of that tune you are whistling?" he asked the urchin.

"G'arn!" said the boy, "who're yer gittin' at?"

"Tell me the name of the tune," persisted Paderewski, "and you shall have this sixpence."

He produced the money as an earnest. The boy took it and pocketed it.

"I s'pose you're kiddin' me about the tune," he said; "but if yer ain't, it's—'Git Yer 'Air Cut!'"

Very Smart

One morning after the street organs got hold of his "Washington Post March," John Philip Sousa ran across an Irishman playing the march at a dirge-like pace, which set his teeth on edge. Snatching the handle of the organ away from him, Sousa exclaimed angrily:

"My Heavens! man, why don't you play it with a little energy? There's nobody dead in this place!"

The Irishman stood by, open-eyed with wonder, as Sousa dashed through the measures of the march at a rattling pace.

"And who are you, anyhow?" he exclaimed.

"I am Mr Sousa," exclaimed the bandmaster, "I composed that march. Don't mind my giving you a friendly hint."

The Irishman retired with his features wreathed in smiles. Next morning an enormous placard appeared about his neck. It was printed in red ink and ran as follows· "A pupil of Sousa."

Tables Turned

Blade—Well, old man, have you made any progress in your married life?

Grasse—I should say so. When I was first married we quarreled for an hour and spent two days in making up; now we quarrel two days and make it up in an hour.

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THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

By Carolyn Lowrey

MISS BARRYMORE'S LATEST

WORD comes from over the pond that clever Ethel Barrymore may become the wife of a well-known Wall Street broker.

Miss Barrymore has been accused of such a possibility many times before, but nothing daunted, Mr. E. Clarence is devotedly squandering the results of well-invested stocks on the somewhat fickle Miss Barrymore.

His dinner given a few weeks ago in her honor, at the Carleton Hotel, London, was the most costly ever given in the *salon* where nobility so often dines.

The favors were hand-painted Venetian fans for the women, and gold chains of most unique design for the men.

MRS. POTTER PALMER'S LATEST

SHOULD Mrs. Potter Palmer become the third wife of the Prince of Monaco she will have reached the limit. The Prince would come to her rich only in episodes unfit for publication. His first wife, daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, divorced him. In his second wife, widow of the Duc de Richelieu, and formerly Miss Alice Haine of New Orleans, he met his Waterloo. He now comes in an over-ripe old age to the feet of Mrs. Potter Palmer.

They may be Chicago feet, but will she deign, at that, to walk his way?

MISS MUNRO AS SHE IS

MISS NORMA MUNRO has at last grown tired of trying to find a way to lose her money.

True, Mrs. Osborn's venture was a mere bagatelle to Miss Munro's purse, and she has grown weary of automobile racing in order to drop an extra hundred or so.

She is a well-known figure in her mannish attire of short skirt, stiff shirt, box-coat and sombrero hat.

Miss Munro is fitted for better things. She is well read, uses her pen with facility, and gathers around her men and women of literary taste and artistic ability.

MRS. GOULD IN RED

MRS. EDWIN GOULD will wear this season a most striking yachting costume of vivid scarlet.

The long coat has a *chic* belt and collar and cuffs of white broadcloth.

Very few women could dare such a color, but Mrs. Edwin Gould is a most attractive looking woman, and with her brilliant dark eyes she makes a picture in the red suit that is pleasant to watch as she flits about her husband's yacht.

HALLIE RIVES, OF THE TITIAN HAIR

HALLIE RIVES, who will star next season, modestly claims that she is clever, and this statement is endorsed by her chum, Mrs. Brown Potter.

She expects to be a second Leslie Carter. Well, Hallie has the Titian hair, and can be her own press agent; the rest may follow.

GREAT SUMMER OFFER

We make it all over again for the benefit of those who have not already taken advantage of it.

Every reader of BROADWAY MAGAZINE should also get BROADWAY WEEKLY regularly. To enable you to do so, we make this special offer: Send us $5.00 and we will send you BROADWAY MAGAZINE for the next twelve months, and also 52 issues of "BROADWAY WEEKLY," including the first eight numbers free. We will send these eight issues FREE, so that you will have a complete file. Send in your order at once, as this offer will be withdrawn and your money returned as soon as the first numbers are exhausted. You can take advantage of this offer by sending direct to publication office or through your newsdealer.

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BROADWAY LOCALETTES

FORMER Senator P. H. Roach of the Rossmore declares he has had more offers to go into partnership than any other man in New York—provided he advances the capital.

"See that fellow?" said Thomas Lane of the Marlborough, the other day, "he has an endless chain scheme which beats the world. If a man borrows one dollar from him, he promptly borrows two dollars from some other fellow."

When the City Editor asked Thomas Hanlen where a fellow-reporter was, he replied: "He fell by the Wayside Inn," which is the Delmonico's of Herald Square."

William Dubbs, the genial and accommodating, was seen on Broadway the other day looking for a chance to be the fourteenth at any dinner, or supply the deficiency of any marriage ceremony where the bridegroom failed to show up. They say that William's alimony list looks like a pension record.

Charley Potts, the handsome, has gone in for history of late. He says that the author of the beautiful injunction: "Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth," was none other than the Venus di Milo.

A danger signal confronted the members of the Penny-ante Coterie as they were about to commune together at Reggy Enpeck's last night. It seems that Mrs. Reggy took a faster steamer home than Reggy expected.

The magnificent realistic picture of Lord Algernon Giglamps-ap-Giglamps has been taken down from the walls of the Balled-Off and returned to England in disgrace. It seems, it was so realistic that it proposed to every heiress in the hostelry without even the formality of an introduction.

Dickey Flipper is a practical joker, but, alas! the worm turns. It appears that when he went to Newport in June just for a lark, he gave the janitor of his apartment-house a trunk full of swagger clothes and a Russian title, and introduced him about Newport as the real thing. Within three weeks the janitor had borrowed enough money from the swell gullibles to come back to New York, buy the flat house, and put Dickey on the sidewalk.

Tom Yeaston, the gay impresario, prefers the forest to the seashore. He says that it inspires him with glad thoughts to see so many proud old patriarchs of the woods having standing room only. It is always an inspiring sign to an old box-office magnate.

The youthful Duke of Pimmpomm will go to Saratoga next week to play leading rôle in a new game called Progressive Dukelets. He proposes to each heiress in turn and they pass him along so that each may swear that she has been proposed to by a real live gracelets this summer.

REMARKABLE "BROADWAY WEEKLY" SUMMER SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

We want every reader of BROADWAY MAGAZINE to get BROADWAY WEEKLY regularly.

BROADWAY WEEKLY is the handsomest and by all odds the cleverest weekly paper published in the world. Every issue contains pictures in color, snapshots of dainty summer girls, portraits of society and stage beauties, crisp, clever reading matter, and a dozen features that cannot be found in any other publication on earth. If you once begin to take BROADWAY WEEKLY you will always take it, and that is why we can afford to make this special offer.

Send us twenty-five cents in stamps or silver and we will mail you BROADWAY WEEKLY for one month, post-paid. Where can you get better value on the face of the globe?

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Special One Month's Broadway Weekly Subscription Offer

Broadway Weekly, 121 W. 42nd Street, New York

Herewith find **25 cents** for which send me BROADWAY WEEKLY for One Month, as per your Special Offer in July BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

If you do not wish to mutilate your copy, send 25 cents and mention this page

'STASIA'S STAGE CHAT

To be an impresario, composer, librettist, stage director, orchestra leader, and in fact everything from proprietor to super, is a condition achieved only by such rare mortals as the redoubtable Oscar Hammerstein, who comes forth from his cocoon after a considerable lapse, and gives us a roof garden fantasy which pleases the public. The Paradise Roof Garden attraction, "atop the Victoria and Belasco theatres," is Hammerstinian in every particular, and his own "pretentious entertainment," "Punch, Judy and Company," written, done into melody, costumed, staged and everything but sung and danced by the wizard of the straight-brimmed tile, fulfill the Hammerstinian requirements, which are limited to such brain stimulation as properly accompanies a mint julep or a variegated ice. For that reason, Oscar, first in the field, will undoubtedly remain till the last roof-gardener of the season sits shivering through three hours of levity, warmed with a hot Scotch and a fur-lined raglan. It may not be amiss to note, in the same breath, that so confident is Mr. Hammerstein the dear public can stand one more good music-hall attraction that he is seriously contemplating making the Victoria Theatre again a sort of Proctor-Keith metropolitan feature.

Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger, who are reputed to be among the shrewdest prophets of what the public cries for, have, so it is said, secured the rights to reproduce the pantomimes which have filled old Drury Lane in London for many moons. Trying pantomime on the American public is by no means a new game. The beautiful little "L'Enfant Prodique" some years ago, with the wonderfully expressive music of M. Aime Lachaume, did not seem to catch the public very strongly by the forelock, but then, too, one can never tell what sort of a turn public taste will take. Where are the plays of yesterday? might be properly paraphrased by Mr. Sothern, and likewise as an interesting sequel, What are the plays of to-morrow? If the second Daniels of Forty-second Street are to be trusted, at least one of them will be pantomime *à la* Drury Lane.

The Irish Literary Society of New York, an organization whose especial function it is to perpetuate everything of a Gaelic origin, gave three plays by the Irish poet, W. B. Yeats, at Carnegie Lyceum, with such success that they will undoubtedly be repeated this coming season. The plays are expressive of the peasant struggles during various periods of Irish history, and are pictures of great fidelity and strength. The actors who took part in these labors of love included Miss Mabel Taliaferro, a young woman who, though just stepping across the limit line of her teens when the Gerry Society permits her to appear in drama, is nevertheless one of the most promising of the younger school.

Madame Patti's absolutely last farewell—to quote Shakespeare, she has had "as many farewells as be stars in the heavens"—under the auspices of Mr. Robert Grau, will this autumn introduce to Americans a pianist of continental fame, Mlle. Vera Mungolies. Women pianists have never created the furore that the Paderewskis and de Pachmans have done, but nevertheless they have had a deserving following, as witness Mesdames Carreno, Rive-King, Bloomfield-Zeisler and others who periodically burst into bloom upon the billboards, with success to themselves and their projectors. However, it is more than probable that Madame Patti's reflected fame would be sufficient to carry any pianist into the public's serious consideration, if not indeed its favor.

One of the fortunates to be discovered this season is a charming young woman, Miss Mary Nash, who has been serving her apprenticeship in the wilderness of Hoboken, and will make an autumnal leap clean across North River from that bourne of pilsner and pretzels to glittering old Broadway. Miss Nash is the daughter of Mr. Philip F. Nash, well known as the assistant general manager of the Keith circuit, and a thorough theatrical man. Mr. Nash might have thrust his daughter full into the flare of the main street at a bound, but that is not his way of doing things. While placing no obstacles in his daughter's way, he nevertheless was too wise to remove those which are found in the usual highway of the professional. It will be interesting to see what sort of stellar material comes from such eminently theatrical stock, and certainly plain Mary Nash is to be complimented upon the good sense displayed in retaining her own name instead of flying to the saurus of high falutin' literature and choosing to nominate herself as Gwendolyn Buckingham de Vère or some such ludicrously inapt bill-posting scarehead.

'Stasia.

HE DESERVES THANKS

Jimson. I see that ladies are beginning to take their hats off at theatres.

Bilson. Yes; some bright genius started the theory that women kept their hats on because their hair was frowzy.

CHANGED CONDITIONS

Green: I understand you live in a very quiet part of the town.

Brown: We did until recently.

Green: Then you have moved?

Brown: No. Twins.

Says the Ping Pong Girl
to the Golfing Girl,
With a Haughty Stare
and Twirl,
As She Swished her Skirt
and Gave It a Twirl —
Go 'way back and sit down

Copyright, 1903, by the Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

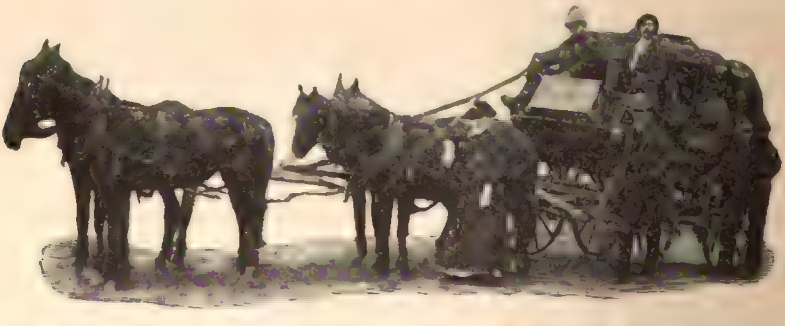
A few lines about the Summer Girl

WHEN TIMES WERE STRENUOUS

MR. THOMAS A. WISE, who has been starring under the direction of Henry B. Harris, has had some curious experiences. His path has not been strewn with roses, as the following paragraph from the *Santa Rosa* (Cal.) *News* of September 5th, 1883, will testify:

"A NARROW ESCAPE—On the 27th inst., as Ingham's Combination Troupe of seven people, three of whom were ladies, were traveling from Duncan's Mills to Guerne—while passing over a difficult piece of grade, one of the horses attached to the stage became frightened, jumped over the pole, and capsized the stage over a steep embankment fully two hundred and fifty feet high. The curtains were drawn down and fastened to keep out the driving rain, and the vehicle turned completely over three or four times before lodging against a tree about half way down the declivity. Two of the party were badly, but not seriously injured, one of whom was a lady. The vehicle was lodged so tightly against the tree that it had to be cut away to release the horses. There were four horses attached to the stage."

History does not say how the company continued its meteoric course, but Mr. Wise recovered sufficiently to become one of the prominent and popular players appearing before the American public.



This is the "troupe," scenery and all the worldly goods of manager and players. Mr. Wise is standing by the rear wheel on the extreme right

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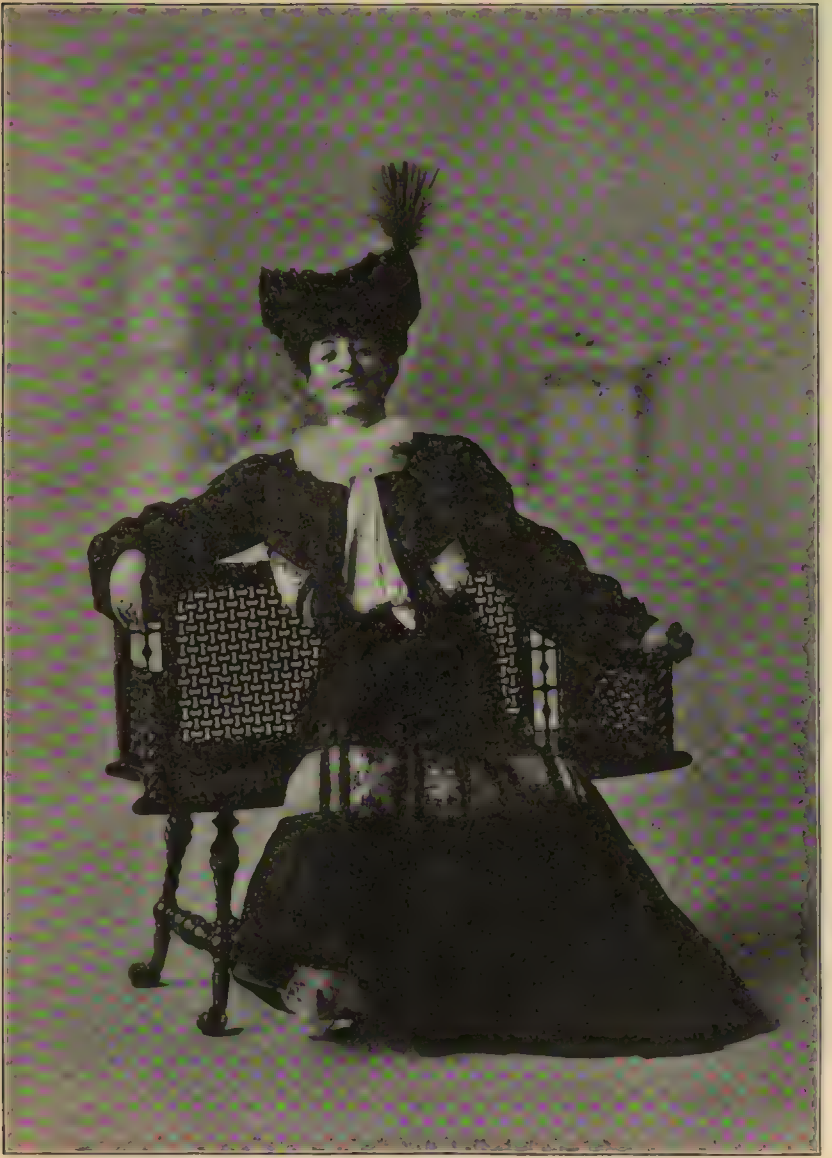

From a photograph by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio

Miss Kitty Wolf,

one of the pretty young women receiving large salaries in vaudeville

Miss Wolf both sings and dances, and makes a salary ample enough to keep the hungriest wolf from the door

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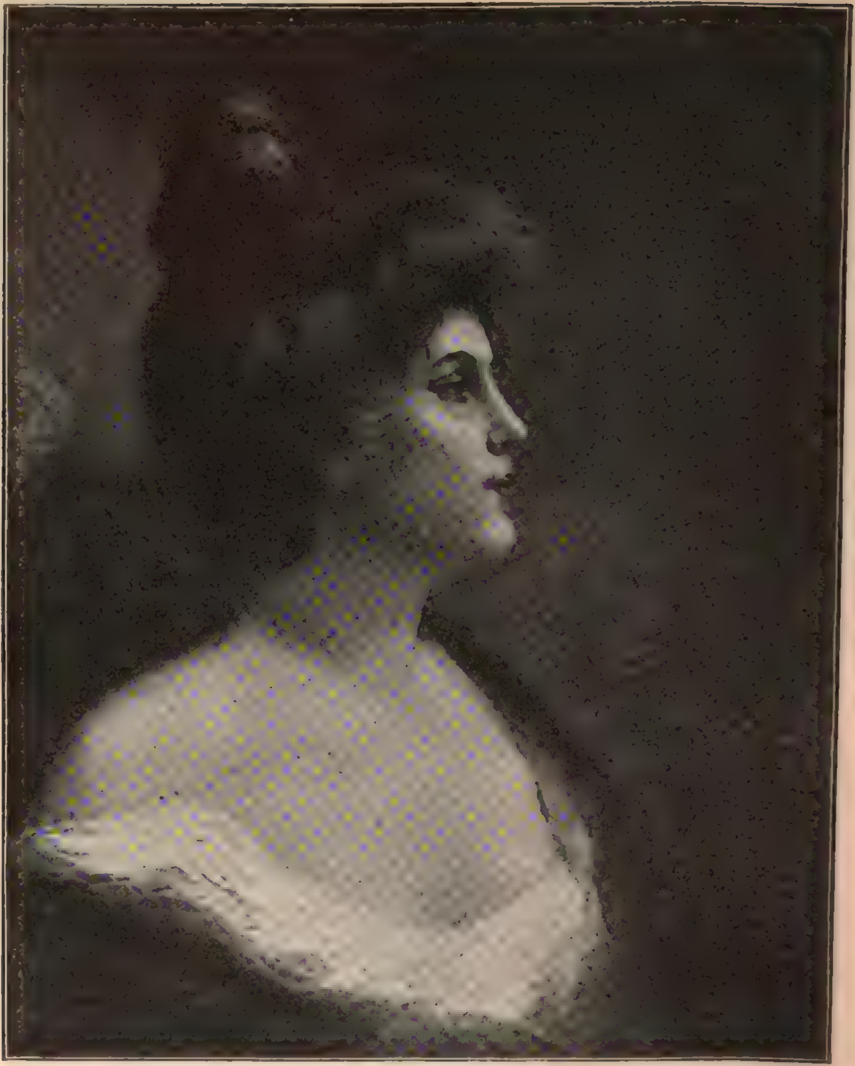

The Asti Girl

One of the most beautiful "girl" studies of the year, by Asti, the famous French artist

On Broadway

Rusher: Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?

Crusher: Yes. Got two suits from him—one dress suit, one lawsuit Very expensive man.

A Side Hit

Mrs. Evergo: I understand that your daughter said I am a gossiping gad-about?

Mrs. Stayathome: You mustn't pay any attention to the child. She is forever repeating what she hears all the neighbors saying.

Unanimous

Katts: How are you and your wife? Do you quarrel as much as ever?

Ratts: Just about the same.

Katts: Tell me candidly, did you and your wife ever agree about anything?

Ratts: Yes, once.

Katts: When was that?

Ratts: About three years ago the house caught fire, and we were unanimous in getting out of the house as soon as possible, but we have never harmonized since. But I live in hopes, my boy.

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Broadway Magazine Summer Beauties

Photograph by Schloss, New York

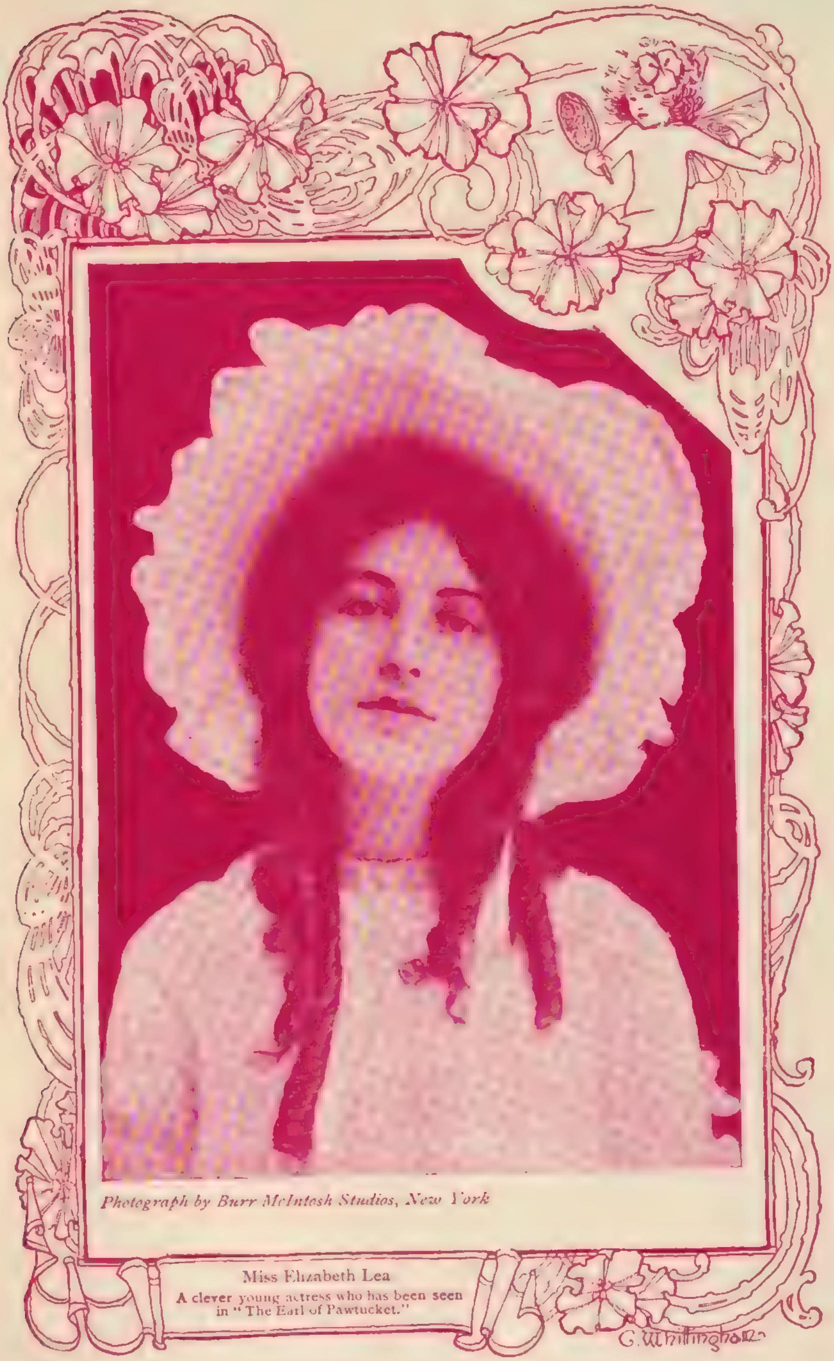
Miss Merri Osborne
A well-known comedienne of the
American stage

C. W. Whittingham

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

Miss Mabel Taliaferro

Who will appear in the dramatization of "Lovey Mary" next fall



Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studios, New York

Miss Elizabeth Lea
A clever young actress who has been seen
in "The Earl of Pawtucket."

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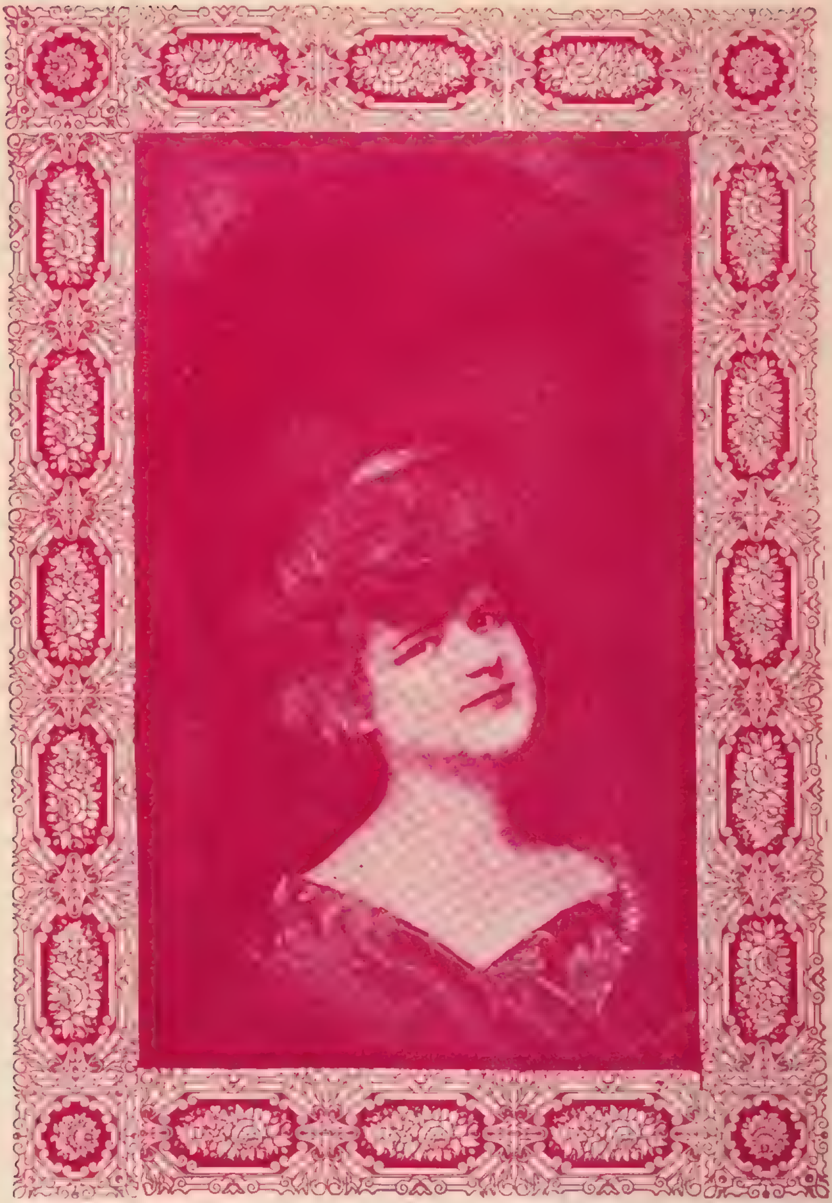
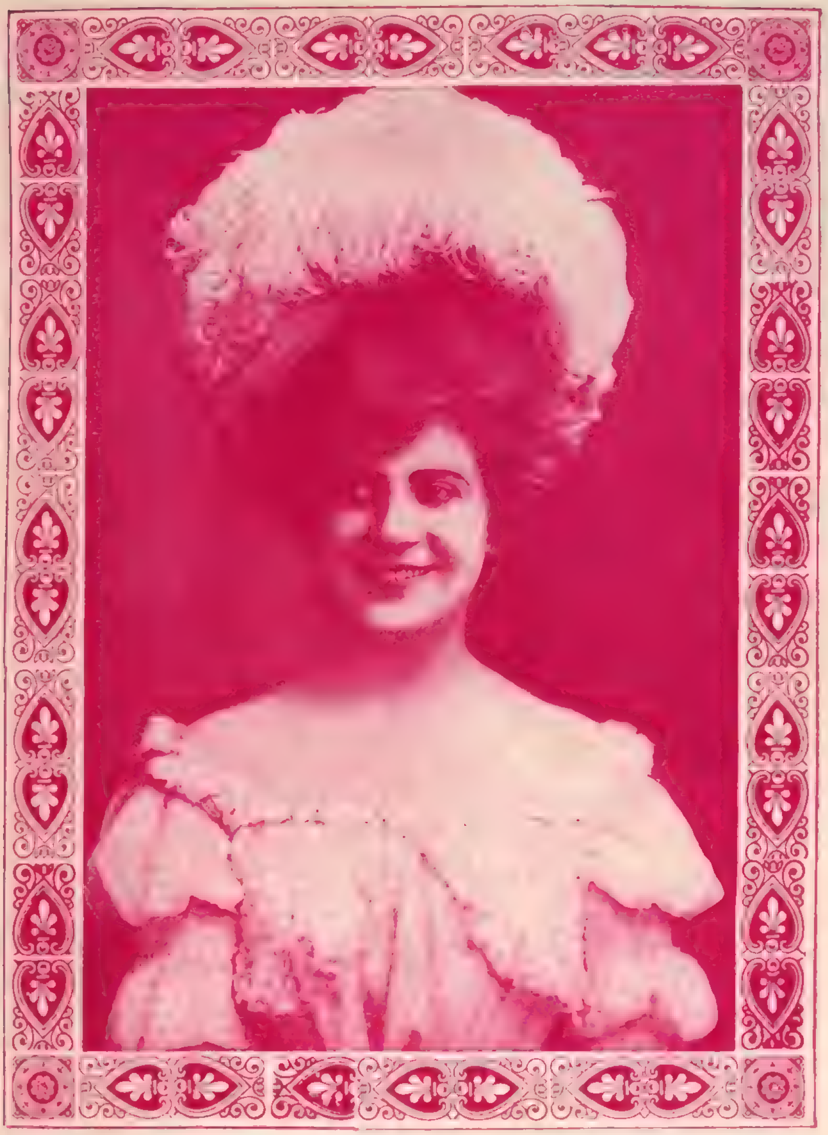
Broadway Magazine Summer Beauties



Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

Miss Lucille Egan

Of the Francis Wilson Opera Company



Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

Miss Neva Aymar

A member of the Roger Brothers Company

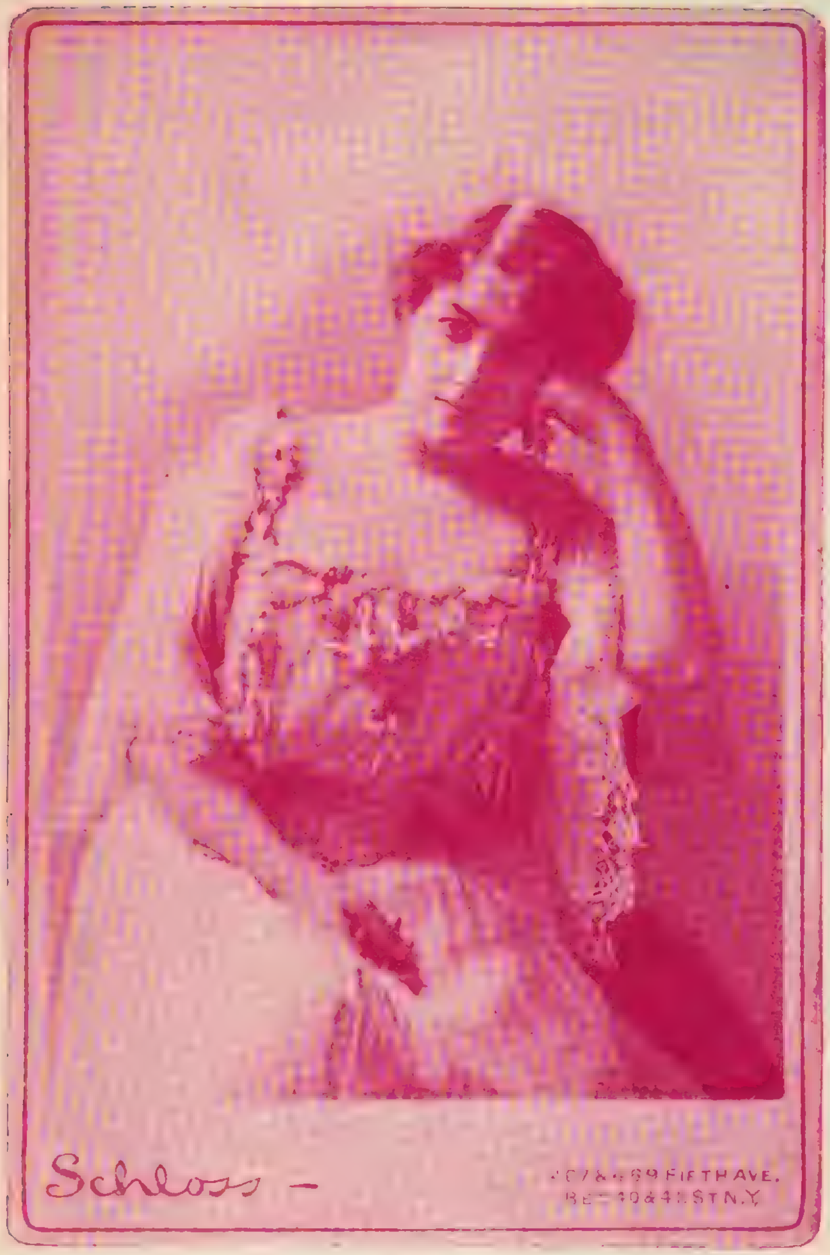
From a Photograph by Reutlinger of Paris

Miss Elsie de Vere

Who is to appear in the Ziegfeld production of

"The Red Feather"

Broadway Magazine Summer Beauties

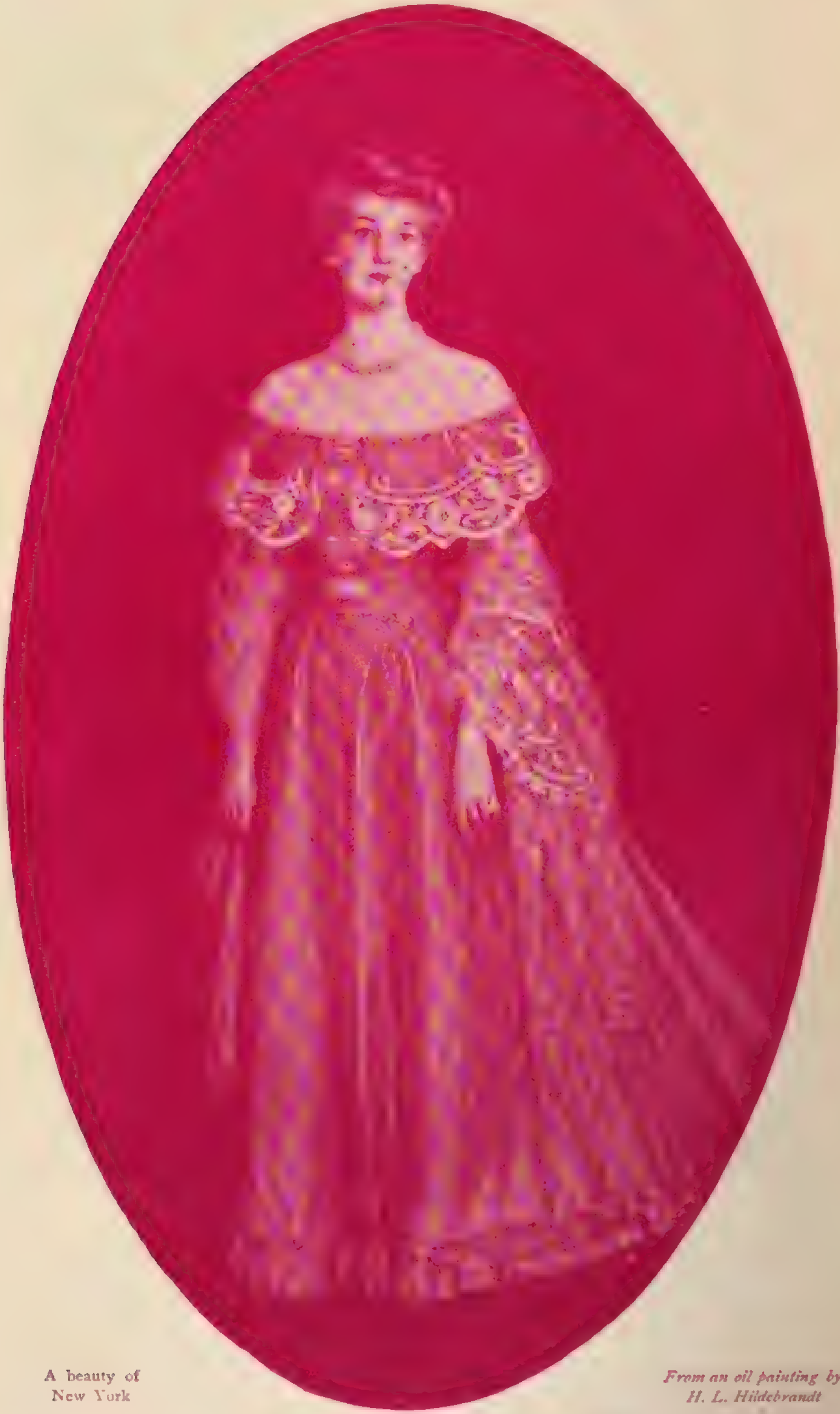


Schloss —
467 & 469 FIFTH AVE.
BET 40 & 41 ST N.Y.

Miss Blanche Ring

Who plays the title rôle of "The Blonde in Black" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York

Miss Ring is the latest and a most successful star in musical comedy



A beauty of
New York

From an oil painting by
H. L. Hildebrandt

Mrs. J. B. Haggin

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR AUGUST, 1903

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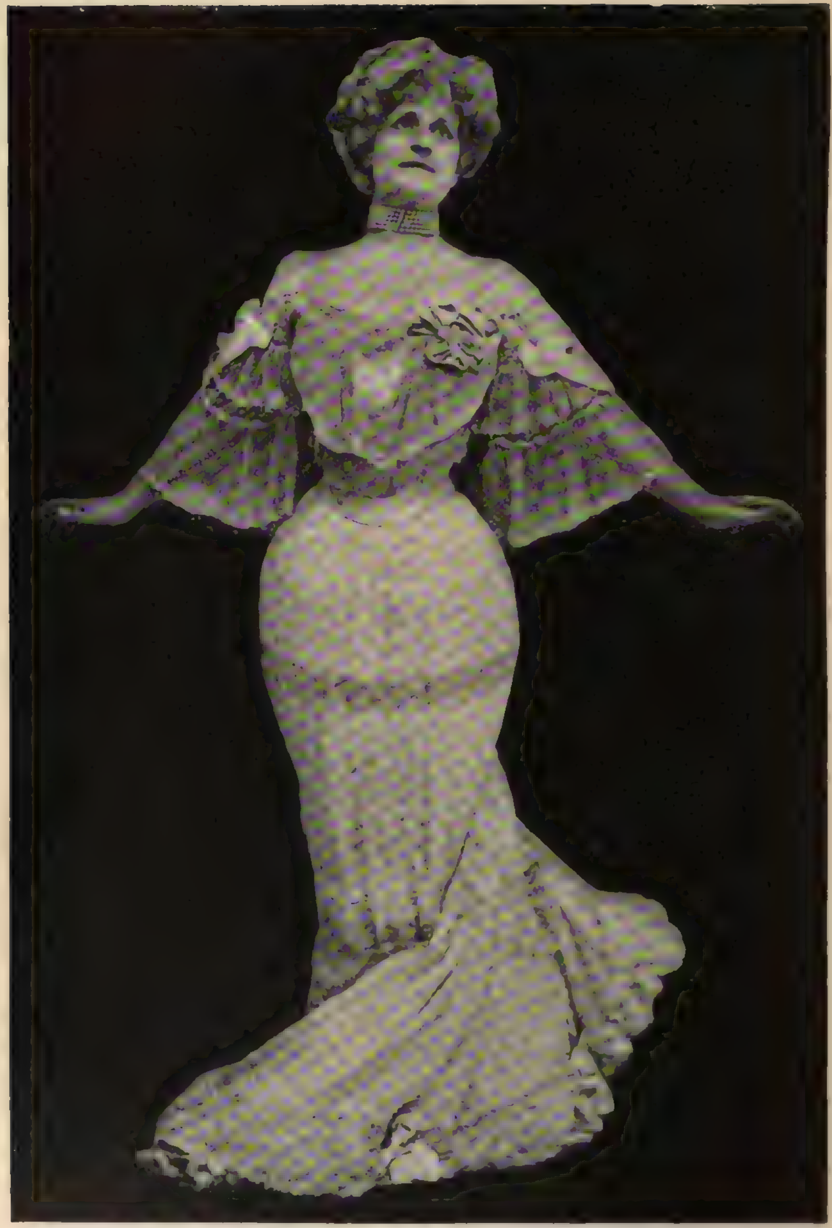
The September Number of Broadway Magazine

Will by all odds be the handsomest and most interesting number of this publication ever issued. Order of your newsdealer at once. Tell him to save you a copy, as the September number, on account of its increased interest and importance, and the fact that it will be widely advertised, will undoubtedly be swept off the stands a few days after publication.



Photograph by Sarony, New York

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

In a serio-tragic pose

It might not be undignified to call this actress Anti-Syndicate Crosman, as she does not seem to be averse to continuing her fight against the Theatrical Syndicate, even at the expense of personal comfort and appearing in many theatres throughout the country which do not exactly come under the head of the first-class. Miss Crosman, by the way, is still managed by her husband, Maurice Campbell

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XI AUGUST, 1903 No. 5

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE CUP

By Wilton G. Simms

AGAIN the redoubtable Sir Thomas comes to the fore, like a vanquished but still valiant striver for the coveted prize of two continents. For the third time under the standards of the British Jack and the green tri-leaf of old Ireland, the sportsman who has been enabled to indulge his taste through immense success in dispensing to the world the product of thousands of square miles of tea plantation in Ceylon and India, sends across the waters the trimmest, fairest product of English skill in workmanship, Scotch in sail-making and Irish in seamanship, with the determined will to make the most formidable struggle to lift the cup that was ever yet attempted since that eventful day when the old America sailed around the Isle of Wight in 1851 and bore away the trophy in triumph.

Photograph by G. G. Bain, New York

The Reliance, upon which Americans place their trust for the defence of the international cup

Since that eventful epoch there have been nearly thirty struggles on the part of

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Photograph by G. G. Bain, New York

Racing on Long Island Sound. Constitution, Columbia, and Reliance in an exciting trial spin

the Britishers to wrest back the prize, sometimes under the auspices of the nobility, again the commoner, but still enthusing every British heart, from the lowest ranks to the seats of the mighty. It proves that John Bull, like Uncle Sam himself, is a game sportsman and that he loves nothing better than a contest wherein the highest skill combines with the strongest courage to achieve record-breaking results.

The history of the great contests for the international cup fills volumes. It is a record of the achievements of men who have given up their lives to the problem of water-line, sail area, ballast and keel, and to whom the questions of the sailor's science are familiar as the logarithms of

Photograph by Agnew, Glasgow, Scotland

Sir Thomas Lipton on board Shamrock III at the hour of the yacht's departure from the other side to lift the international cup

Photograph by G. G. Bain, New York

Captain Charles Barr (centre forward figure) watching men at work on the Reliance

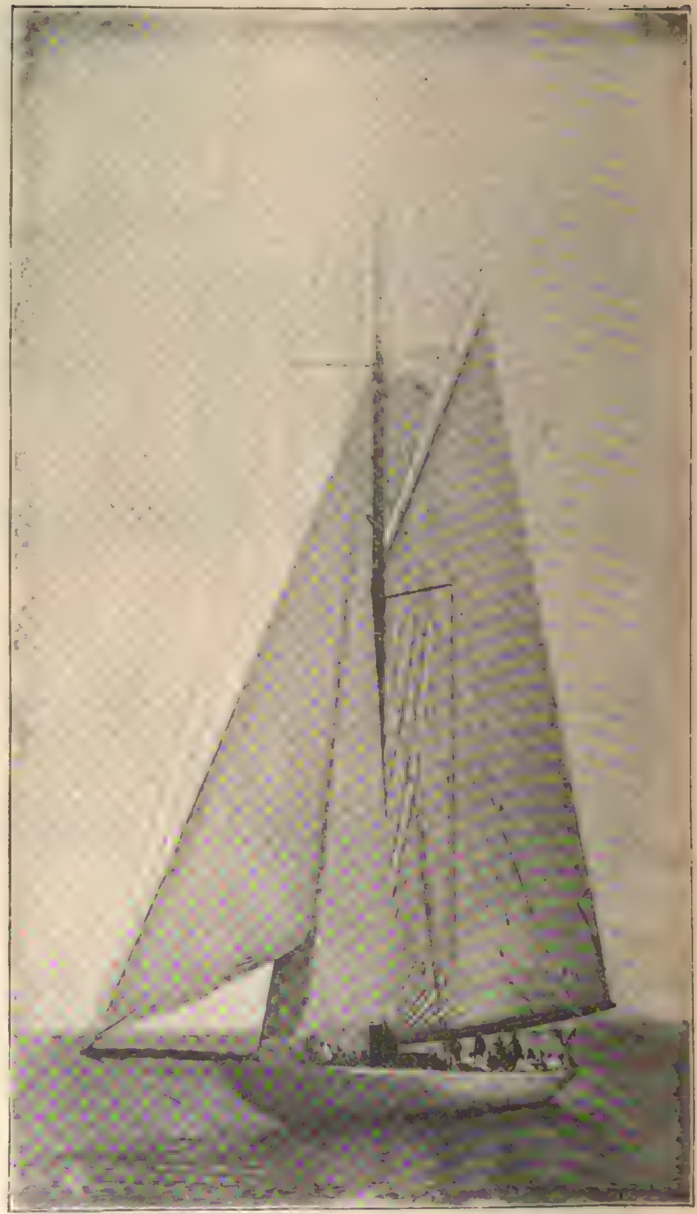
the mathematician. In fact, it is now become a question of inches in distance and seconds in time, for the secrets of yacht-building can scarcely be said to be secrets at all. Certain fundamental axioms in yacht-making are known in common to all, but it is only in some slight advantageous detail that the note of superiority is struck with such force and emphasis, and in this particular feature the Americans have hitherto excelled. This has proven to be the case, not only in the excellence of the Columbia over the Shamrock, in the most recent contests, but the Defender against the Valkyrie III; the Vigilant against Valkyrie II; the Volunteer against the Thistle; the Mayflower against the Galatea, and running away back to the race of the first Columbia against the Livonia in the early 'seventies.

The new boat which has come over so fit and strong is a type of the modern race-

Photograph by G. G. Bain, New York

Carrying the sails of the Reliance to the tender Sunbeam horse of the sea, and as will be seen in the illustration, is a most perfect sprinting machine. She is built on somewhat the same lines as her forerunners, but the improvements have given her superior speed, as the trial races with her forerunners have proven. She is in every way able to conduct herself with credit to her native country, with promise of success. Although the Reliance has shown superior speed also over her predecessors, save in one or two instances, it is the average that tells, and the average of both yachts over the monarchs of the season gone has proven very satisfactory.

It is certain that whether the dear old cup remains or goes across the ocean in triumph, interest in yachting will increase throughout the land. There are two interesting and valuable points of view with regard to the international contest. All through the West the suspense is as keen, or nearly so, as in the East, where we have the advantage of nearness to the scene of action, and about the time of the races the metropolis is filled with representatives of the West and the South. This proves that there is nothing local in the spirit of emulation which is rife regarding the cup and the contest. It is not alone an affair of the New York Yacht Club, nor of New York, nor of the men of courage and skill who have attained such a phenomenal degree of skill in building and in seamanship; it is international, an affair of the world.



Photograph by G. G. Bain, New York

The Constitution, which would have defended the cup had not the old Columbia beat her in the trial races

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Photograph by Byron, New York

Miss Ethel Wynn Matthison as *Rosalind*

"AS YOU LIKE IT" 'NEATH WAVING BOUGH

By Stephen Fox

UNDER auspicious circumstances of an ordinary nature the quaint pastoral masterpiece of the Bard of Avon commands deep interest. Such is given in evidence by repeated revivals of the dainty play of love and rusticity, presented upon the ordinary stage by actor folk more or less ambitious, with varying success, sometimes even brilliantly, as in the case of Miss Rehan under the late Augustin Daly's auspices. But never in the history of the stage has there been such a notable revival of the real Shakespearean mood as in the case of the recent open-air presentation of "As You Like It," in the South Field of Columbia

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Photograph by Byron, New York

Miss Emily Taylor as *Celia*, C. Rann Kennedy as *Oliver*, and Miss Matthison as *Rosalind*, in Act III

University, New York. It marks the high-water lines of the tide in the affairs of Shakespeare as we have been privileged to see it in this age and with all the strength and sympathy of the leading modern players.

If good Queen Elizabeth could have been dropped at the wicket from her crimson auto and ushered down into the royal box before the scene presented there, I fancy that she would have beheld a spectacle not so very unlike that which delighted her in the days of the great poet, when she became his patron and champion. Mr. Greet is a historian and an archæologist as well as an actor, as was seen most notably in his recent presentation of the thirteenth-century morality play "Everyman," which charming semi-drama, semi-sermon, brought to Mendelssohn Hall and the Garden Theatre thousands of people who rarely, if ever, visit a theatre, and whose admirable work brought forth the highest comment trom both press and pulpit—a very rare thing for any stage attraction.

The setting of the field of Columbia was admirably suited to the pastoral requirements of the play: an open space bounded on the south by a deep wood of patriarchal oaks and elms, so enclosed and lighted as to give the illusion of an interminable forest, with ghostly waving shadows out of which the players entered, apparently at random, and through which they disappeared into the depths like true woodland swains. The absolute absence of the "property" element in the scene made it unspeakably charming, for there was not a false or artificial note—very naturally, for were not the flowers, the rocks and the trees wide-waving above, and giving a sweet refrain to the spoken invocations or the tuneful chorus through the forest afar; were they not all real—as real in the poetry of the woods as in the poetry of the spoken lines which rang with such crystal clearness through the odorous solitudes up to the clearing stars?

Never was there such a perfect rendering of the pastoral idea, never a surer tone of the classic spirit. It gave new significance to every treasured passage in the most often quoted pastoral play of the world's foremost dramatist, disclosing new and unexpected meanings in the depths between the measured lines. It was like the

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Photograph by Byron, New York

Miss Matthison in the last act of the Shakespearean masterpiece

Fifth Symphony rendered by a full orchestra under classic surroundings after the overreaching efforts of a circus band. It is something that remains in the cherishing memory as conveying the impression which Shakespeare himself sought to create.

Miss Ethel Wynn Matthison came over the sea unheralded and unknown here. She was not exploited through the metropolitan periodicals for months before her arrival, nor was she met down at the bay by a barge all flags and streamers, with a full brass band sounding "Hail to the Queen," all to work up a real or imaginary interest. She came in like an "angel unawares," and even on the program of her American début was nameless, although she played the leading rôle. The critics began to rub their eyes, and plied the management with questions as to the identity of *Everyman*, but

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Photograph by Byron, New York

The famous fainting scene

were at first denied, as it was in keeping with the antique method to hold the personnel of the players in strict confidence. Her name became disclosed, however, and fame followed. It was but a step from the serious leading part of a thirteenth-century morality play to the chief rôle of Shakespeare's play-poem of the woods, flowers and lovers, and here again she displayed her signal ability, a personal charm that gave truth and reality to the daintiest heroine part in the whole range of the drama, and a serious and a deep knowledge of the archaic play-world.

There was also noticeable, as in the presentation of "Everyman," a pleasant evenness of the cast ensemble, there being a certain standard of excellence striven for in each instance and seldom a lapse below it. Of course, there are some disadvantages which are necessary concomitants to such an entertainment: the lack of a change of scenery which we moderns insist upon with such rigidity, and the *entr'actes* which were necessarily short and offered scarcely enough time for resting the eye and the mind. However, we must remember that the drama in England before and in Shakespeare's time was a semi-religious observance, used oftentimes to foregather people into the house of worship on the promise of a spectacular treat afterwards in the immediate vicinity, in sacred precincts, if not, indeed, within the edifice itself. Since that time the appeal has been more to the eye than to the poetic sense, and many a beautiful line has been robbed of its charm by undue spectacular effect. It needs some such reversion to the antique mode to recall to us most forcibly the fact that the age of poetry has given way to the material era, to its enrichment in many respects, perhaps, but by the same law of compensation to its great loss in others—notably the repose, the rural sweetness and the moral value of great fundamental truths presented in a manner appealing to the heart first and the senses afterwards.

KALEIDOSCOPIC BROADWAY

By Joseph Byrne

VARIETY is indeed the spice of Broadway life. Every phase of character, sentiment, passion and humor is reflected in the marvelous kaleidoscope of its vista. In a stroll along its oblique path through the heart of the great city, the gamut of pleasure and sadness may be touched. At this season there is rare interest in watching the crowds which flock around the bulletin boards of the great daily papers at their uptown offices, as the marker chalks up the scores of the baseball games or the returns of the races. The faces of those who seek news of their favorite teams; of those who have staked money on some horse; and of others interested in general news afford subjects for the student of human nature. The noise of the passing traffic and the general din do not divert their attention, while one can judge the effect the returns have from the expression on their countenances.

AT THE SIGN OF THE FOUNTAIN

THE theatre girl, as she leaves the stage door at night dressed in her second or third best, is a very different person from the one that appears on a fine summer day when she walks down Broadway—the woman of fashion *à la mode de* Paris. She flocks together with her sisters at the Soda Fountain, and it so happens that there is always one near a theatre. The most notable is in the Knickerbocker Theatre Building, and there is a daily session of the show girl set as they chatter and drink their favorite tipple, while the drug clerk smiles and is a sort of real matinee idol all by himself. Humorous bits of scandal, gossip of the stage and a mutual admiration of each other furnish topics of interest.

JUST DOGS!

THERE are several hospitals and boarding houses for canines, felines and birds on the great thoroughfare. In the neighborhood of the Marlborough is an establishment in which some very aristocratic dogs are housed. They belong to theatrical stars or wealthy folk who live in hotels in which dogs are not permitted. Vance Thompson, who lives at the Criterion, has three very fine terriers at this place, and he is daily seen taking them for a run along Broadway. The charge for a dog's board is three dollars per week. On upper Broadway Miss Virginia Pond, a young woman of good family, who is compelled to provide for herself, makes a very fine income by conducting a "private boarding house and sanitarium for birds."

A GLASS HOUSE IN BROADWAY

THERE is one glass house on Broadway at Forty-second street at which no one throws stones. It is the quite extensive annex of the Hotel Metropole, a hotel frequented by men about town and young women who are of the smart world. Ready money and good wit are the passports to a favorable reception within the glass house. Staid guests content themselves with the other part of the hotel, but Mademoiselle Frou-Frou of the stage or studio prefers to sit in the sun parlor and understands the vernacular of the race track and enjoys the latest good joke from clubland. The resort is about the most Parisian in New York, and there is always someone present who knows somebody else, and everybody feels quite at home there. Yet the average citizen knows not of the merriment, and it possesses quite the atmosphere of the boulevards.

"HELLO, HELLO!"

BROADWAY is served telephonically by the Thirty-eighth Street Exchange, which is the most cosmopolitan in the city, and its calls embrace those of business, love, society, clubland, theatre, literary, hotel, studio, and religious character. There are probably more different languages spoken over the wires of this

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exchange than of any other in the city. It has more wealthy patrons and its calls are more vital in importance than any other. The night patronage of this branch is very heavy, and the employes are chosen particularly because they have a knowledge of the patrons and an aptitude for social work. The latter are looked upon as leaders in telephone circles, and during the winter they give receptions which are attended by men about town who have become acquainted with them through business.

THE CROWDS UPON THE PAVEMENTS

WHEN one is called upon to stroll below Fourteenth Street, the scene between twelve and one o'clock in the day is probably the most extraordinary one of all. There is hardly room to pass on any part of the sidewalk, and even the side streets for some distance are thronged. Some few years ago this was not the case. It would seem as if all the stores had turned out their well-dressed employees for a holiday. They stand about in groups, all talking business seriously. All are earnest workers and full of ambition to own a business of their own. This indicates the great importance of Broadway as a manufacturing power. It leads all the great centres in its output, and there are at least two miles of factories in one line, not counting the aggregate of miles along side thoroughfares.

IN strong and strange contrast to the brilliantly lighted upper Broadway at night is the lower extremity of the thoroughfare at the same hour. There are no crowds, no glaring electric lights, nothing but the dim street lamps, with here and there a giant arc light. Yet there are those who love this part of the great city street in its darkness—people who dwell on the top floors of great office buildings, or those who have managed to hold their homes in the older buildings on the side streets. When the great traffic has suspended and the banker, lawyer and broker have gone to their homes, it is still light, and a game of ball is nightly played in Wall, Broad and other streets. Then there are glorious times on the great roofs, where the thrifty janitor has his little garden, or a stroll down in the night to the Battery to get a cooling breeze. And there is no noise or rough crowd to annoy or discomfort.

THE FOOL'S WATERLOO

By J. P. M.

Said a King to his Jester:
"Fool, thou art not all a fool."
"Nay, Uncle," he replied,
"For I can write scripture."
"Write thou then," commanded the King,
"But take heed: for if thou jest with things sacred,
Thou diest."

"So be it," quoth the Fool,
And laying aside his cap and bells,
Wrote many a grave and worthy oracle.
In the habit of Prophet he came before the Court.
"Read," commanded the King, "but remember."
And the Fool read.

The voice of Paul on Mars Hill was never more inspired—
More reverentially beautiful.
But of a sudden there came a mighty roar.
A hundred vassals fell from seats of state,
Straining with laughter.
So they led the Jester away,
And slew him.

Moral: Let the Fool, however wise, stick to his foolishness.

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THE LATIN QUARTER, WITH THE LIGHTS THROWN ON

By Our Paris Correspondent, Frank Lloyd

PARIS, July 1, 1903.

WITHAL, not enough has yet been written anent the *Quartier Latin.* Despite "Trilby" and "The Real Latin Quarter," magazine articles and newspaper paragraphs innumerable, somewhat worth saying is still unspoken. It is the word of justice that is wanted. To the American public and student alike it is due. Figments of the imagination well served up are not bad in their place. But they do not suit a steady diet. It is time for facts *versus* fancies in dealing with the Quarter. Who will champion the cause of truth? The chance of immortality lies here.

Service at the Vitti studio, Boulevard du Montparnasse, Rev. Dr. Beach conducting

For example, why should not some one tell truly of the *domestic* side of life in the Quarter? It is a warmer tone than we are accustomed to see in the picture. Why has not the fact been exploited, as it well deserves to be, that there are scores of ideal American homes in the Montparnasse and Observatoire Quarters, between Rue de Sèvres and Boulevard St. Michel? It would seem as though these artist friends of ours controlled the market of heaven, whence blissful wedlock issues. How bright and cheery the apartments where love holds court! Pass through yonder courtyard, climb those *escaliers*, pull the cord of that old-fashioned bell, and enter. What a home you find! It is not always large, but is roomy enough to be the theatre of perfect happiness. It may be a large studio is the chief feature. Why not, when Art is the one aim of two blended lives? And how interesting the furnishings! Antique chairs, cabinets, and tables, curios gathered from curiosity shops in Paris, or during that Easter tour in Italy, or a summer in Picardy, all combined into a charming effect, reflecting the artistic taste of the happy possessors of these treasures.

Are those children's voices that I hear? Indeed they are, and how merry the sound! American children born in Paris! How charming! Where do these artists learn *finesse* in child-training? Surely not in the studios. But somewhere it has been well learned, for these children have the manners of good breeding.

Nothing could be more delightful than the hospitality of these homes when afternoon tea is served to welcome friends. These functions have the charm of simplicity itself.

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Over dainty teacups the New and Old Salons are discussed, or the latest sensation of the Quarter. Warm, genial and American are the qualities of these "at homes."

Besides, there is a moral and religious aspect of the Latin Quarter. This is commonly overlooked. The darker tones are overworked. For instance, full justice has never been done to the American Girls' Club on Rue de Chevreuse and the American Art Association on Rue Notre-Dame des Champs. These are centres of moral influence not less than of artistic and social interest. Let this be passed for the moment to find an illustration in the Students' Reunions at the Vitti Academy. Held every Sunday evening, they form a large factor in the students' life and habits. Here is heard the best music, by well-known American singers. Among those who have generously contributed their talent the past season are Bessie Abbott, Charles W. Clark, Elizabeth Parkinson and Ellen Beach Yaw. Mr. Clark has taken one evening each month. Almost without a peer among baritones, he has rendered a service that money could not have bought. It is not strange that every Sunday evening the large *atelier* is crowded. The Rev. Sylvester W. Beach has charge of these meetings, and his well-chosen words spoken to hearts open to the true, the beautiful and the good, always add charm and attraction to the Reunions. No one can measure the influence of these short addresses. The old hymns, which all join in singing, are interwoven with hallowed memories, and a student who dropped in one Sunday evening said: "I tried to sing, but could not see the words, for tears blurred my eyes."

Among this class of influences should also be named the receptions, twice a month held in the cozy little apartment of Mr. Beach and his charming wife, 206, Boulevard Ras-pail. Here the students come to a familiar home. Music and refreshments most informally interspersed help the flow of sociability and kindly feeling. Are not gracious friendships here formed, and is not the tedium of student life in a foreign land here beguiled?

Yes, turn on the lights! The Latin Quarter challenges honest criticism. There are dark shadows, for was not the trail of the serpent found in Eden? But the good is more than the evil. The better known, the better respected and liked will be that famous section of Paris, where centres American artistic life.

OPPORTUNITIES LOST

By Ethelbert Parr

Love is tapping at the window,
Love is rapping at the door;
Love is calling down the chimney—
Hark! hast heard his voice before?
Gentle maiden, why dost tarry?
He may fly and come no more;
"Time enough," the maiden answers,
"I have lovers by the score."

"Then farewell," Dan Cupid answers,
Turning on his heel to go;
Lays his arrow in the quiver,
Slings across his back the bow.
Seeks some more congenial window
Where the August breezes blow.
Courage, little god of heroes,
On thy mission to and fro!

Years pass by—aye, five, six, seven—
Sudden ope the maiden's eyes;
Wooers come, but few will tarry;
Then the haughty maid grows wise.
Wide she throws the doors and windows,
Peers without, but nothing sees;
Up the chimney, hither, thither,
Lift her soft entreating pleas.

But the gentle, timid tapping
Of the precious years gone by
And the sweetly whispered callings,
Broken with a lover's sigh,
Come no more. Ah, Love is wondrous
In his jealousy; that's why
Some proud maids must wait that marriage
That they say is made on high.

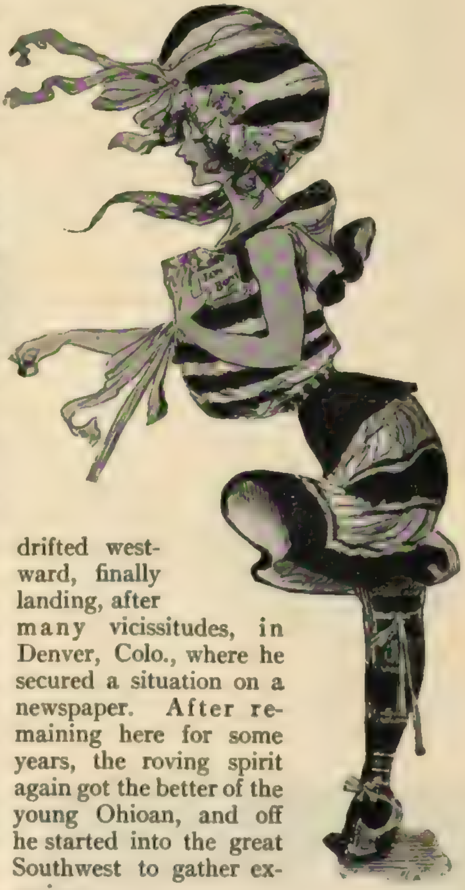
AN ARTIST OF RARE FANCY

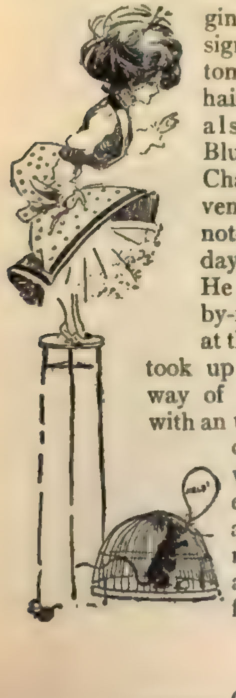
A Study of Clare Victor Dwiggins's Work

With drawings reproduced by permission and Copyright, 1903, by Henry J. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

By Raymond F. Share

A FEW years ago there roamed at large through the wide and woolly West a young man who was vainly endeavoring to discover his *metier*, as they would say in Paris, but in the vernacular of the occident, "what on earth he was good for." Like a great many others who ask themselves this same question, and afterwards solve the problem with honor to themselves and their country, this young man came to certain conclusions which were afterwards proven to be correct so far as he was individually concerned: namely, that a man of talent, pluck and strength can solve his own destiny unaided and alone in the arts as well as in science or commerce, and he puts daily certain excellent drawings into circulation through the periodicals in proof of the assertion.





Clare Victor Dwiggins, or "Dwig," as he signs himself at the bottom of his drawings, hails from Ohio, whence also came Naegele, Blum, Wenzel, Baer, Chapman, Bacher, Duveneck and others of note away back to the days of Timothy Cole. He was shunted off the by-roads of rustic ease at the age of sixteen and took up the rougher highway of strenuous endeavor with an uncertain equipment of education, but with the usual western lad's stock of ambition and far more than the average western youth's fund of talent. He drifted westward, finally landing, after many vicissitudes, in Denver, Colo., where he secured a situation on a newspaper. After remaining here for some years, the roving spirit again got the better of the young Ohioan, and off he started into the great Southwest to gather experience.

He gathered large quantities of it, and, as he says, were he to place these tramping experiences to paper, he would have Josiah Flint put to rout. He roamed through the various southwestern States and territories, finally landing in Texas, high and dry in the oil town of Beaumont, where he took to ranching. Later he went to Dallas, taking a position on the most influential newspaper there and broadening his knowledge of drawing.

Heretofore young Dwiggins had made

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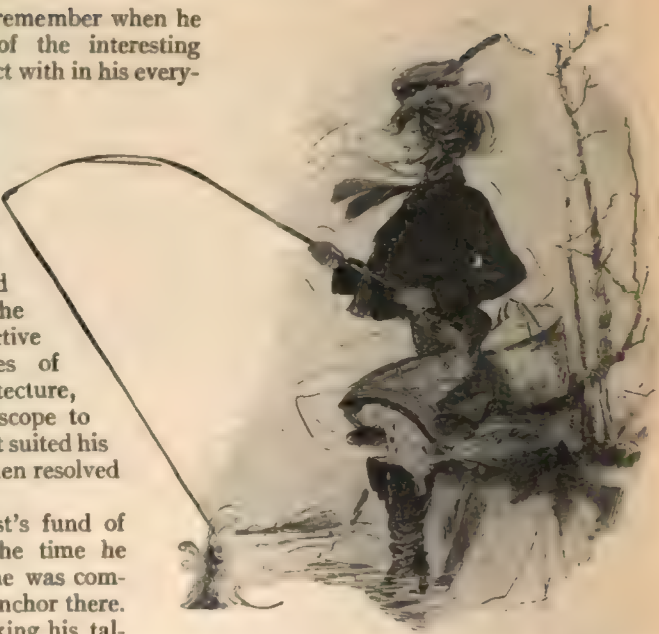
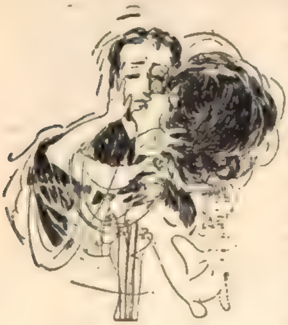


sketches—he does not remember when he first made drawings of the interesting things he came in contact with in his everyday life—but never anything of a very ambitious or finished nature. It was not until the artist went to Atlanta, Ga., and entered an architect's office that he received the least insight into the mathematics of perspective and other technicalities of the profession. Architecture, however, did not give scope to his fancy to a degree that suited his erratic nature and he then resolved to strike for the North.

As the aspiring artist's fund of resources ran out by the time he reached Philadelphia, he was compelled by necessity to anchor there. He was not long in making his talents known. He secured work on the *Enquirer* of that city, and entered several organizations where young men of a feather, or rather of a brush, meet to discuss matters poetical and artistic over cob pipes and foaming steins. The Franklin Inn Club was one of these, the Pen and Pencil Club, composed of some of the leading lights of the newspaper, literary and art fraternity, another, both receiving the wanderer with great warmth. The impetus which was given the artist by his contact with these men was of the greatest value to him, and the result was that several publishing houses both in the Quaker city and New York began to bid for Mr. Dwiggins's fantastical work. The drawings from



Clare Victor Dwiggins, artist

Mr. Dwiggins at home.

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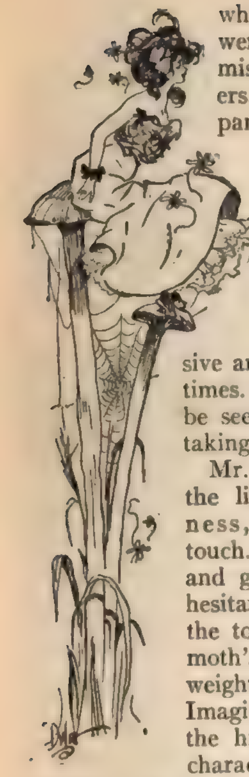
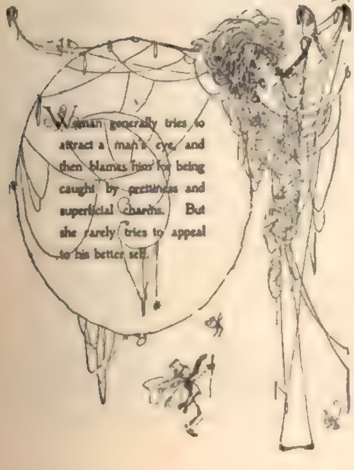
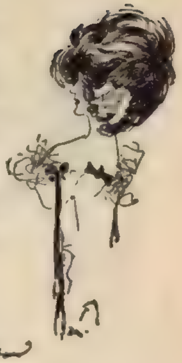


which these examples were reproduced by permission of the publishers, were for the most part used to illustrate two volumes entitled "Whimlets" and "Crankisms," both being clever bits of satire by Matthewman, the epigrammatist and writer—short, incisive and pertinent to the times. The drawings, as will be seen, are not the least taking feature of the books.

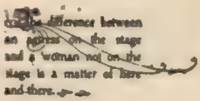
Mr. Dwiggins excels in the light and airy-fairyness, as it were, of his touch. The drawing is sure and good, and there is no hesitancy about it, even if the touch is as light as a moth's wing instead of being weighted with sterner stuff. Imagination ranging into the higher fantastic fields characterizes his work, which is not merely decorative, but bears a subtle meaning in every stroke and outline. For all the weird creatures are apparently surviving under the most shadowy and unreal surroundings, they nevertheless seem to be flesh-and-blood creations of a finer mold, and there is through all a sly and subtle humor, as if the artist loved his work and laughed while he did it.



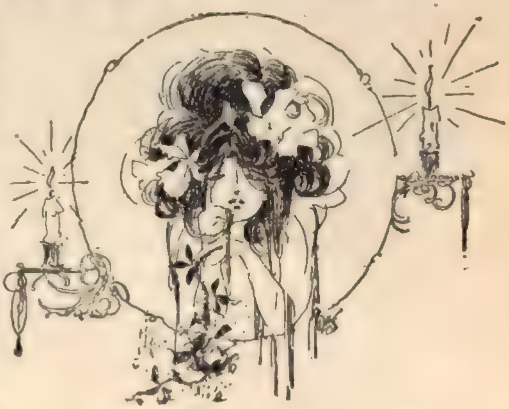
Woman generally tries to attract a man's eye and then blames him for being caught by prettiness and superficial charms. But she rarely tries to appeal to his better self.

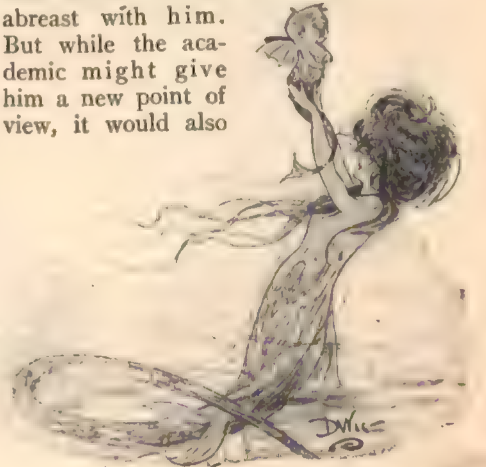


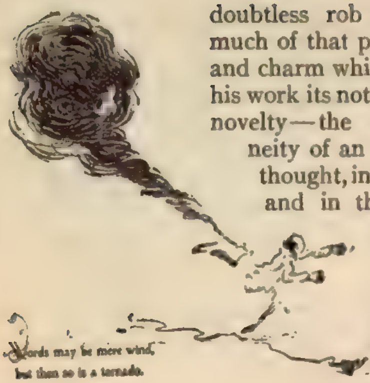
Although Mr. Dwiggins has never been abroad, his native manner is distinctly Gallic. It is the sort of work which we should imagine emanating from the cafés of old Montmartre—fantasies conjured by contact with unconventional people, rare wits, deeply poetical natures and rebels against the academic method. Of course it is now too late for Mr. Dwiggins to think of entering any such school as Julien's or the Beaux Arts, for he is fixed now where many of the graduates of these Parisian establishments will never stand abreast with him. But while the academic might give him a new point of view, it would also



the difference between an actress on the stage and a woman not on the stage is a matter of here and there.

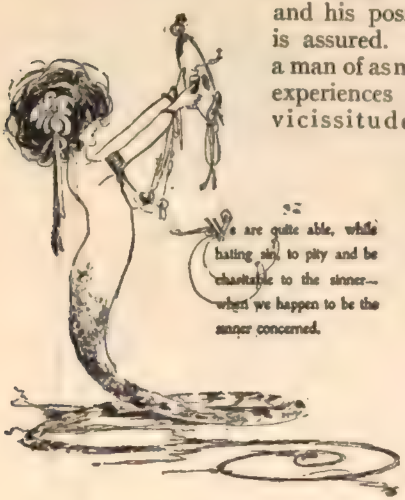




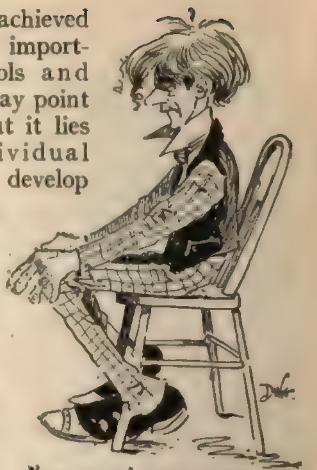


Words may be mere wind, but then so is a tornado.

doubtless rob him of much of that piquancy and charm which gives his work its note of real novelty—the spontaneity of an artist in thought, in feeling, and in the labor of his hand. Mr. Dwiggins is now a resident of the metropolis, doing work on the foremost periodicals and newspapers as well as illustrating books for the foremost publishers, and his position is assured. For a man of as many experiences and vicissitudes as this young Ohioan has undergone, this is certainly a position to be emulated. There is a certainty in the affirmation that we have few enough men of the arts who can lay claim to originality. The majority of the illustrators are machine-made, as it were, taking a few months schooling in some institution where the professors are less able to make a living at the craft they teach than by teaching others to follow in their footsteps. Mr. Dwiggins is a self-made-artist, but for that matter, so are they all—all that have achieved anything of importance. Schools and academies may point the way, but it lies in the individual himself to develop the talents with which he is gifted. Any sort of academic discipline, from a subsidized Parisian atelier down to a so-called correspondence school of art, is of little avail unless the individual himself puts forth the best there is within him to an assured end.

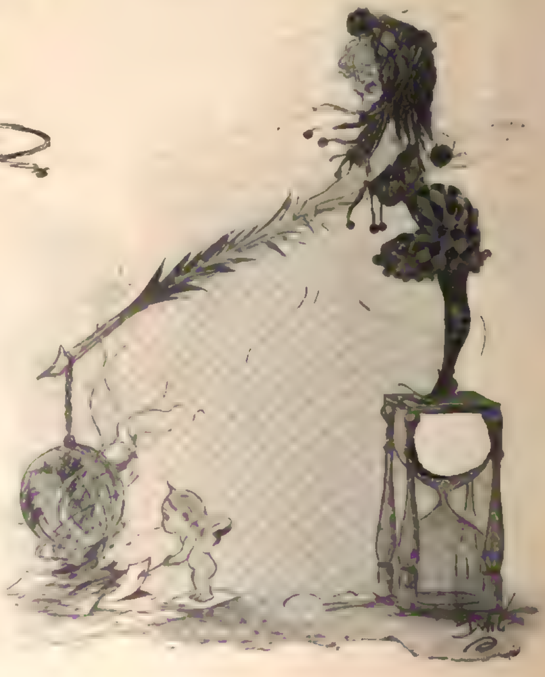


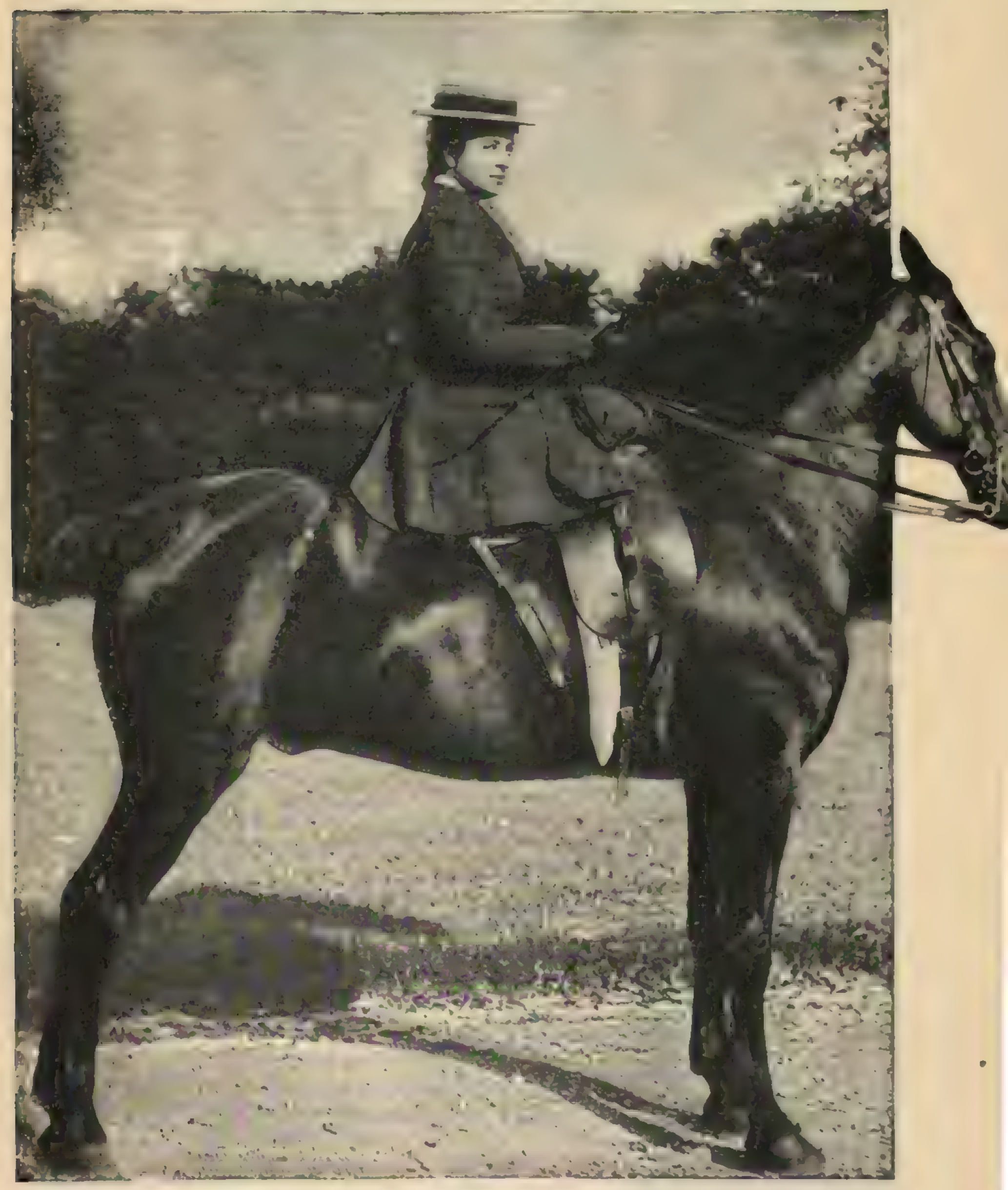
We are quite able, while hating sin, to pity and be charitable to the sinner—when we happen to be the sinner concerned.



NOW, WHEN I WANT TO USE A CHAIR
AND FREQUENTLY I DO IT—
I ONLY HAVE TO BEND MY KNEES
AND DOWN I GO INTO IT..

It should be noted that although Mr. Dwiggins is bizarre in his style, he is still not a mere poster artist. There is to his work that great essential—drawing. He does not rely on breezy nothings to cover up glaring defects.





From a photograph by E. M. Bidwell

Mrs. Robert T. Haines

A beauty of New York

Mrs. Haines is one of the clever young women of the South who have made New York their home She is of a literary
turn and has written a number of plays and short stories, her most important dramatic effort being
"Hearts Aflame" Mrs Haines has a slight, willowy figure and is an accomplished
equestrienne She is the wife of Robert T Haines, the well-known
young leading man. This photograph was taken in
Central Park and shows Mrs. Haines
on her favorite saddle horse

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WHY IS CHILD LIFE SO BEAUTIFUL?

By Madge Lammertz-Opp

AMONG the thousands who understand the man and the woman, and who write about them, paint them and idealize them under circumstances of peace or war, there comes now and then one who understands the child from the child's standpoint. When such an one does come before the public, that one is regarded as a marvel. There is reason for this. The child's eyes are directed upon the child of older growth, and so the man's or the woman's—seldom reverting to "the things of the child" save in old age, when all desire and ability to create and to produce in a literary or artistic way has vanished. Now and then we find a rare spirit who will "get down to the child point of view," as Kipling said, and also as he affirmed on good authority of classic incisiveness of understanding, "when we do, we learn many things that are worth their weight in gold."

Photo. by Chickering, Boston
Little Beryle Morse in a child rôle

The child's world is a thing separate and apart from the ordinary stress of affairs, and such it should be. The little one who is compelled at an early age to become unduly precocious, either as a money-maker or merely as an ornament to society, is truly to be pitied. The paradise of childhood is created by its elders; that is, it is no paradise at all to the child. A lack of appreciation of the comparative point of view prevents a realization. Child life is beautiful to the elder because of the comparative sense which only experience gives. "Oh, to be a child again," etc., is a poetic stretch of imagination. Sentimental people wish to be children again—provided they have the ability to appreciate the simple joys of childhood, while still retaining the knowledge of the world and of affairs which experience alone gives.

Photo. by Chickering, Boston
Little Miss Morse as *Miss Prim*

There have been here and there a poet, and once or twice a scientist, who has understood the child in the child's own realm. One of these was Wordsworth, who, in his "Intimations of Immortality," struck the highest note of child appreciation that has ever been put to pen, and which ends with the sublime quotation:

> "The child is father of the man,
> And I could wish my days to be
> Linked each to each with natural piety."

Here is the keynote of the child point of view—its natural piety, its natural trust, natural faith. It regards the parent with supreme veneration, all institutions as fixed and established, all common phenomena as symbols of the supernatural. It has not yet arrived at the awakening age when the veil if not lifted, indeed, is nevertheless

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rent here and there with many vicissitudes and slashed with many a blow of "outrageous fortune." The child then is unconscious, and the more unconscious and childlike the more beautiful.

Utter unconsciousness, then, is the chief charm of child life, for the elder perceives in this very virtue something of which the world has robbed him. Before the greatest philosopher as before the most arrant fool, the child is the same. The king before whom other crowned heads may cringe, inspires no awe above the court minstrel or the court fool. The simplest peasant nature and the aphorisms of Mother Goose are as truly gospel as the most inspired lines of Milton or Aristotle. Child life is beautiful because, like the great Jehovah, it is no respecter of persons.

Photo. by Chickering, Boston

Little Beryle in a natural pose

The photographs of little Beryle Morse as seen on these pages express this unconscious note as nothing could, save the real living prototype. They disclose the inner consciousness—or rather the inner unconsciousness of the sweet and winning child nature. Little Miss Morse has appeared before many audiences, particularly in the vicinity of Boston. When she attains the dignity of years which permits her to grace a metropolitan stage, she will be heard by old Father Knickerbocker, possibly to his edification, certainly to his enjoyment. She is a type of the normal, promiseful child, who will some day develop into wholesome and cheerful womanhood. Such little folks are an inspiration. It is no wonder that child-science is receiving earnest attention.

A WOMAN OF GENIUS

By Lester Briscomb

She dresses to perfection—aye,
    Each day dons something new;
Her gowns make all her sisters stare
    And turn with envy blue.
Her manner toward all men is grave
    Yet charming in extreme;
But one man—lucky chap!—he gets
    Of all her charms the cream.

Now, she is not a shy young thing,
    Seeking a mate—ah, no;
You see, she won that doubtful prize
    Some—well, some years ago.
Dear maids, 'tis not so difficult
    To charm ten lovers' hearts;
But hold one husband's love for life—
    This is the art of arts.

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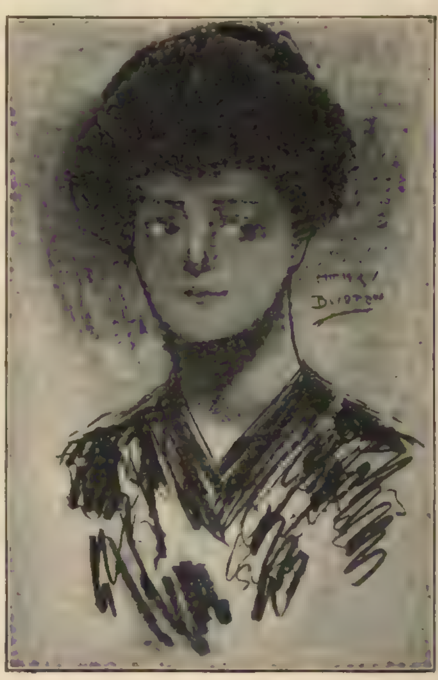
LITTLE STORIES OF THE STUDIO

By Milton C. Ochs

THERE are some pitiful stories of the hard luck of men artists, but far more heroic are many of the experiences of young girls who are fighting their way to the front for recognition and who at the same time are trying to study and advance their knowledge of their art. Of course there are students whose parents are able to pay all their expenses and make every allowance, but the majority seek the Divine Afflatus under less auspicious circumstances, and whose struggle to maintain themselves is most trying to say the least. Girls of refinement ambitious to become distinguished with the brush come to New York totally unprepared for the struggle. They are more serious in temperament, usually, than the men, and are innocent of the pitfalls and selfishness of the world. One young woman from the West arriving in the city recently opened a studio not far from the Waldorf-Astoria, but soon found that the expenses were more than her slender purse could afford. She was compelled to do a little teaching to keep things going, and became so popular that other artists—some of note—called frequently at her studio, so enjoyable were the little teas which she held. She had been accustomed to entertain largely in her western home before her fortune was gone.



The girl from the West.

One day she was missing and her studio door was locked. Her friends had not known of her need, which she had carefully hidden. They broke in the door, but she was not there. On an easel stood the half-finished portrait of one of their number, revealing a romance of which they were unaware. The young man in his impetuosity kissed the canvas and then went in search of the missing girl artist. She was found a few hours later lying on a cot in the Roosevelt Hospital, whither she had gone for treatment. The physicians said she had not received proper nourishment. It did not take much time to explain matters, for the man she loved was even more ardently in love with her, and like herself was painting the portrait of the person he adored. Now they are married and both are successful. Two pictures hang side by side on their studio wall; one by the artist of his wife; another of the artist by his wife.

THE daughter of probably the wealthiest family in this country, whose mansion on Fifth Avenue overlooks the entrance to Central Park, has a studio overlooking Bryant Park. She is devoted to the art, and her favorite models are little Italian boys and girls whom she finds in the thickly populated Mulberry Street district. And her most devoted attendant is her young husband, who owns a racing stable, and who sits for hours watching his wife at work. There are many other artists in the same building who work at the profession as a necessity, and they all like the young woman who paints because she would rather be an artist than a wealthy woman. The society columns of newspapers do not contain any report of the pleasant receptions which this young matron gives in conjunction with her husband to her fellow artists.

ONE of the prettiest chorus girls at a Broadway theatre last season posed frequently because she was paying a music professor a big fee for lessons. Out of her slender purse she was paying for a piano and sending money to her mother. Having closed the season she went to play with a summer production in Chicago rather than remain idle. Yet a successful artist is beseeching her to marry him. There is also much merriment in artists' life in New York, and where there is the least money there is often the most fun.

It is not generally known that there is a fertile field for artists and students with their models near this city. Any fine day scattered through the Bronx there are shady nooks of much picturesqueness where artists may be found painting from nature, the model at rest within sound of the hum of the busy greater city.

A CASE of much pathetic interest which figured not long ago in the daily press was peculiarly typical of studio existence.

A young man whose father was very wealthy, suddenly found himself with a fortune of about $200,000. When at Harvard he had shown considerable taste for art. When the affairs of the estate were settled he came to New York and took a studio in the Sherwood Building. He started to work seriously, and to make art something more than a mere foible or plaything. After a year in New York he decided to go to Paris to take a course of study at one of the famous ateliers. While there he met a young American girl who also was studying, and fell in love with her. As both had few home ties, they decided to wed, and were joined in matrimony in the bride's studio. They took their honeymoon in the south of Italy, and while there the bride was taken suddenly ill with typhoid, and died in two weeks.

The disconsolate husband returned to Paris, but found no further interest in art. He took to absinthe and was discovered by an old college friend who ran across him in one of the cheaper Paris cafés. The fiend took the young artist home. The inroads of grief, exposure and absinthe had done their work, however, and a few months after reaching his old home in Boston, the artist died, and I doubt not that "broken heart" would have been the true diagnosis. Before departing this world he left his fortune to the good Samaritan who had found him in Paris, though all too late.

A ROMANCE of the studio could be woven around the reported engagement of young William Astor Chanler, the author and explorer, and Miss Minnie Ashley, who has been prominent in the Daly musical comedy productions. Miss Ashley, who is still a young woman, was an artists' model in Boston a few years ago. Elmer Chickering, the celebrated photographer of West Street, in that city, first discovered the fragile Miss Ashley, and noted her ability to pose charmingly. She posed in his studio for a large number of subjects, and her photographs were seen later by Mr. E. E. Rice, the manager, who speedily engaged her for "1492," which he was then bringing to New York. From a minor position in Mr Rice's company to leading lady is a pretty big jump, but Miss Ashley made it with great precision and much ease.

New York was rather startled when it was announced that Miss Ashley was to become Mrs. Astor Chanler. Mr. Astor is a cousin of John Jacob Astor, and is the self-reliant type of young American. He has explored Africa, has been practically all over the world, and has written a number of papers, including a series which has been published in book form. He is very wealthy, and could give his wife a fine position in New York's most exclusive society.

The question would naturally arise: How would Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the erstwhile beautiful Alva Willing of Philadelphia, accept her cousin-in-law's wife?

THE GRAND FOUNTAIN OF GEORGIAN COURT, LAKEWOOD

By Homer Landscomb

MR. GEORGE J. GOULD is a millionaire of taste, and does not believe in hiding his wealth under stone and steel in the vaults of the great banks to the exclusion of the development of the artistic faculty and the encouragement of the arts. The new fountain lately built in a sightly spot of Georgian Court, Mr. Gould's palatial residence at Lakewood, N. J., exemplifies his lavish expenditure in the interests of true art, this work in bronze and marble costing no less than $40,000. The work is very impressive and represents a mythological subject.

The sculptor who designed the colossal figures is Mr. J. Massey Rhind, a man of note in his profession and a student of history. The late Bruce Price was the architect and much of the beautiful setting of the masterpiece was due to his skill and ingenuity. The bronze work was done by the John Williams Bronze Company of New York, and was a colossal piece of work requiring the highest mechanical skill.

Georgian Court is one of the finest estates of America, and indeed of the world. It is worthy of the princes of the continent of Europe—men who spend their millions in making a home that shall be perpetuated through the centuries. It is located in a favorable spot of the pine district, and comprises an ideal Jersey year-round resort. It is especially beautiful in winter, and is the home of the millionaire owner for the greater part of the year. The cost of the mansion and grounds is something amounting to the hundreds of thousands. The mansion is luxuriously furnished and contains some of the rarest art treasures in the country. It is the scene of much festivity in the winter season, Mr. Gould being an entertainer of the old school of hospitality, his guests counting some of the foremost personages of this nation and visitors from foreign lands.

Mr. Gould has long been known as an encourager of American art. Georgian Court abounds in rare examples of sculpture. Patriarchal fir and pine tower above classic peristyles and surmounted columns, and through the dense soft green are seen noble figures in marble and bronze. So dense is this undergrowth that it gives the illusion of being interminable and that one might easily lose one's self in its mysterious mazes. This is not strictly the case, although the landscape gardener's art has transformed nature with that effect. The delicate and life-giving odor of the pines further adds to the delight of the wanderer

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Photograph Copyright, 1903, by The John Williams Bronze Foundry, New York

The forty-thousand dollar fountain at Georgian Court, Mr. George Gould's Lakewood country seat in New Jersey

through these sylvan groves, whose pebbled winding ways lead to ever new surprises. It is likely that Mr. Gould will spend many hundreds of thousands more in further beautifying this lovely spot, and that it will remain for centuries one of the rare estates that rank with the manor houses of England, the chateaux of France and Italy, and the stately baronial castles of the Rhine. It is not without a certain national pride in American art and enterprise that we contemplate this product of American dollars and genius for the beautiful.

THE SONG OF THE AUTOMO-FIEND

By Louis Hitchcock

The automo-fiend is rife in the land,
  You meet him now every day;
Like Thor of the Thunders he whizzes along—
  Make room, quick! Get out of his way!
His face is enmasked like the hangman's of old,
  His arms are akimbo like wings;
His wheels revolve faster than buzz-saws, and oh,
  How madly and gaily he sings:—
    "Stand away, clear the road, for I'm after the prize,
      I'm slashing all records in style;
    Hoop-la! I'm the automobilious fiend,
      This is my third millionth mile!"

What cares he for bones—either his or your own—
  What cares he for life or for limb?
For, be you a pauper or plutocrat, friend,
  It sculptures no icebergs with him.
While out on the road, well, he owns it, that's all,
  His rights are more sacred than kings';
He fears neither gods, mortals, cops nor the law,
  And that's why he gaily sings—
    "Stand away, clear the road, for I'm after the prize,
      I'm slashing all records," etc.

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MODERN MIRACLES OF STEEL

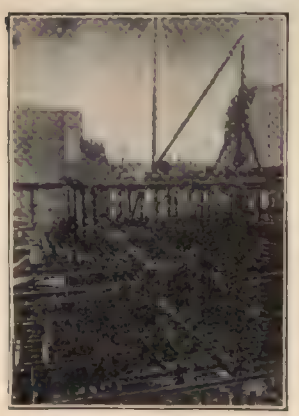
By Phineas K. Hunter

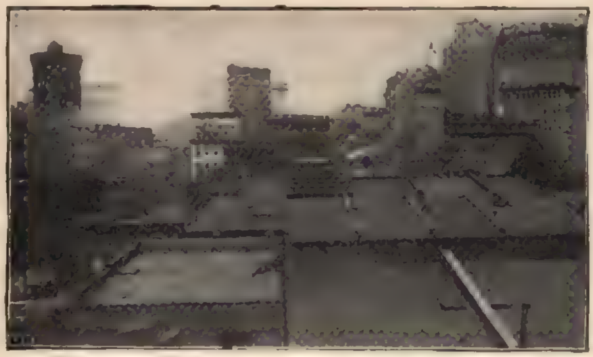
NEW YORK is founded on a rock, and is fast being built of steel. The interior structures of the skyscrapers that line the great thoroughfares are marvels to behold. Buildings are no longer said to be raised from the ground up. They really seem to spring from midair—from the top, the bottom and all sides simultaneously. The first step toward the erection of the vast piles is the blasting out of a great cavern in the heart of the granite seam which gives New York its backbone. Down into the subterranean depths the dynamiters worm and thunder and pound, and having excavated a space large enough to sink a four-story building clean to the eaves, they rib it with monster arms of steel in rectangular or other form, and project the framework up and up into the very cloudland. This steel trellis is first of all completed before a single stone is laid, then the floors are fitted with fireproof brick and the work of inclosing the whole in a case of marble begins on all sides at once, as a storekeeper at nightfall puts up the shutters before his display of goods. It is the eighth wonder of the world; and could the ancients who regarded their squatty palaces and temples as worthy of the veneration of the gods—could they have cast a glance before and seen the mammoth structures that make the widest thoroughfares look like rifts and canyons from above, they would have regarded them as something supernatural.

A great structure on Herald Square in process of building

Twenty years ago, or even ten, the raising of the thirty-story building would have been an impossibility. Strong as steel has been made in the past, it was never thought that it could be tempered to a point where it would stand the colossal strain imposed upon it. Modern chemistry has aided engineering, however, and brought the science of building to a point where the wise men of a generation gone never believed would be possible. It is now thought that the acme has been reached; and still, there is no telling what new process of tempering steel will supersede all others and make the fifty and sixty-story building just as feasible as the thirty-story structure is today. In nothing has the march of progress been swifter than in the development of this grand art. It has made it possible to house a whole city within the compass of a single block, for some of these structures hold three to four thousand people, all at work at their several trades or professions at the same time, with express elevators darting upward and back again with safety and at breath-taking speed. Another advantage is the freedom from the dangers of conflagration; for, although anything and everything will consume if only there is heat enough applied, before that degree of heat can be attained, it can be put safely under control by the modern appliances which make them practically fireproof in every particular.

In olden times the great buildings were erected at enormous cost, requiring in some cases hundreds of thousands of slaves to accomplish the work which is now done by a comparatively few men who have as their ally the steam derrick and the swift elevator. What might require a hundred men to transport in a half day's time is now accomplished in a few seconds. The monster girders, which would otherwise demand the services of scores of brawny laborers, are now handled by the aid of a steam derrick as easily as a child builds his blocks on the parlor floor. It has been claimed that the sky scraper is unsightly; but this is above all first an utilitarian age, materialism leading the arts, but that is no reason why the arts should not follow. It has been claimed by scientists also that electricity destroys the life of the steel, and that the immense waste rivers of electricity overflowing its conduits through the whole island will ultimately eat into the heart of the steel giants as the worm into the oak. However, this is but conjecture; and it is equally certain that when the usefulness of the modern twenty-story building shall have given way to the hundred-story, even as the former succeeded the colonial three-story and basement, the new generation will be well able to cope with its own problems, even as the present generation has done with its own.


The new Macy Building, looking north


Sky-scrapers as seen from the lower East side, looking westward

The Saks Building as it was being constructed

One of the surprising results of the modern sky-scraper in New York City is the large number of squatty buildings to be found on land that is sometimes tremendously valuable. The reason for this is not difficult to find. Seekers of offices in New York nowadays demand a great deal—electric light, hall service, express elevators and a dozen other things which were almost unknown a decade ago. As a consequence, holders of valuable land do one of two things, either erect sky-scrapers with all the modern conveniences and luxuries, or merely run up makeshifts or tax-earners as they are called, for which they get good rent until the land increases in value so that they can afford to sell it, or until they can put up the latest thing in the modern sky-scraper.

For this reason visitors to New York are often surprised to see side by side a twenty-story structure and a two or three-story building, and built on sites of apparently equal value.

There are few cities in the country in which this building method obtains, for the reason that there are few cities on the whole face of the earth where land values increase as they do in New York.

Other articles and illustrations by Phineas K. Hunter will be published in coming numbers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

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JUST LIKE A WOMAN

By Daniel Darcy

SHE was young, pretty in a dashing way, and an old friend of Mr. Thompson's whom he had not seen for five years. Young Mrs. Thompson had never before seen her, and from her remarks, had no particular desire to meet her.

"But she's a widow, poor thing!" objected Thompson feebly. "Strange to think of little Cassie married—and a widow! Don't you think she's pretty?"

He was quite unconscious that he had said precisely the wrong thing. He had not been married long.

"What of that?" snapped Mrs. Thompson. "Anybody can be a widow! That is—well, anyhow, she's horrid! She's the sort of woman who sits on one side of you and talks across you to your husband on the other side, just as though you were a mahogany table or a Persian rug. I call it frightfully bad manners, though I suppose you think it is merely girlish coquetry or charming thoughtlessness. And you needn't grin as though you thought I was jealous of her. Widow, indeed! She acts as though she were glad of it."

"You are foolish," Mr. Thompson remarked to his wife. It had been a card party and she and Thompson had chanced to be at the same table several times. "Why, Cassie's the best girl that ever lived. I can't imagine why you hate her so."

Thompson grew diplomatic. He ceased mentioning Cassie. When he found her at social gatherings he stayed in the room where she wasn't. He felt apologetic toward her when she bore down upon him in her breezy way and demanded to know why she had no chance to talk to him.

She reproached him, she smiled at him—in short, she was Cassie at her best—or worst—and Thompson spent the most horrible half hour of his life carrying on the sparkling flow of nonsense.

Fancy, then, his state of mind two evenings later when Cassie floated toward him, and Mrs. Thompson sat down beside them.

"I haven't had a chance really to get acquainted with you, Mrs. Thompson," began Cassie the happily ignorant, "and Harry and I are such old friends." Thompson closed his eyes. "I can tell you all about his giddy days that he has kept dark from you—really, I can be awfully interesting with Harry for a topic. Won't you come to luncheon with me next Tuesday?"

Thompson waited for the vitriol—verbal, of course, but no less deadly. He felt guiltily sorry for poor Cassie, so good-natured, so innocent, with friendliness written all over her face. Then his wife spoke, and he nearly fell off his chair.

"Thank you," Mrs. Thompson said sweetly, "I shall come."

She had been reading Cassie at close range.

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SUCH IS WOMAN'S LOVE

By Gordon Palmer

IT was a somewhat bare studio in which Alvarez sat, his head bowed on his old hands and his elbows resting on the body of the old grand piano, which, like his voice, was a relic of other and happier days—days when he was the darling of the multitudes that crowded the theatres to hear him sing. But he had been in other lands, far away. He was very tired and very much discouraged. Things were going badly in the studio. Pupils were few and pupils were of little talent; and Alvarez sought diligently among his voices for a woman's voice that he could build and develop into something that should reflect credit on him.

There was one voice of all, that of a young girl—fresh, clear, sonorous, true to pitch, of a beautiful quality. But the girl lacked the one thing necessary to success. Her heart slept, and she sang the music of Carmen and Santuzza calmly, almost monotonously. She was a child in heart.

But one day when she came to the studio there was a new note in her voice—something that the trained listener heard with wonder and then with delight. Just a happy little love-song it was, but it was sung like a woman in love.

The heart of Alvarez leaped in his thin body, under the threadbare coat, buttoned so carefully and so carefully brushed. Here was a voice worth waiting for. And day by day the delighted teacher saw the soul of his pupil expand under the influence that had awakened her heart.

Quite by accident Alvarez one morning saw the man. He was a young fellow, little more than a boy, who waited for the girl after lessons and walked away with her, their heads close together.

Day by day she sang more gloriously, and day by day the heart of the teacher warmed to her, and his intelligence rejoiced in her art. It was arranged that she should sing for him at a concert that was to be his first in his new home. So much depended on that concert! It was to mean easier times for Alvarez, more pupils, increased reputation, more money. He worked on the girl's voice with the care and love of an artist, and every day he added to her attractiveness.

Everything was arranged for the concert. Alvarez had seen to it all. The hall was engaged, the program arranged, the tickets printed and many of them sold. One morning she was late for her lesson.

"I cannot sing at your concert," she said. The heart of Alvarez stood still. "I am to be married," she went on, "and I shall never have to sing at all. I want to thank you for all the time you have wasted on me. Won't you congratulate me?"

The old teacher stammered some incoherent words of congratulation. Then she turned and left him, and when the door closed behind her Alvarez sank down before his old piano, his head on his bowed arms.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ashwell in "Dante."

IRVING AS DANTE

By Halmer S. Bryson, Jr.

WHATEVER the inimitable Henry Irving attempts, an intelligent army of followers will regard as at least worthy of sincere consideration. It has been a long climb for Henry, the lank and lean, the mannerist, the man of moods, but ever the artist. His struggle was a long and bitter one, but he succeeded, and in such a manner that there were none to gainsay his position, to cavil at it, to doubt it. Sir Henry's mind runs to the supernatural and the symbolic, and as a stage wizard of effects that are truly miraculous, he is the king. In America we have one man, David Belasco, who approaches and at some stages exceeds this master at his own game, as witness the wonderful impressiveness of the scenes in "The Darling of the Gods." Mr. Irving reached the high-water mark of his craft in his production of "Faust," which was in reality an adaptation from the masterpiece of Goethe and bore the *éclat* of that great exponent of morals and sublimated poetry. Again

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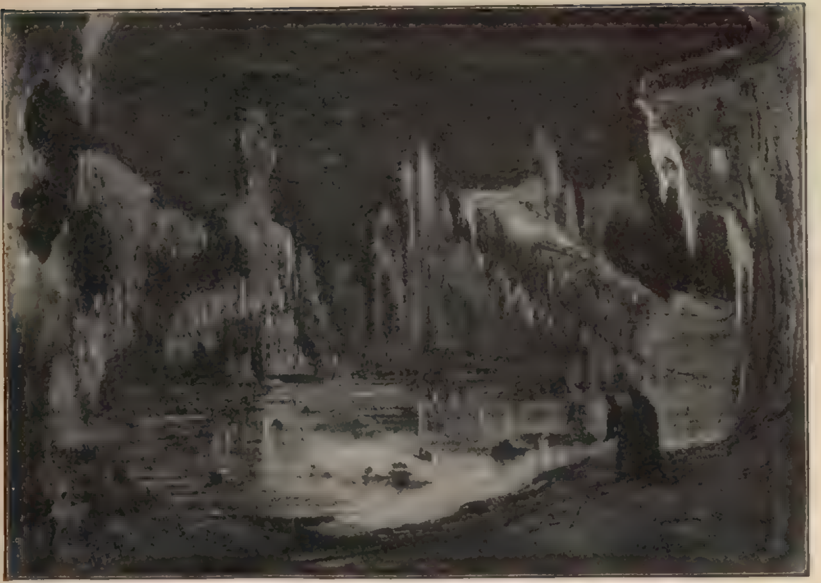
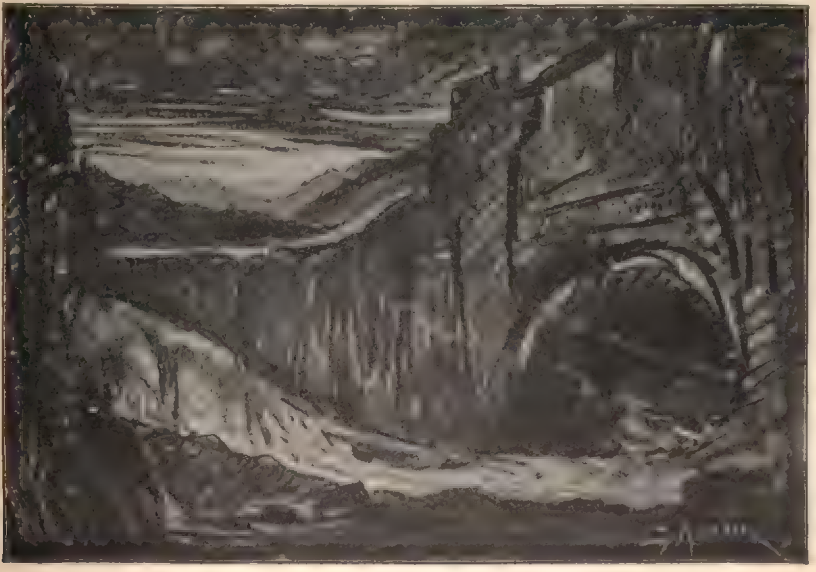


The grim scene of the Sea of Lost Souls

Sir Henry reverts to the past, this time taking the foremost Italian that ever lived —Dante Aghlieri—as his hero and inspiration. Adapted through a genius of the drama like M. Victorien Sardou, who had the honor of modernizing the bard of Ferrara, there is no discounting the results.

However, there have been many dissenting voices, if we are to believe the London press. There has been universal admiration of the effects attained, but there has also been a disparaging note patent in the reviews of the play as a play. It is said to be a most gorgeous phantasy of light and color, with a wonderful picturing of the times and location, but it is not a drama from the strong human interest standpoint as was the great "Faust."



The entrance to the Subterranean Regions

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PERILOUS WAY OF MAKING A LIVING

By W. B. Norfolk.

RECENTLY I told my readers some secrets of the manufacture of explosives and dwelt upon the terrors and dangers of making a living by compounding and handling commercially the commodities which, if not given strict care, would bring instant death to all those in the vicinity. This month I offer a glimpse into another side of life—a career wherein perhaps not many lives are endangered, but where one man takes his own life in his hands, and upon setting out on a day's work knows not whether he will ever see the sun set or not.

The illustrations disclose the career of the steeple-climber as no mere words could do. The famous Flatiron Building (so named on account of its shape) is a twenty-story marvel of the science of modern building. It is surmounted by a flagstaff which extends upward like the mast of the "Reliance," a mere pipe stem as seen from the street, but near by, as large as the trunk of a man, and strengthened, moreover, by steel cables. Midway a daring German of the soubriquet of "Steeple Paul," is in the act of painting the staff, while far, far below him in the glare of noon, thousands of people are watching the feat, expecting every minute that there may be an accident, for it does not seem possible that a man could have the nerve to take his life in his hands in any such foolhardy manner for any amount of hire, when a slight mishap, the turn of a foot, the snapping of a strand or a sudden gust of wind in that most windy spot on Manhattan Island, would plunge him headlong to the pavements below and crush every bone in his body.

The great Flatiron Building on Madison Square

There have been famous "Steeple Jacks" and "Steeple Pauls" ere this, and there are several throughout the country who claim the title of the one and original. However, the "original" "Steeple Jacks" have one and all lost their lives in the perilous work, and not a year goes by that one is not killed by falling from some immense height. In point of fact, these brave fellows get so used to crawling over high eminences and taking all sorts of risks in the profession of human flies that they become over-bold, like chauffeurs who think they are infallible, or like the bicyclist who has learned his art so well that he takes terrible risks in road races or on indoor track, usually sooner of later coming to grief.

"Steeple Jacks" are now and then long lived, but they are usually cut short in their careers by their foolhardiness. They learn after a time to conquer fear to such

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"Steeple Paul," the daring climber, painting the flagstaff of the Flatiron Building in a high wind

an extent that they are as much at home clinging to a single strand away up in the clouds as the most expert climber of an Alpine crag. The profession is necessarily limited, however, for not only is there comparatively little work for these men to do, but there are few who are born to the task and none others dare train themselves for it. "Steeple Paul" has my congratulations for his pluck.

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ODDITIES FROM THE SEASHORE

By Philip J. Renalt

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY BIDWELL AND BYRON, NEW YORK

A CERTAIN distinguished sage said to a woman of society, "Madame, you are wondrously gifted, you have an ineffable charm, but allow me to warn you. I care not how beautiful a woman may be (and I use the term 'woman' in the enlightened sense which eschews the term 'lady' from the accepted and conventional standpoint), however beautiful she may be at the opera, in the salon, under the most auspicious circumstances where feminine beauty appears at its best, it is impossible to be a queen after coming out of the sea in the most gorgeous bathing suit that was ever devised by human genius."

The swimmer who keeps the life-savers on tenter-hooks

The athlete pleased with his shape

The fat girl comes to the beach in state

There is some truth and a great deal of error in the observation. When a woman of refinement leaves a Sherry luncheon and travels to the seashore, taking her dip, she is apt to be the object of doubtful interest upon emerging from the salt brine, whereas amid surroundings which are supposed to contribute to feminine loveliness she may be a peeress in her realm.

The smart lad plays pranks

If Mrs. Wilcox ever said a true word, it was this: "Young ladies, never sit on the sands with the man you love, and whom you desire to interest, particularly after a dip in the ocean." The idea is somewhat exaggerated, but it expresses the disillusion which usually follows the submerging process.

The small boy tries his father's suit on

And yet there is no greater delight in the world than sea-bathing, and the interesting people one meets on

The whole family goes wading

The girl who puts the bravest to blush

the seashore shows that the greatest and the least take to the domain of Old Neptune in a sort of sea-sand undress parade which is of unbounded interest to the general public. Indeed, the number of onlookers exceeds the actual participants a score to one, so great is the delight of taking one's dip by proxy, as it were.

People who are never known to indulge in levity and sports, are at the seaside other personalities. The invigorating salt air gives them a buoyancy that is a rare treat to the majority of mankind. One may rush out of the crowded city and in a very few minutes reach the seaside where one may not only indulge in the joys of the surf, but also study human nature as under no other phase. Indeed, so frequent is the recurrence of what is commonly, although erroneously, called the "freak" element, there are to be seen the most curious types under circumstances calculated to bring out characteristics which the subjects themselves would otherwise be most prone to hide.

For instance, there is the society woman who swaggers down the beach and looks askance at all the *hoi polloi* foregathered there, and who takes her dip with all the stately frigidity with which she might enter a court of the Cæsars. Then there is the butcher's wife, who, taking a day off from the cashier's booth, stands tremblingly on the rocks and wonders if she dares. Anon is the fat man and the lean man, the genius and the wit, the Sabbath-school, and the coterie just down from the races, who, if they do not "drown their sorrow," at least make compensation for the pilgrimage to the track by revivifying themselves in the surf and thanking the fates that their fortunes are not worse.

But the children supply the principal interest, for the reason that they enjoy the seaside as none other. It is they who give color and music to the seaside picture charming in itself, but glowing under their inspiration. Children are

Baby comes out with her big nurse

The lady of embonpoint muses

natural always, but it remains to them to give the most interesting background to the gay life of the long sweep of beaches.

Of course there is the smart youth, whose pranks are not altogether novel nor unconscious in their mirth, but who has plenty of applauding friends at hand.

There is the daring swimmer who takes all sorts of chances and keeps the life-savers on tenter-hooks and his girl friends on shore in hysterics for fear that he will come to grief. There is the poser, whose admiration of his shape is characteristic of the budding gymnasium hero, and there, too, is the maiden whose bathing suit is calculated to bring upon her the admiring glances of the men and the frowns of the women, who lolls about the beach for an hour or two, and after having satisfied herself that the entire convocation has regarded her with wonder, takes a quick screamy dip and rushes to shelter. There is no place where human nature unbends as at the seashore, and the line of demarkation between the merely eccentric and actual crankism is too finely drawn to place. The old adage runs to the effect that "if you want to really know a man, you must either marry him or travel with him." A third enlightener might be included. Behold him in all his undress glory, joy and pride at the seashore. It is here that he shows all the crankism that his soul possesses.

The Hayseed family take their first dip

One of the oddities of the seashore is the effort made by so-called exclusive residents of the various resorts to keep out of what they are pleased to denote as the rabble. Narragansett, Newport, Bar Harbor, Cape May, and in fact, all the prominent seashore resorts, have been periodically attacked by the fear that they will be overrun by the populace—by the men, women and children, who not being able to afford country homes, or even the blandishments of the resort hotel, seldom lose an opportunity to rub elbows with the more fortunate.

She is used to the sensation

It is only two or three seasons ago since Newport had an epidemic of rowdyism unparalleled in the history of the American pleasure-seeker. Fences were torn down, gardens devastated, and in many cases even statuary was chipped and broken. This was during the period of cheap excursions from New York, New Haven, Providence, and other cities, and the home of the exclusive was anything but quiet and unobjectionable.

Two years ago Bar Harbor was attacked by the cheap excursionist, and it was found necessary by the summer residents to blacklist any of the merchants who catered to the excursionists.

The ponderous gentleman wonders if he dares

Her first wade delights her

"CHATTANOOGA," OF MANY TROUBLES

By Orrison Parr

FOR a few days Sheriff Coriell of Union County, New Jersey, was in command of the new United States cruiser "Chattanooga." He was not on deck by consent of the Federal Government, but merely as an officer of the State Court, pending litigation on the part of the creditors of the Crescent Shipbuilding Company.

Later, however, the injunction granted by the courts was dissolved, and the unfinished cruiser was christened by Miss Lillian Chambliss. A very interesting point of law involving the authority of Federal and State governments was raised, but actual force was avoided by a stipulation filed by the Government, and which acts as a bond for the proper protection of the interests of all concerned.

Miss Lillian Chambliss, who christened the "Chattanooga"

The cruiser was being constructed on a contract, and as the builders failed to pay a debt to creditors who had supplied them with materials, the latter invoked the protection of the New Jersey State Courts, which took action under the Mechanic's Lien Law. When Sheriff Coriell went on board at Elizabethport with his deputies, he was prepared for a siege.

The Federal Government officer on duty at the Crescent Shipbuilding Yards made a formal protest and notified the authorities at Washington that the ship had been libeled, which is the legal term for a marine or Admiralty attachment. Attorney-General Knox was called in and he decided that the State had no right to seize a government ship. It was not a subject for any seizure, said the law officer of the United States Government

Then the situation became grave, because the sheriff defied the authority of the Federal Government as against his own State authority, and declared he would never leave the ship until his Court ordered him to release her.

Of course, nobody ever expected that there would be any blood-shed, but the Sheriff was chaffed good-naturedly by his friends, and warned that the Government at Washington would send a gunboat to drive him off the deck of the "Chattanooga" and make him a prisoner.

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CHATTANOOGA

The "Chattanooga" before being launched at the Crescent Shipyard at Elizabeth, N. J.

Better counsel prevailed, and after the legal officers on both sides had consulted, the matter was temporarily settled until a proper adjudication of the dispute could be effected. The Government stipulation will protect any of the supply creditors in any rights they may have against the Government. That point will be settled in the Court of Claims. In the meantime, the State courts will decide in how far the creditors have legal claims against the builders. If these claims are not paid, then the Government will see that they get value for their material and work.

It would hardly do for a government of the people to take advantage of citizens. But then the Government may deduct the claims of all certified creditors from the amount of contract money which is to be paid to the builders for the construction of the "Chattanooga."

Another recent instance of the same kind was the seizure of the unfinished cruiser "Galveston" at Richmond. Just as it was ready for launching, creditors of the Trigg Shipbuilding Company secured an injunction. This was granted by the Virginia State Courts in similar fashion to the injunction against the "Chattanooga," by the New Jersey courts. It was dissolved in a similar manner.

Then the "Galveston" was towed to the Norfolk Navy Yard, where it is now being completed. Thus incidents which might have caused serious complications and probably a war in European countries were avoided by peaceful consideration of the many interests concerned.

The Sheriff of Henrico County, Virginia, can also claim the honor of having been in command of a United States cruiser, like Sheriff Coriell, of Union County, New Jersey.

HAUNTS OF NEW YORK'S CRIMINALS

By Alexander Faison

Doyers street, the haunts of the panhandlers

FAMOUS the world over are the haunts of the criminals and the vicious of New York, as are those of other great cities, such as Paris and London. Policemen must be brave indeed to enter any of the dens in which criminals congregate, and in many of such there are women leaders who are even more bold, sagacious and cunning than any man.

They are all located in sections which are spoken of as "the seamy side of New York," and are brought to view from time to time by the commission of some murder or crime of violence. The authorities seem to be perfectly satisfied so long as they can exercise a surveillance over such classes of persons, for few are hopeful of being able to banish them entirely from the population of the Greater City.

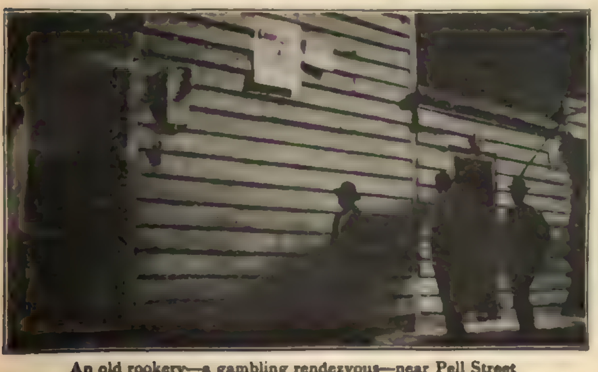
Criminals and those who seek a livelihood by their wits or other questionable means generally cling to the old and tumbledown parts of a city as headquarters. They manage to find nooks and corners where they may keep themselves concealed from the eyes of the police and the public when they are planning their crime or schemes, and where they may secrete themselves after they have successfully carried them out.

The authorities are compelled, in most instances, to rely upon information given them by spies who are called "stool-pigeons," and who, while engaged in crime themselves, expect immunity from punishment if they reveal to the police the leaders in any robbery, burglary, or assault. But woe to him who is discovered by his fellows in exposing to the authorities any of the doings of his gang or partners.

As they steal and get money by illegitimate methods, criminals also have a debased idea of pleasure, and there are resorts which they frequent after they have realized money from their raids. It generally happens that they spend it as quickly as they acquire it, for thrift is not known to the professional thief.

Chinatown is the favorite haunt of the criminals who have the greatest success. They seem to regard it as a kind of paradise, a sanctuary from which they are less likely to be disturbed, and where they may meet respectable people who are fond of slumming, without being subjected to scorn. In Chinatown none are asked as to the sources of their income, and a thief is on an equal footing with the best.

Because much money is circulated in Chinatown, it has become the headquarters of the Order of Panhandlers



An old rookery—a gambling rendezvous—near Pell Street

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—persons who beg, who have a scientific way of begging—some of whom are letter writers and appeal to the wealthy on every kind of pretext. Others call at the houses of the rich and tell a pitiful story to excite compassion.

The headquarters of this class in Doyers street is a veritable club or exchange. The members of the craft give information to one another as to persons and places where they are likely to get money. They preserve addresses and the place is a regular Bradstreet's Agency for reference as to the standing of victims.

Off Pell street, in an old rookery, is a thieves' gambling-house, where the spoils of robberies and money secured in any manner may be risked at cards, shooting craps, and tossing of coins. So surely as a thief makes a haul and sells the property he steals to a "fence"—a dealer who knows the goods have been stolen—then he hastens to where he can spend or gamble it and increase his store. This class makes very desperate gamblers, and cannot be trusted even in a game of chance. Murders have resulted over such pleasures, for the thief is ever suspicious that he is being cheated, and does not like to see his ill-gotten gains taken away from him.

There is generally an opium den connected with these gaming houses.

An altogether different type of criminal is the brazen young man of the crowded districts on the upper West side who does not seek to hide himself from public view, but whose crime is nearly always committed only for the purpose of getting some spending money for drinks or to take his best girl to Coney Island. Very frequently the latter may be some respectable young woman who does not know the fellow's real character, but who is fated to be wedded to a tough.

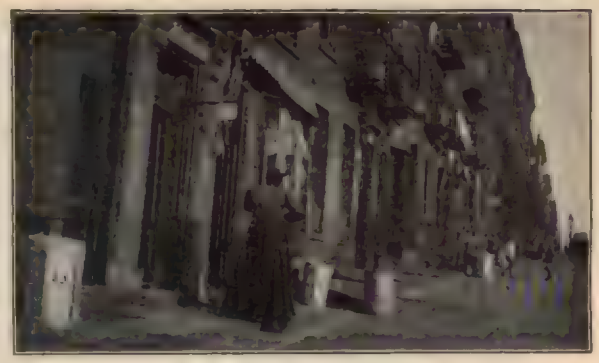
Rear of a tenement of bad record

Toughs of the upper West side

This class of criminal makes his headquarters at a second or third-rate saloon with others like himself, and while as a boy he merely steals from his relatives or friends to buy cigarettes and small things, he develops into a professional till-tapper or clothes-line robber. Most of the class belong to some political social club, and rely upon the local leader of some party to help them out if they get into any trouble; in return for which they do all kinds of dirty work at election time when they get their share of any money that is being expended in the district.

The toughs of the upper West side frequent all the dance halls in that section, and are ready to lend a hand to any kind of trickery if necessary, to secure a dollar. They never work at anything legitimate, but always manage to secure clothing, food, and spending money without effort.

The old-style tenement-house is a favorite haunt for thieves and crooks of every description. The section with the worst reputation has been known as "Hell's Kitchen" for many years. It is located between Ninth and Tenth avenues in the Thirties, and there have been many murders and bloody battles between the police and those whom they sought to arrest



In the colored criminals' quarter

there. The many halls, entrances, and friendly roofs afforded opportunities for escape to those who were hunted, and the neighbors protected and assisted all who were in that position.

Even more desperate than any other kind is the colored criminal, who makes his home always among people of his own race. Respectable persons dread his anger and fear to yield him up to the police because of his threat to revenge himself on them. Of late years, however, the better element of the colored population is provided with residential opportunities, and the criminal and worthless are left alone. They frequent old, tumbledown frame houses in the rear of Bleecker Street, the streets abutting off Ninth Avenue in the 'Nineties, and the lower part of Sixth Avenue, where there are old-fashioned courts and narrow houses.

THE BALLAD OF AUGUST

By James Woodward

Lo, Midsummer days are here,
With the skies serene and clear,
And the benchers in the parks find peace and plenty;
There through morning noon and night
They indulge their dear delight,
Which is designated "dolce far niente."

If, perchance, all in a heap,
One curls up and falls to sleep,
Rap-tap-tap! the cop's tattoo is sure to wake him;
His siesta rudely broken,
With some thinkings best unspoken,
He departeth hence as fast as feet can take him.

Go to, Wall Street hustlers, bent
On the dollar, such content
In the beatific realm you never knew;
If life's pleasures you'd command,
Join the New York Benchers' Band,
And the goddess of fair August gently woo.

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Photograph by Hall, New York

The D'Arville Sisters in profile

TWO SISTERS OF BROADWAY

By Irving J. Lesher

SISTERS of the stage, whether joined by ties of blood or of a community of interests, have not by any means been unknown quantities in the history of the American stage. In fact, we have had a long series of sisters, related and not related; and theatre-goers of the present generation will not forget two of the most notable sisters of all—the Misses May and Flora Irwin. But that's another story.

It is a curious fact that most of the

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Photograph by Hall, New York

Full face view of the D'Arville Sisters

"Sisters" who really were not sisters have remained together season after season, and for the greater part of their career, while the honest and all-wool-and-yard-wide sisters have usually separated for some reason or other at an early stage.

The Misses Estelle and Babette D'Arville recently burst upon the horizon of Broadway when they made their appearance in "The Runaways" at the Casino. They are two of the liveliest examples of acrobatic dancing that New York has seen in a long time. As a matter of fact mere acrobatics are not unusual in dancers. The most notable thing about the D'Arville Sisters is the fact that they are exceedingly pretty girls.

Now, it has long been an axiom of the theatrical profession that if you see a dancer, you find a homely woman. Therefore, when the D'Arville Sisters came out at the first performance of "The Runaways," the audience sat up and took notice and immediately made up its combined mind that here were two girls quite out of the ordinary.

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ON DUTY WITH THE FIRE-LADDIES

By Mason Pierce

THERE are some people whom we never call upon save in times of trouble and adversity, and of whose lives we know very little. The doctor is one, the money-lender is another, and the fire-laddie is the third. There are others in the distinguished category, but this is not a discourse on one-half the world not knowing how the other half lives, and caring less. It is a simple recital of the daily life of the fireman as he is seen and known in a great city like New York—his pleasures and temptations, his romances and his perils, his thrilling moments and his dull ones—for, of a truth, if ever there is a metropolitan career that is filled with alternating and contrasting experiences, it is that of the fireman on the greatest fire force in Christendom.

Breaking the monotony between thrilling calls

It seems very thrilling when one hears the clanging of bells, the roar of the wheels and the clatter of hoofs when the ponderous machine goes thundering down the thoroughfare; and note how everybody stands stock still, faces lighted up with wonder, apprehension, and perhaps with a subtle joy, as if experiencing a really new sensation. The man who stands at the curbstone and watches the puffing monster pass "trailing clouds of glory," as the poet says, little recks of the dull, monotonous moments of the fire-laddie's life in the fire-house, or of what scene of peril, disaster, horror or heroism he is to encounter with his very next breath.

The fire department of the city of New York comprises an army in itself. No less than three thousand strong and fearless men in the very prime of their powers are day and night on the long vigil against the common foe of mankind—that foe which when controlled is such a sure and valuable friend, when running riot such a demon of the shades. It is no wonder that the early Chaldeans and the later Parsees made Fire their god and worshipped it, being at once the all-powerful ally and helper, at the same time the most merciless and uncontrollable enemy when allowed to overwhelm its legitimate and intelligent master. Three thousand hardy watchers stand ready to leap to the task of rescuing life and property at the sound of a gong, for fire is no respecter of persons nor of seasons. It will pursue the millionaire as relentlessly as the tenement pauper, the church as well as the gambler's domain, and winter's snows nor summer's heat stays it. Few people give heed, however to this fact, save when roused by a passing engine or the smell of smoke which proclaims the possible conflagration.

This small army, large enough indeed to people a whole city, is under the strictest discipline. From the humblest hoseman to the Fire Commissioner himself, the hardest and most rigorous rules circumscribe their everyday lives. At the head stands the Commissioner, then his deputy, then the chief of the Department, afterwards the companies and the officers thereof. Of the latter companies, the equipment consists of an engine, a hosecart, a crew of eight men, two engineers and two officers—these representing a single company. The double companies, which are established

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in the more crowded districts, comprise fourteen men, four engineers, three officers, two steam fire engines, two hose-carts, etc., so that in case one engine is out, another is ready for a second emergency. In hook and ladder companies the full complement comprises ten men and two officers, with hook and ladder truck, the double companies having eighteen men and three officers.

There is also a large auxiliary staff. This consists of an Inspector of Combustibles, a Fire Marshal, Superintendent of Buildings, Superintendent of Fire Alarm Telegraph, Medical Officers and a complete school of instruction. There is also a series of repair shops, hospital, training stables where the horses are taught to do their share of the difficult work, bell towers and lookouts in the more outlying districts, etc. There are also many clubs and associations of firemen, one of the most important being the International Association of Fire Engineers, of which ex-Fire-Chief Croker was made president.

The engine leaving the fire-station on a hurry call

New York City is laid out in districts, each district comprising so many companies. In the more densely populated sections there is an engine company every block or two, whereas in the Bronx, for instance, there are but a dozen to cover the whole borough. Whenever there is an alarm, every engine-house in the district sounds the number, and with the first alarm, which locates the fire, the horses leap into place, the firemen come tumbling down from their quarters above stairs, awaiting the third call which makes them put out with a rumble and a roar, each man dressed in his regulation water and fire-proof uniform, with helmet and top boots, armed with an axe, ready for the great fight. It may be that the alarm was a false one, or that when the engine arrived, the captain found that the fire had been put under control, and there was no need for the engine's services, in which case the company puts back to quarters. On the other hand, it may be a conflagration which compels the brave fellows to stand at the helm and fight the demon for twenty or thirty hours on a stretch. The first engine to arrive on the scene is known as the commanding company, and the captain takes immediate control and supervision over all the other engines and men who come after. This is one of the rules of the organization.

Life between times, however, is often very monotonous. There may be five or six hurry calls in the dead of night, followed by a stretch of as many days or even weeks without a single conflagration of much moment. During these long intervals the firemen amuse themselves as best they can with innocent games and sports, gymnastic exercises, etc., or reading, for every engine-house contains a more or less pretentious library, and of course the periodicals of the day. Every diversion that can be devised, and which, of course, does not in the least interfere with the rigors of discipline, is encouraged to give the men exercise and break the monotony of the long hours.

The work of the fireman is very exhausting, nevertheless. His is a constant strain, He is in suspense night and day. While he is on duty he never knows at what moment he will be called upon to risk his life in behalf of his fellow-men or the property of others. If he has wife and children his position is one of more extreme solicitude, for it is no small thing to have set before your eyes night and day the possibility of making your wife a widow and your children orphans, even in defense of others' lives and for the preservation of property. Many of the firemen are married, and are most content with their lot.

One thing may be said strongly in favor of the discipline which they are compelled

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to undergo. They are for the most part men who preserve far on into age a fine physique uncorroded or weakened by the common excesses which bring others of their fellows to the grave, or at least make them untimely invalids. They are more or less out of temptation, and their lives are like that of the soldier on duty—absolutely abstemious and guarded in every respect. They have therefore the normal love to help their fellow beings in distress, and welcome peril or even death in pursuance of their duty. One of the finest compliments ever paid to a fireman was paid to ex-Fire-Chief Croker by one of his captains when he said, "We are all brave fellows, and in the battle against fire we will all take terrible risks. But let the bravest man on the entire force take his most terrible risk, and Fire-Chief Croker will go him just one foot further. He is a man absolutely without fear." And that is the true test of the fireman—to be absolutely devoid of fear in pursuit of his duty, "faithful even unto death." Surely of none other of our public servants, not even the police, can humanity ask and receive more than that.

A rescue on a house-top

The history of the New York Fire Department really comprises the history of our metropolitan progress. Some of the ablest minds and most active of the public-spirited citizens have made it a life-long study to bring up the personnel of the Fire Department, and all the mechanical appliances belonging thereto, to the highest state of discipline and perfection. Many representatives of foreign cities have crossed the water for the sole purpose of studying our fire system and inaugurating in their home communities the excellent system which is here in daily vogue. The matter of time, which is so essential, has been perfected to a point where the whole city might be said to be mapped out in minutes and seconds; so that, if a fire takes place in any building of the entire metropolis, if the fire companies in the vicinity do not arrive within a given number of seconds, they are liable to a severe reprimand from the Chief.

Amid smoke and flame

Whenever an alarm sounds, the Chief of the department knows instantly what engine should be on the ground first, and if another arrives ahead of that one, and takes command, the laggard by perhaps a lapse of a single second of time is called upon to explain the delay.

From the time that the alarm sounds, it is generally no more than nine seconds before the engine is hooked up, manned and out of the fire station, thundering along to duty. This record has been beaten a great many times and the swiftness with which this is accomplished is something that is a marvel to foreigners, and not duplicated anywhere else on the globe. When it is remembered that a second of time may mean the life or death of some entrapped victim in a crowded tenement, or the destruction or salvation of a vast amount of property, this matter of promptitude is of paramount importance.

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Photograph by Sutton.

BESSIE GREENWOOD, OF VAUDEVILLE

Miss Greenwood has one of the highest soprano voices now before the public. She sings from the G below middle C to the octave above high C, and her compass extends to the G above that.

It is a phenomenal voice and is destined to make a future for Miss Greenwood that will place her among the best operatic stars. La Frone Merriman, her master, brought out Helen Lord also.

Miss Greenwood carried her audience by storm at the Circle Theatre a few weeks ago, but her field should be Grand Opera.

One has to hear her to appreciate the marvelous beauty and range of her voice.

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FROM OUR SUMMER JOKE FOUNDRY

NATURAL SEQUENCE

Miss Thirtyodd: Softleigh had the audacity to propose to me last evening.

Miss Twentyeven: Indeed! And when is the wedding to take place?

FAINT HEART AND FAIR LADY

He: Are you good at conundrums?

She: Yes.

He: Well, here is one: "If I were to propose to you, what would you say?"

IN DOUBT

Monty: Father thinks it would be a good thing if I should travel.

Caroline: Do you mean for him or for you?

THEY ALL DO

He: My wife is strictly orthodox in her religious beliefs.

She: Is that so?

He: Yes; she thinks I'm made of dust.

A MATTER OF MILLIONS

Miss Mainchantz: I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?

Miss Ascott: Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for ten thousand dollars.

Miss Mainchantz: I know, dear, but I discovered that he had a million.

READY FOR HIM

"They were not engaged very long, were they?"

"Oh! no. It wasn't necessary. She had enough clothes left from previous engagements to fill six trunks."

AS TO SIZE

Percy Gotrox: Weally, I—aw—was bawn with a silvah spoon in me mouth.

Dolly Swift: How very romantic! And of course, it was a tablespoon?

DIDN'T DESERVE IT

"Such a man as you don't deserve to have a wife."

"Exactly, Maria. I've wondered for years what I have ever done to deserve you!"

DIFFERENT

"Whatcher got there?"

"Valentine for my best girl."

"It's too late for valentines this year."

"Not for her; she lives in Philadelphia."

NOT MUCH HURT, EITHER

"Yes, that's poor old Jones. A sign blew down and hit him last year, and he got two hundred dollars damages."

"Quite a wind-fall, wasn't it?"

FRANK ABOUT IT

"I think my mistress expects you."

"How do you know?"

"She told me to say she wasn't at home."

PUNCTUAL

"What's your hurry?"

"I promised my husband I would meet him at one o'clock."

"But it's only two now."

Friend: Halloa! Poems, I see you've had your hair cut.

Poeticus: Yes; I've just got married."

PLENTY OF CREDIT

"I find, sir, that you have no financial standing, no credit anywhere."

"You do me injustice, sir. I have easily borrowed several thousand dollars since it became known I was married to your daughter."

SURELY!

Nance: Jack Morton has proposed to me by letter. I wonder if he really likes me; he has only known me a week.

Father: Oh! then, perhaps he does.

REBUKED

Customer: When was this chicken killed?

Waiter: We don't give dates with chickens, sir. Only vegetables!

THEIR WAY

Harry: Are you on speaking terms with Maud?

Bella: No. We only kiss.

WELL REGULATED

Prospective Buyer: Now, as to the death rate in this place. What is that?

Estate Agent: We only allow one death to each person.

ONLY THE BEGINNING

"Is this, then, to be the end of our romance?" he asked.

"No," she answered; "my lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."

HELPED HIM

"Are you any relation to my sister?"

He blushed and stammered until the young lady, taking pity on him, solved the matter by saying,

"No; but you'd like to be, wouldn't you, Alfred?"

TIME FLIES—SOMETIMES

She: Papa said you must not stay after eleven o'clock.

He: It's nine o'clock now.

She: Mercy! We have only two hours to say good-night.

EXPERIENCED

He (after being promptly accepted): Why didn't you say "no" at first and keep me in suspense for a while? I understand that is the way women generally do.

She: Well, I tried that once, and—and——

He: And what?

She: He didn't ask me the second time.

THE SUMMER STAGE IN NEW YORK

By Roland Burke Hennessy

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF CURRENT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

JOSEPHINE HALL IN "THE KNICKERBOCKER GIRL"

WHEN it was announced that "The Knickerbocker Girl" was to be produced at the Herald Square, it must be admitted that a good many New Yorkers turned up their noses in anticipatory disdain. What, a musical comedy by George Totten Smith and Alfred E. Aarons, and all under the auspices of the Wall Street Theatre Company! It couldn't possibly do! It wasn't worth serious consideration — and the town wagged on. As a matter of fact, "The Knickerbocker Girl" was one of the poorest productions of the year from a purely spectacular standpoint. At the same time, it contained more humor and satisfactory stage fooling than one-half the season's productions that cost five times the money.

Photo by Chickering Boston

Miss Anita Bridger

Who appeared in "A Fool and His Money" at the Madison Square Theatre

Josephine Hall as *Mehitabel Merton* was a cure for the blues. We haven't very many funny women on the American stage, or, for that matter, on the world's stage. Consequently, if some woman comes along and makes us laugh, we should sing a pæan of praise to the Muse of the Drama.

Miss Hall has improved remarkably since those earlier days in her career when she was one of the picturesque figures in New York's Bohemia. Her work in "The Knickerbocker Girl" was clean-cut, funny and artistic to a degree. Male impersonation by a woman is as a rule distinctly offensive. In Miss Hall's case, however, it was amusing only.

Mr. Will H. Sloane as *Professor Herman Wartz* nearly poached on the Louis Mann preserves—but not quite. He is a good stage German without being wonderfully different from the run of the tribe.

Harry Kelly as *Abner Merton*, of *Merton's Rejuvenating Springs*, gave us something new in musical comedy farmers. He wasn't a bit like a farmer, but very much like musical comedy; however, as he entertained without offending, that naturally makes criticism a difficult task in his case.

John Keefe as *Terry*, played a ward politician with considerable unction.

MISS BLANCHE RING has made the leap. She is now a full-fledged star—which means that she is no better an actress than before, but that large type and an added importance is hers for the asking.

It must be admitted that "The Blonde in Black," in which Miss Ring made her stellar début, is not by any means the best work that Harry B. Smith has turned out. On the other hand, it certainly gives Miss Blanche that opportunity which new stars require. There is nothing new or startling or unique or particularly musicianly about "The Blonde in Black." It is, however, a rather blithesome and entertaining piece which is always interesting when Miss Ring is on the stage.

Here is an actress who does not require sensational methods, bizarre costumes or suggestive lines to make her interesting. She is exuberant to a degree, absolutely natural and is possessed of that magnetism which gold cannot buy. Lucky is the woman who, with or without good looks, is possessed of the Ring personality, for she need not labor nor must she spin in order to be acceptable. Miss Ring has at least two good songs in "The Blonde in Black." "The Yankee Girl" and "Ze Americaine Ragtime" are catchy, principally because Miss Ring knows how to sing them. It is not amiss to note that Miss Ring is also repeating one of her first song successes, "The Belle of Avenue A," which is a triumph both for Miss Ring and the East Side.

Mr. Harry Conor as *Gaston Roulette* is the same old Conor of "The Trip to Chinatown"; that is, he is the same as to *embonpoint*, but even less effective as to voice.

Mr. Albert Hart, the human telegraph pole, plays a conventional, broken-down tragedian.

Miss Violet Holls is impressively tall as *Elsa Beckmesser-Carrousel.*

Photo. by Otto Sarony Company, New York

Miss Pauline Hall

Who, it is believed, will be the principal in a new comic-opera production next season

FAY TEMPLETON IN "THE RUNAWAYS"

MISS FAY TEMPLETON was warned by a good many friends, and I doubt not by a few enemies, that she was making the mistake of her life in attempting to bolster up the fortunes of "The Runaways" at the Casino. She carefully listened to all the advice given her, and then went ahead in her own sweet way. As a consequence she succeeded in making this piece the most talked-of in town, notwithstanding the fact that it had already been running several weeks.

It is not very difficult to analyze Miss Templeton's success in any rôle she may attempt. This actress never insults her audience by giving the impression that the rôle she is playing isn't really good enough for her, and that she is doing it only to help the management, you know. Instead, she simply goes ahead, does the best with the material in hand, works harder and more conscientiously than the less important members of the cast, and before she gets through, usually does something worth accomplishing.

Miriam Falconer

A member of "The Runaways" company at the Casino

The more I think of Miss Templeton the more I believe she is the most remarkable woman now before the public. Who on earth would ever suppose that Miss Templeton with her voice, her physique and her method could possibly give a convincing imitation of Lillian Russell? Search the world over and you could not find two women who are more unlike, physically and temperamentally; and yet in "The Runaways" Miss Templeton imitates Miss Russell so marvelously in voice and gesture that the effect is amazing. Here we have the Russell, grown a trifle stout, but still the same to all intents and purposes. If you want to marvel at a deep brunette contralto giving a life-like imitation of a blonde soprano, you must see Miss Templeton in "The Runaways."

Photo. by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

Miss Josephine Hall

Who has been appearing in "The Knickerbocker Girl" at the Herald Square Theatre

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Three new pictures of Miss Vesta Tilley

Who will be seen as a star in the United States beginning next September

WARM WEATHER NOTES OF THE STAGE

IT is not generally known that Emanuel Friend, the well-known New York lawyer, was once an actor, and traveled with an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. His son is now playing Hebrew characters on the stage.

"I HAVE the Coney Island habit," says Marie Dressler, "and Truly Shattuck, and several of my friends have the malady also, in a violent form."

FREDERICK B. WARD, the tragedian, recently paid one of his rare visits to the Rialto. He seldom crosses the river from his Brooklyn home while resting.

THE news that Paul Arthur may return from London next season to play in New York recalls the fact that he made his Broadway début in "Fra Diavolo" at the Bijou Theatre with a summer opera company in 1883.

WHEN Mrs. Annie Yeamans is in the city she always makes her home at the Vendome Hotel, and her daughter Jennie does the same. Mrs. Yeamans, judging by her cheerful and active ways, is quite as young in spirits as her daughters, both of whom are headliners on the vaudeville stage.

Photo. by Throbeck, Denver

Miss Toby Craige

To be seen in the support of Walter Jones in "The Sleepy King."

HENRY E. DIXEY regretted very much to go to Chicago to play an engagement in "Facing the Music," not because he feared failure, but because it compelled him to leave his Yonkers home for a time. Since he purchased a small farm near that place, Mr. Dixey has hurried home every night to enjoy the delights of country life, and he is infatuated with it. Now that he has struck a success, however, he will permit the longing for country life to slumber.

ADELAIDE NORWOOD, prima donna of the Castle Square Opera companies, has gone to Europe for the summer. She has promised Manager Savage to remain at the head of his forces next season.

WHEN "Babes in Toyland" comes to the Majestic Theatre, in New York, Mabel Barrison will remain in one of the leading rôles, and will not rejoin Weber and Fields. Last year, after creating a part in "The Wizard of Oz," she went back to the little Broadway theatre.

Photograph by White, New York

Miss Eloise Elliston

The *Princess Flavia* in the Shipman Brothers' version of "The Prisoner of Zenda" last season

MAGGIE MITCHELL is settled for the summer at her cottage in Long Branch, but her husband, Charles Abbott, frequently runs up to the city on the Sandy Hook boat. The residents of the New Jersey resort have a very high regard for Mrs. Abbott, for she took up her residence there many years ago and has really made the place her home when she is not on the road. The Oliver Doud Byrons live nearby, and there are other well-known theatre families who form a circle of their own and are really rather exclusive. Mrs. Byron is the mother of Arthur Byron and a sister of Ada Rehan.

WHILE John C. Fisher and Thomas W. Riley will continue their partnership in the "Florodora" companies, they will both produce plays on their own account next season.

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER writes that she will remain in British Columbia all summer. Her counsel, Judge Coyne, of New York, has begun suit on the actress' claim to the great estate of her stepfather, John Dunsmuir.

JOSEPH HERBERT writes from Paris that he and his wife, Billy Norton, are having a splendid time with the Anna Held party. Mr. Herbert intends visiting his old home in Liverpool before returning. He says he will make a pilgrimage to the school he attended, buy some candy at the old Everton taffy shop and rehearse the doings of his boyhood. All the Herbert family are now in this country, including his brother George, who is also an actor.

Photograph by Eddowes, New York

Miss Agnes Shannon

A pretty actress, if not a tremendously important one

HAVING made a big success in directing the tour of "Ben Hur," Mark A. Luescher is resting at his place near Arverne, thinking up publicity ideas for the opening of the play at the New York Theatre.

ONE of the prominent features of the London theatrical season was the tabloid counsellor and Friend Inordinary to the theatrical profession, Mr. A. H. Hummel. The little New York lawyer was here, there, and everywhere—at the theatre, at the clubs, at the Alhambra, and wherever Americans, and particularly footlight Americans, were congregated. It is said that Mr. Hummel did quite a bit of business on this side.

THERE is a little Chinaman down on Mott Street who is called the "Charles Frohman of Chinatown." One of his names is Wong and he handles all the attractions at the Chinese theatre. He is said to have a yearly income of about $10,000.

Google

Sylvia Lynden

A pretty young woman who has become prominent on the American stage during the past two seasons

THERE is no year on record that opened up so inauspiciously for Manhattan Beach and other resorts where theatricals are a prominent feature. St. Swithin seemed to have changed his calendar, because the first three weeks of the summer season were the dampest, wettest and most disastrous in the history of warm theatrical weather records. It has been estimated that fully a half million dollars were lost in gross receipts by the big resorts around Greater New York. In fact, in many instances, proprietors of pretentious amusement enterprises almost made up their minds that the summer would be half over before they would begin to realize on their actual investments. The builder of theatres in New York at the present time is not apt likely to permit the old error of taking it for granted that every summer night is starlit. All the theatres built for the past five years that can boast of a roof garden can also boast of a roof. Uncertain as the theatrical business is, there is not the slightest doubt that roof gardening from a managerial standpoint is about the most uncertain.

ONE of the men of the stage who have amassed a considerable competence is Joseph Hart, who, since the dissolution of his partnership with Frederick Hallen, has made a lot of money. In the first place he and his wife are two of the highest-priced vaudeville players in America and secondly, he has had two or three pieces and a number of songs on the go all the time. His starring tour in "Foxy Grandpa" has been a tremendous money-maker, and if he is not worth over $100,000 his friends are very much mistaken.

Photograph by Chickering, Boston

Miss Jessica Devine

Who will play a prominent rôle in a Broadway production this season

AT the time this department was written, "The Wizard of Oz" at the Majestic Theatre was still running to big business. This production by Fred. Hamlin has been a tremendous surprise, even to those who are ordinarily very knowing in theatrical matters. In the first place, the "Wizard of Oz" was written by men who are not very well known in New York. Secondly, it was a typical Chicago production, and thirdly it was produced at a house that had not been tried, and in a neighborhood that had hitherto been fallow ground. After the first week of "The Wizard of Oz" there was not, however, much doubt as to the quality of its reception by New Yorkers. On the other hand it could hardly be expected that the piece would run straight into the summer without any apparent abatement in box-office receipts. "The Wizard of Oz," by the way, should serve as a vehicle for Montgomery and Stone for at least two seasons to come, as it has not been seen on the road to any great extent, and is good for runs in every large city in the country like Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco.

Google

Mr. David Montgomery and Fred Stone as the *Tin Woodman* and the *Scarecrow*

In "The Wizard of Oz" at the Majestic Theatre. These two characters were the most eccentric seen in New York last season

LAWRENCE D'ORSAY has received the manuscripts of at least a half dozen plays during the past thirty days—plays which are built around his personality, and which are supposed to fit him in a more glove-like manner than even "The Earl of Pawtucket." As a matter of fact, it seems to be utterly foolish for Mr. D'Orsay to consider anything but "The Earl of Pawtucket" for next season or the season after. The Thomas play has been generally considered in New York the cleverest light comedy of the year. This must be gratifying to Mr. D'Orsay, because it is not at all improbable that he will remain with us indefinitely. Although the stories regarding his appearance in "The Royal Family" in England have been exaggerated, there is no doubt that he aroused considerable prejudice together with the other members of the cast by appearing in a play which held royalty up to ridicule in no uncertain manner. "The Royal Family" must certainly have had an annoying effect on the theatre-going public of England. In "The Earl of Pawtucket" Mr. D'Orsay seems quite able to take care of himself on this side of the water, as he is quite unlike any other player now before the public, and has a field all to himself.

LILLIAN RUSSELL was recently offered the same salary that she is now getting with Weber & Fields, and the man who made the offer also agreed to arrange matters amicably with Messrs. Weber & Fields, regarding the balance of her contract. As Miss Russell's salary with the little managers is something like $1,400 a week, and it will take a large bit of money to buy out her contract, it will be readily seen that prima donnas must be few and far between in this country of ours.

Mr. Alfred Kelcy

Who, with Mrs. Kelcy, has been one of the bright particular stars of vaudeville Mr. and Mrs. Kelcy have for a long time been prominent on the vaudeville stage and are what are known as "headliners," being a finely-drawn distinction as between ordinary performers and those who are looked upon as stars in their particular field. Mr. Kelcy is a legitimate actor as well as a vaudeville comedian, and he and his wife will be seen next season in a one-act piece entitled "A Turkish Pipe"

THAT was not a bad press-agent story about the engagement of Miss Helen Lord to Raymond Hubbell, who wrote the music for "The Runaways." Perhaps it was something more than a press-agent yarn. At any rate, Mr. Hubbell will find a very pretty wife in Miss Lord, who has been more or less prominent in Broadway theatricals since she followed Edna May in the title rôle of "The Belle of New York." Miss Lord has a rather pretty habit of looking at her audience in a quizzical way, as much as to say: "The man who wrote that wasn't so bad, was he?" She's a rather buxom type (I use the term in a thoroughly inoffensive sense), and has an excellent voice.

CONSIDERABLE interest is being displayed in the coming production of "Miss Petticoats," the dramatization by George Richardson, of Boston, for Kathryn Osterman. Miss Osterman, since her appearance in "What Happened to Jones," and "Brown's in Town," has had several successful seasons in vaudeville. In fact, she was one of the top-liners and received a big salary for several of her plays. Miss Osterman will be managed by her husband, J. J. Rosenthal, who is recognized as one of the cleverest and most resourceful theatrical men in America.

THE Messrs. Samuel and Lee Shubert will have four theatres in New York inside of six months. They were hardly known in New York five years ago, so far as the general public was concerned.

IT is not improbable that De Wolf Hopper will be seen in a comedy by Augustus Thomas within the next season or so. The prolific American playwright has long been of the opinion that he could write a comedy for Mr. Hopper that would exactly fit his dramatic requirements. He has been trying to convince Mr. Hopper, and as soon as he does, we may hear of a new comedy star.

J. K. EMMETT, the light comedian and son of his father, is scheduled for a musical comedy in the near future. He is willing to start now but the backer isn't quite ready. That's the way backers have.

MR. Samuel F. Kingston may remain in New York next season as Florenz Ziegfeld's resident manager. The Ziegfeld attractions are becoming more important each year.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew

In a scene from "Romeo and Juliet," as produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre

Google

LOVE AND THE NIBLICK

By Walter Beverley Crane

THE links at Milford spread over emerald-green fields, shaded here and there by elm and oak, broken by a winding brook, and "bunkered" by "stone wall" fences. Of all the links within one hundred miles of the city, there was no better school for "approaching," and to develop "approaching" with the "pitching shot off a mashy," so hither Mr. Reginald Royalton came.

He was a very gaudy bird indeed. His coat was of scarlet, cuffed and collared with green, with gilt buttons at the wrists as well as down the front; his breeches were of check as pronounced as the draught-board, and he wore a colored shirt. His stockings were very gaily patterned and colored at the turnovers, and accompanied by half-leg spats of fawn-colored cloth.

Besides the enthusiastic interest he took in golf, Royalton had another reason for leaving town and hieing away to that corner of Pike County. Tessie Tempest, of the Casino chorus, had given him the "go-by." Tessie had treated him outrageously.

Yes, it was all over between them, and like a stricken deer, Reggie had made for the woods.

The Milford tournament, deciding the amateur championship of Pike County, was a few weeks off, and so many were the prospective players that contestants were compelled to put their names down in the "starter's" book at least a day in advance in order to get off at all. The first "tee" was surrounded from morning to night by waiting golfers and interested spectators.

Reggie was annoyed by the crowd. "Mac Tavish," he grumbled to the imported Scotch green keeper, "my nerves are not of the steadiest; town life has taken away my 'address' and 'stance.' That was a bad shot; I must be a little off it to-day."

"Yes, sir," was the gruff reply; "that war a bad shot, to be sure. Ye na playin' a bit aboo ye game."

"I must start early in the morning," said Royalton to his caddie. "Enough for to-day; I'll 'drive off' at five to-morrow morning, when I shall have the links to myself."

He threw down his club and strolled away in the direction of the club house. With his Scotch-and-soda the young man ruminated over the occurrences that had driven him to drink—and Milford. It was all on account of Tessie's heartless behavior; but at the same time he regretted having quarreled with her, and wished he had never made that fearful vow: "Tessie Tempest, I shall never willingly set eyes on you again." She must have taken him in earnest. He sighed at his foolishness and buried his nose deeper in the long glass of Scotch-and-soda.

"What had the beastly vow been about, anyway?" he asked himself as he filled his pipe.

Hanged if he could remember—oh, yes, that cad of a bookmaker, Hendricks, had made her a present of a pearl necklace, and he had objected, demanding that it be sent back.

Tessie had thought differently and otherwise. Perhaps Tessie was right, after all.

Pearl necklaces don't grow on bushes, and she had assured him she didn't care a furlong for the donor. Heigho! he would whack it out of a golf ball in the morning, and try to forget there was such a person as Tessie Tempest; his pride would never permit him to see her again.

. . . .

Five o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Reginald Royalton, wrapped in a heavy ulster, is on his way to the links. It is a misty morning and the fog hangs heavy over the fields.

Reggie has reached the club house and thrown his heavy coat on the piazza. It is yet too early to gain entrance; not a soul is stirring about the place.

Down by the "tee off" stands a shivering figure clad in a threadbare tweed suit, a Tam o' Shanter drawn well over the eyes, a big bundle of clubs slung in the canvas bag over his shoulder—Mr. Royalton's caddie is on time.

"Not my boy," mutters Reggie. "Say, wake up there, boy! Why isn't my caddie here?"

"He's sick, sir," answered the caddie, in a hoarse whisper; "he's got a cold wussern mine."

He was a curious-looking little chap. His clothes were twice his size and hung in comic picturesqueness about him; his hair was bushy and fiery red, and the "Tam" jammed down over his forelock shaded a pair of roguish brown eyes; his skin was naturally fair and delicate, but the dirt and grime on his face was evidently the accumulations of weeks.

"Heavens! what a dirty little caddie!" whistled Reggie. "And why does he wear such big gloves? Well, caddie," he observed, when the boy had tendered him a "driver," "I'm driving off to do it in seventy-two, and I want you to look sharp."

The first hole, with a huge, yawning "bunker" one hundred yards away from the "tee" and the hole, three hundred and thirteen yards in length, on the top of a hill, was a prospect to put him on his mettle.

He was going to do it in seventy-two for the round; seventy-five had been the best score, but that had to be beaten in order to win the Milford Cup. Even those who know not the difference between a "niblick" and a "divot" must concede that to cover three miles and eight hundred and fifteen yards of ground, and to put a small gutta-percha ball into eighteen different holes, with all sorts of obstacles in front, all in seventy-two strokes, is a feat requiring great skill.

Reggie drove off with a mighty swing.

"For'ard! No 'foozle' there. A good sporting hole, the Dip; I can do it in four."

The caddie was far ahead.

What a queer figure he cut as he pottered away over the rising ground, through the morning's mist, toward the Dip's "green," his bizarre brown get-up sharply outlined against the sparkling emerald background.

"How's that?" he yelled; "can I do it in three more strokes?"

"Whack away," screamed back the boy, his roguish face wreathed in smiles, "I've seen better."

"Confound your impudence!" shouted Royalton.

The eighth hole has been reached. Royalton's temper has not improved. He is wroth with his caddie—the boy is so stupid, and grins idiotically every time the player makes a "foozle."

"I'll line the little rascal one. A touch of the ball will do him good."

It is a cruel trick he intends playing on the lad, and the little fellow, in complete ignorance of his design, stands a good fifty-yard mark for a straight, hard "drive."

Whiz! and the hard guttapercha ball goes whistling toward the caddie, striking him whack! squarely on the back of the head. The boy drops as if struck by a bullet. "My God!" gasps Reggie in horror, throwing aside his "cleek" and hurrying toward the prostrate form. "What have I done?"

He has reached the fallen caddie and is bending over him in great solicitude. The boy lies on his back, his face deathly white through the dirt and grime, his mouth quivering with pain, the eyes closed in unconsciousness. Royalton kneels at his side and tears open the ragged coat and shirt. "Have I killed him?" he murmurs, in deepest anxiety. "He must get his wind or——. Good heavens—— a girl! a woman!"

He tears off the caddie's cap and a close fitting red wig comes off with it, revealing a golden, curl-covered head. "Tessie!" he almost screams: "Tessie, my own, my darling! Speak to me, oh, speak to me, Tessie!"

The heavy wig has saved her from serious injury; the girl's eyes open and she smiles faintly.

"Reggie, dear, you nearly did for me. Oh, take me back to the hotel; this make-up of mine is most uncomfortable, and I am perishing of cold."

Reggie holds his pocket flask to the blue lips.

"Where on earth did you learn the game of golf, Tessie?" he asks, as they slowly walk back to the club house. "You once told me you didn't know the game."

"Oh, a woman can play any game when she loves a man," she answers; "my game was to see you again at any cost, and I think I've won."

. . . .

The gossips of Milford, as they roam the links nine days later, still talk of the nine days' wonder—the mysterious caddie and Mr. Reginald Royalton's strange interest in him.

The caddie was last seen to enter the hotel, but he never came out.

Instead, a very pretty and stylishly dressed young woman accompanied Mr. Royalton when he drove to the railway station.

MacTavish, the old green keeper, longs for another opportunity to hire out his old suit of clothes. He was well paid for his trouble.

CONSULT ANY MEMBER OF "THE RUNAWAYS" CHORUS

BY a photograghic method a German scientist has demonstrated that a wink lasts two-fifths of a second. To be precise, the wink analyst should have specified exactly what sort of wink he meant. There are winks and winks. The spasmodic movement of the eyelid that takes place voluntarily when a nice girl is involved usually lasts until some sort of response is forthcoming, while the involuntary wink which is merely a blink is over, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye.

Science will no doubt sit up and purr at what it will consider an epoch-making discovery, and the discoverer will probably be elected a Fellow of the National Society for the Suppression of Winks; but the ordinary intellect will be content to ask what specified boon to humanity such an asseveration conveys? The question of the time it takes to wink pales into insignificance beside the all-pervading problem of how many winks of the masculine eye it takes to get a response when the dear little girlie winked at is choice enough to warrant a close acquaintance. This is a problem for the metropolitan summer-gardeners to figure out.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

HE was a small boy traveling with his father and mother in the train, and the way in which he pranced up and down the car made him a terror to the other passengers.

"Sit still," said his father in a foghorn voice; "how can I hear myself think when you're making such a row?"

"There, there, Johnny, dear, you disturb pa," said his fond mother.

But the infant terror kicked and cried and refused to keep one position for a second at a time.

"I'd like to have the bringing up of that boy, I would," said a vinegar-faced woman scowling ferociously.

"I wouldn't mind having a hand in it myself," said a man who was regarding the youngster with murder in his eye.

"Sit still, Johnny, dear," said his mother coaxingly, for the nine hundredth time.

"Why don't you call him John? He might pay more attention to you then," said his father, crossly.

"What's in a name?" asked the mother. "By any other name he would be our Johnny still."

"Then for Heaven's sake, give him another name," said his pa, "for he hasn't been still a moment with the one he has."

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THE DEADLY PARALLEL

Pro by Elmer Merrill—Con by Joseph D. Parmelee

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"*Save me from my friends" is a proverb which does not hold good when one is discussed from two points of view—otherwise when the opinions of friends and enemies are placed in what is commonly called the deadly parallel. It is an interesting contrast when the good and bad things which are said about public personages are summed up pro and con. The* BROADWAY MAGAZINE *herewith gives the results of such a symposium and the kind and unkind comments prove most decidedly that there are at least two sides to every question.*

SETH LOW, MAYOR

PRO

SETH LOW is a philanthropist by nature and in practice. High-minded, a man of much scholarly attainment, he sacrificed much money and personal comfort in agreeing to serve the public. Preferring the quiet of the study, he resigned the great honor of president of a great university to mingle with politicians for the public good, and his success has been great. He has infused a business spirit into the administration of municipal government, and the great majority of citizens support him. It has been possible for any person to call on the city's ruler with a grievance since Mr. Low entered office.

CON

THE present Mayor, Seth Low, is a man of icy personality, who caters to the good opinion of the wealthy and aristocratic only. His associations have excluded him from all opportunity to study and understand the common people and their needs, and his government is not popular. College-bred men have been chosen by him for nearly every position in his gift, and public service has not been practically administered. Private corporations have found a friend in Mayor Low, and his attitude in all public matters has been adverse to popular sentiment. He should go back to his college

RECORDER JOHN W. GOFF, JURIST

PRO

ONE of the most gentle of men is John W. Goff, whose sense of honor and justice is amply shown in the story of his life and the trend of his official career. His name is indelibly written upon the pages of the city's history as the one man who was brave and able enough to fight corruption and crime, and who did his duty regardless of threats, offers of immense bribes, or any pressure excepting a patriotic feeling. He is one whose private life has been as pure and exemplary as that of any benefactor of religion, race or country, and he is a just judge.

CON

JOHN W. GOFF should never have been elevated to the bench. He is a creature of fortune—an accident officially, who rode into power at a critical time when public opinion would have elected any stick in their anger at the condition of affairs. Chosen by the Reformers at a time when no lawyer of standing would have accepted the position, he posed as a hero and accepted an office which called for a learned lawyer. His decisions have been reversed by the higher courts oftener than those of any other judge, and his career has been a disappointment to himself. His one term of office will be his last.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, PUBLIC PROSECUTOR

PRO

THE present District Attorney is the ablest and most honest man who ever held the office. He cares for no consideration other than securing justice, for relieving the oppressed, protecting the poor, insuring good government and obedience to the laws. Personally a charming and true friend, he is easily approachable to even the poorest, and is always to be found on the side of right as against might. Results have been attained under his administration which were heretofore considered impossible of attainment. His record in office has not been fettered with a desire to secure a renomination, and he will leave it poorer than he entered.

CON

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME is consumed by an hysterical craze for notoriety, a desire to see his name in print hourly, and to be the centre of an admiring crowd sharing his very high opinion of his own character and abilities. From the moment he was assistant counsel in the Parkhurst campaign he has thirsted for the same kind of public renown. All of his raids have been done in circus fashion and with an eye to theatrical effect; yet his work in office has been a flat failure in every respect. He has satisfied neither the Republicans, the Democrats, the Fusionists, nor the citizens. He has satisfied no one but Jerome.

ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER, THEATRICAL MANAGER

PRO

ABRAHAM L. ERLANGER has been a good friend, a pleasant neighbor and a sensible business man all his life. Always able to take his own part physically and otherwise, he hates sham and is just to his employees, fair to his clients, generous to his friends, and a loving family man. In greater part is due to him the unification of immense theatrical interests by which the public have benefited, in securing the best class of amusement, and thousands of employees have been given good positions at liberal wages. Solely by pluck, industry and integrity has wealth come to him.

CON

THE syndicate which controls the theatrical business in this country and which causes loss and injury to thousands of actors and managers is the result of the work of Abraham L. Erlanger. So fearful is he of personal chastisement that he keeps himself in constant training and under the tuition of a professional pugilist. Avarice and a desire to rule or ruin are his motto, and competition has been stifled. He owns theatres, pre-empts dates, dictates terms, and rules all the departments of a theatre with a rod of iron, until his arrogance invited an important opposition.

WILLIAM S. DEVERY, EX-POLICE CHIEF

PRO

FORMER Chief of Police W. S. Devery is entitled to the greatest credit for fighting his way through life from poverty to riches. He was a good policeman, a better chief, and personally the most popular man on the force with his subordinates. He has no false pride, is bluntly honest in his opinions, does not know what fear means, and is a true friend of the poor. If he had been blessed with a college education, there is no public office which he might not have aspired to, because he has force of character, intense activity and an original and resourceful mind. Mr. Devery offers the public a rare type of self-made man.

CON

THERE is but one word which aptly fits the description of William S. Devery—buffoon. He is not even worthy of the name demagogue, but in his proper niche in public opinion should be in command of a canal boat or in some walk of life where the modern conventionalities are not a necessity. His blatant personality is offensive to persons of refinement and breeding, and coarse vernacular abuse is wrongly attributed to an alleged witty disposition. The very fact that he has saved a fortune is a tribute to his selfish, grasping nature, and his much-advertised charity is merely the gratification of vulgar pride. The notoriety of such a man brings discredit upon the city.

MRS. HETTY GREEN, AMERICA'S WEALTHIEST WOMAN

PRO

MRS. HETTY GREEN, like any other citizen of this country, has a perfect right to live her life after her own ideas, and so long as she obeys the laws, it is her own business solely as to what she does. Because she happens to be a rich woman with thrifty instincts she has attracted more than her share of public notice. She has often declared that she has been compelled, owing to force of circumstances, to minister her own affairs, and alleges that attempts have been made to get some of her fortune away from her. If she desires to live in a cheap flat in Hoboken and live on cheap food, everybody else has the same right to do so.

CON

IF every woman adopted the style of living that Mrs. Hetty Green does, there would not be much joy in living. With a fortune of many millions, and with no prospect of being able to spend all her income even, she has gained a reputation for sordid acts which most women, however poor, would despise. The desire of constantly adding to her hoard seems to be the sole object of her life. If she is charitable, no person knows of it, and she has been accused of all kinds of effort to evade the payment of her taxes. Such a life is not worth living. It is however a sociological study, if nothing else. Verily, I don't like Mrs. Green.

MAURICE GRAU, IMPRESARIO

PRO

QUITE as much as any statesman or great man in any walk of life does Maurice Grau, the retired grand opera impresario, deserve the thanks of the public. For long years, sometimes at great trouble of mind and worry, he has provided the best kind of the highest form of amusement, and kept the standard of opera in this country co-equal at least with that of any other in the world, and he is esteemed as a close friend by the great artists he employed. Personally a man of cultured mind, none will grudge him his rest. His name will long be revered as that of a great leader of men, an able exponent of higher musical culture.

CON

THE patrons of grand opera owe no debt to Maurice Grau. They have for years paid extortionate prices to hear singers who received much higher salaries here than they could command in Europe, and but little of their immense earnings was expended in this country. If opera seasons were bad the stockholders and subscribers were very generous to Mr. Grau, and he has retired with a great fortune to Europe. Then, although he made great sums as manager in a few years, Mr. Grau always demanded a benefit annually which yielded him many thousands of dollars. It was due to the patrons that Mr. Grau should have given grand opera at lower rates.

RUSSELL SAGE, CAPITALIST

PRO

THE keynote of Russell Sage's character is his contentment, by which alone he has been enabled to attain a dignified old age; attain an unusual mead of human happiness; become a model citizen; do his duty to his family, the State and his Creator. He is the best type of the law-abiding, God-fearing man, and in the accumulation of wealth has acted according to the highest standards of moral law. It is a noble trait that he has so generously awarded to his good wife the right to dispense alimony and charity to the worthy from his plethoric purse. He will sleep with the just in the hereafter. Russell Sage is a type of the true American.

CON

IT would be difficult to find a citizen so utterly indifferent to public spirit or the misfortunes of his fellow-man as Russell Sage. Crafty, sordid and careful only of his own person and interests, he even hesitates to supply himself with the creature comforts which the poorest laborer would deem necessities. His ideal of life appears to be the accumulation of ready money; the hourly control of all his wealth, and its use at the highest rate of interest which he can procure. Fond of cheap food, cheap wearing apparel, cheap traveling, and minimum expenditure, he revels in his power to make all these things costly to his fellow-man.

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, CLERGYMAN

PRO

WITH a hatred of every form of injustice, a stern sense of rectitude, and a strenuously combative nature, Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst has beyond all doubt been the most important and greatly feared personage in New York for many years. Casting theories to the winds, he took the most practical methods of ridding the city of corruption and vice, and gave it its first cleansing in a generation. He has spared neither friend nor foe in his duty as a corrective agent and a true benefactor to his city. A friend of the poor and helpless, his memory will ever be honored, for he has been identified with everything honest, spiritual and noble, and I don't care who knows it!

CON

AS a wild enthusiast, Dr. Parkhurst did more to injure the city's good name and to increase crime than any meddler who ever interfered in municipal matters. His absurd crusade years ago disgusted the better class and did immeasurable harm to the poor people. Evils which were under control were fostered because scattered over the entire city, and enough seed of wickedness was sown for a generation. Property in many neighborhoods was reduced in value because it was indiscriminately condemned by this speech-making doctor. In recent years the clergyman has been noted for two things—his occasional rabid outbursts, and his annual trips to Europe.

ELBERT HUBBARD, PHILOSOPHER

PRO

EVERY man who has ever tried to do anything extraordinary in the world has encountered on the right hand and the left envy, calumny and scorn. They are the natural concomitants of the superior endeavor. Any man who has the marked talent to lift his head above the ruck and rubble of our commonplace mortality at first excites wonder, then admiration, then envy through a sense of self-disparagement by comparison, at last actual hatred. In Elbert Hubbard we have the usual prophet who is not without honor save in his own country. He writes fearlessly and well. He thinks deeply before he writes at all—wherein he differs from the majority of his detractors. He will live when tens of thousands of the scoffers of his genius are forgotten. After all, this is something to live for. He is a speaker as well as a writer, a keen and fearless polemic, man of strength. More than that, he is an artist in words, in color, and in mechanics. He is one of the most-discussed men in America to-day—which shows that he is one of the foremost representatives of its thought, movement, and ambition.

CON

HERE is an extraordinary production. It is an illuminated invitation to a symposium in Erie County, New York, to rally round the standards of a hang-fire Aristotle, a wooden-nutmeg Emerson. "Only a limited number" of the followers of this disciple of short-weight statesmanship "can be accommodated." I am assured that the Hon. John Hay, Whitcomb Riley, the Reverends Brown, Gunsaulus and Roberts, judges, sociologists, poets embryonic and full-fledged, including "Flynn of Atlanta"—in the name of all the gods, who is Flynn?—will fore-gather (perhaps) to kowtow to the sage of East Aurora. If ever a being proved his title to be called the most extraordinary showman of his time, it is he. He actually invites the Secretary of State of these enlightened United States to come to do him homage. Fie, fie! What are we coming to? Barnum at least was honest. He said, "First, last and all the time, I am a circus-man, and the public loves to be faked. Ergo!" These are Hubbard's sentiments, had he only the courage to let them be known to the world.

TERRIBLY EXCLUSIVE NEWS FROM THE RESORTS

ARVERNE

(By Special Air Line)

ARVERNE-BY-THE-SEA, August 223d. Grand Duke Loris Jerseycitzsky is a guest at the Hotel De Verey. He is an enthusiastic fisherman, and yesterday brought to land a rare specimen of the Wild Finnan Haddie. The latter wore kilties, and its speech resembled the notes of a bagpipe in good condition. All efforts to kill the foreigner failed, but it was inveigled into a game of golf played on the tracks of the Far-Far-Away Railroad and killed.

AT the Wednesday morning dances Miss Georgiana Patrickheimer, the heiress, created a sensation with her new robe-de-ragtime and there was no room on the dancing floor for any other costume. It was trimmed with musselshells, caviare, and passementerie, and was very seasonable.

POLO was played on Thursday between the Vassar College team and the Co-eds of the University of Manila. The Oriental team arrived in skiffs early with their polo ponies, having left Manila, P. I., at 7 A.M. The trip was uneventful and slow. During the second half the game was stopped because the Filipino captainess called the Commander of the Vassar team a "mean old thing."

A SERIES of tableaux was rendered at 4 A.M. by the Princess of Rockaway's Knitting Circle. Among the subjects presented were: "The Belle of Avenue A," "The Blonde in Green," "The Brunette in Yellow" and "The Fire Island Firefly."

OYSTER BAY

(By Telepathy)

OYSTER BAY, August 1603d. Living in huge oyster shells is the fashionable fad here. The guest catches his oyster first, then arranges for board for the bivalve at the best hotel, and furnishes the shell, which is placed in a prominent position on the Beach. The season will not really open until the most distinguished guest arrives from Washington. Nowadays everything and everybody are as silent as clams. There are a number of half-shell residents here, but they are not in the swagger set. Little and low-neck clams are also ostracised.

J. FRED. BARNACLE and G. Windy Porthole, two golf experts, are at the Marlingspike Inn. They have been invited everywhere and nowhere and express themselves delighted with their cool reception.

THE sloop yacht *Liptonia* came into the Bay last night with eight bells on, and they have been tolling ever since. The bell-buoys are also striking every hour.

LARCHMONT

(By regular Mind Reader)

LARCHMONT-ON-THE-SOUND, August 179th. Commodore Breeze has ordered a trial spin of the fleet of the Rocking Chairs, and flags are fluttering to the breeze along the piazza decks of all the craft. The forty-footer *Saucy Jane* was wrecked last night during a heavy sea, and some rapscallions scuttled the whiskey launch *Highball* while she was at anchor. Captain Hank Hunk of the challenger *Retribution* is awaiting orders from C. Oilcan Ishein. The trial course will be triangular from Soda to Hock and from Rye to Port, thence home.

THERE was an automobile contest yesterday from the pier to Willett's Point, in which J. Fanderbilt's Hardpan Green Dragon wrecked six yachts, killed ten sailors and caused a dent in Huckleberry Island, but won the race thirty miles there and back in four seconds.

CHARLES STRAWHAT CASEY, of Cherry Hill, is summering here al fresco. He is in camp living *à la* Filipino. He tendered a straw dance last week in honor of his fiancée, Miss Felt-hat.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.

(From a Special Correspondent)

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., August 61. Society, satiated with the New York season's pleasures, has found a new sensation. The best families have decided to place their servants in charge of the country houses and wait upon their employees. Consequently Miss Rachel Murphy is presiding over the De Fancy Cane mansion, while Mrs. De Cane is presiding in the kitchen. Colonel De Fancy Cane is in charge of the stables. It is quite an entertaining sight to see Pomeroy Fitz-Allen driving the maids to the depot.

TENNIS has again caught the fancy of the exclusives. S. Murphy Kellystein and Isaac Jacob Moriarty are in the lead in the series so far.

THREE shots were distinctly heard last night on the Van Rasseller estate. The constables investigated, and discovered that two thoroughbreds in the stables had tossed off several highballs.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

By Carolyn Lowrey

WILL QUEEN MARGHERITA BE OUR GUEST?

RUMOR, doubtful rumor, has it that Margherita, Dowager Queen of Italy, may visit America. Should this happen it would mean another social triumph for Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who in Rome is looked upon as an American queen.

Among Queen Margherita's treasures are certain pearls said to be among the most beautiful in the world.

It was the custom of King Humbert to present the Queen with a string of perfectly matched pearls on each wedding anniversary.

At his death she possessed twenty-three strands, which she values beyond rubies.

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT AS SHE IS

SPEAKING of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., reminds me that she is reigning at "Beaulieu," Newport, this season, which means that the laurels of social leader will rest upon her graceful head.

She is a Newport woman par excellence, with a combination of brains and diplomacy. Mrs. Vanderbilt has a strong personality, and never allows public criticism to trouble her dreams.

As a wife, mother and leader she has ridden over all obstacles and stands at the front.

A YACHTING NOVELTY

A CERTAIN Wall Street man has chartered a yacht for a summer cruise.

This timid man is to have as guests married women with their own husbands for chaperones.

He refuses a cargo of rosebuds, and his pennant reads "Beware of the vidders."

THE ARMY FOR HIM

FICKLE Aimee Lachaume wishes he had been true to his wife Pilar Morin.

Mr. Lachaume had a longing for his native home, Paris, and so deserted his wife to go there. Now it seems that Paris returns this longing, and now the gentleman in question is serving his term in the French Army.

Mrs. Lachaume in the meantime is creating a sensation in South America, and is delighted with the discipline her husband is receiving.

LOIE FULLER'S STATUARY

MISS LOIE FULLER is going to South America with her wonderful dance. Miss Fuller has been a great traveler, and has enjoyed abroad the friendship of the celebrities of the present generation, being the recipient of many tokens of appreciation from them.

She is loaning to the Metropolitan Museum of Art her collection of statuary for one year, which includes a number of pieces by Rodam, and the head of this great French sculptor. One of the most valuable is a figure of Miss Fuller in one of her dances.

This exquisite bit of Greek marble stands twelve inches high, and there are only two in the world, the other having been sold to the King of Saxony for 30,000 francs.

MRS. KEPPEL COMING!

GOSSIP states that Mrs. George Keppel is coming again to this "beastly country" to be mistress of ceremonies on board Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht.

Mrs. Keppel's last visit was not the social triumph she expected. Newport was a frost, for although Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish did her best it was not appreciated by her guest.

It was said that while the guest of Mrs. "Stuyve" Mrs. Keppel was ill, and resented the fact that Mrs. Fish's hospitality did not extend to paying the doctor's bill.

Possibly Sir Lipton will make a better host.

MRS. BELMONT'S SUCCESS

SOME of the exclusive set, who have crowed at the scant courtesy extended at times to Mrs. Perry Belmont, are somewhat chagrined at her social triumph in London.

Mrs. Belmont, radiant in the famous Belmont emeralds, has become prime favorite on the other side, and has had the honor of dining with the King and Queen.

On her return little stuffed "crows" with jeweled beaks may be given as souvenirs by Mrs. Belmont to an envious few.

SPOILED HER SHOPPING

SMITH: Your wife seems to be angry.

JONES: No wonder. She started out this morning to match a piece of ribbon and found he exact shade at the first shop she visited.

KNEW HIM!

"Your son has been throwing stones at me."

"Did he hit you?"

"No."

"Then it wasn't my boy."

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THE UNDERSTUDY*

By Ada Paterson and Victory Bateman

"MISS MILTON will never give me a chance to sing her part. I know she won't." Irene Gray plucked at the ragged edges of the once ornamental tablecloth in the dingy boarding-house parlor. Anger faded into dejection, and she rested her elbows on the table, her pretty flushed face in her hands, and looked appealingly at George Hammerton. Irene often told the other girls in the Amy Milton Opera Company that she could not remember the time she hadn't known George.

"Why, I tell him everything," she said.

And so she had; even the tale of that August at Long Branch, when she thought she had fallen in love with a man from Philadelphia, and how he had gone home without "really saying anything," and how life had never seemed the same after she had learned that he was a married man who had affected the seaside resorts while his wife and children were in the mountains. Had Irene noticed, she would háve seen George clench his big hands nervously during the recital, but she wasn't in the habit of noticing George much. You don't when you have known people always, you know. So she told the other girls in the company, and when Lillie James, who wore pink tarlatan and "did a specialty," asked her to introduce the young broker, she said, "Why, certainly."

Lillie, who aspired to be a *première danseuse*, touched the bow on Irene's shoulder daintily with her toe.

"You don't care to keep him all to yourself," she remarked with a sidelong glance.

"George? Oh, no!" said Irene, wonderingly, and touching up her upper lip a bit as she heard the call-boy's "Second Act."

This afternoon she was telling George "everything," as usual.

Irene, it must be admitted, was from the country. It must also be admitted that she was *gauche*. Candor requires a further admission. She had been on the stage three years and was still in the chorus. But she was Miss Milton's understudy, and she lay awake nights thinking of the time when Miss Milton should have a sore throat and she should sing her part, and only Miss Milton's special friends should know the difference—Miss Milton's special friends and the newspapers. The last would talk about her "wondrous art." She had seen that phrase once and it had haunted her. It would look so well opposite "Irene Gray."

"But she'll never give me the chance," she complained this afternoon to George Hammerton.

George listened impatiently. The story was not a new one. It was beyond his memory and mathematical powers to calculate just how often he had heard it. Being a man, he had some latent selfishness, almost as much as a woman. And he had his own heart needs and his own homely ambition, although he never spoke of them. He only looked wistfully at the self-centred little being and listened with his thoughts far from Miss Milton and her arias.

"Hang it all, Irene! Why ruin your temper and waste your life in this sort of thing?" he broke out. "Why don't you marry?"

He had been rapidly walking the floor of Mrs. O'Rourke's parlor to the serious menace of the ancient carpet. At Irene's resentful "Marry whom?" he stopped his march and looked long at her. He saw vexation in the small face, nothing more, and he felt suddenly foolish and awkward.

"Someone might be found," he ventured.

"Possibly by publishing a personal, 'object matrimony,'" she answered, scornfully.

Just then Lillie James "dropped" in. Welcome or not, there she was. They dispensed with the formality of announcing visitors at Mrs. O'Rourke's. Irene presented George Hammerton.

"We grew on adjoining farms out West," she explained absently, her thoughts still upon the possibility of Miss Milton's ever "giving her a chance to sing her part."

Lillie fluttered into a chair close to the broker's. She smiled archly at him and said he reminded her of a cousin of hers out West. She did love the West. Lillie was a wise woman. On their walk home she never once referred to the theatre except to say as she passed it that she wished she might never see the "sickening old place again." She coaxed the young man to tell her how he had left the farm seven years before and risen step by step until he was a member of the firm. She didn't say a word. Her comments were in her wide, admiring eyes. It was so different from those monologues in Mrs. O'Rourke's parlor. Of course he invited her to supper after the opera that night. And she, hesitating as coyly as though she had never had an invitation to supper before, finally accepted.

Irene, hurrying out of the stage door, saw them getting into a cab. She bowed stiffly and went on, frowning. The manager had told her that Miss Milton's mother was ill and she must have a rehearsal in the morning.

"Don't know that she'll be called to Boston, but she may. We must be ready," he said.

The "chance" was assuming a form. She must sleep well so that she would be in "good voice" for rehearsal. But Irene didn't sleep well.

"Isn't it absurd! I'm actually lying here thinking of George and Lillie. Lillie's a nice girl, but so designing."

She buried her curly head deep in the pillow and counted imaginary white sheep jumping an imaginary fence.

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*From "By the Stage Door." Copyrighted by the Grafton Press, New York.

"Six, seven, eight—George never asks me to supper any more. These late suppers are ruinous to the voice. I'm glad I never eat them. I wonder whether they went to Rector's."

Much tossing and opening the small window of the hall bedroom wider.

"Such a suffocating night! Fifteen, sixteen—George looks almost handsome in evening clothes. Nineteen. Lillie wore her biscuit cloth trimmed with gold braid. She calls that "her gown for conquest." I wonder if she thinks she can make a fool of George? How ridiculous!"

It was so ridiculous that she sat upright in bed and laughed hollowly as she stared at the darkness.

Irene met Lillie at the stage door at the noon rehearsal. Lillie simpered and Irene looked ill-tempered.

"Your friend's charming, and what a flirt! I'm afraid I'll really lose my heart this time," said the *danseuse* of the future.

"A flirt! George never had that reputation at home," said the prospective star, tartly. "She wants me to tell him she thinks he's charming and she's losing her heart, but I won't," she thought, with an unbecoming tightening of the lips.

"But men learn so much when they leave home," Lillie drawled, simpering again.

The manager was cross. Irene did her best, but he was brute enough to say she had acquired a wide crack in her voice since yesterday, and she cried behind a newspaper all the way home in the street-car. She hoped George would call. She wanted to tell him "everything." He didn't, and that evening she saw a note in his handwriting addressed to Lillie James. It lay just below the large mirror at the end of the long dressing table used by seven "ladies of the chorus." Irene's hand hovered above it, but she drew it back, shocked at her evil impulse. Lillie sauntered in singing. She snatched the note from the table, read it, and ostentatiously tucked it into her corsage.

"You're pale to-night, 'Rene. What's the matter?"

A loud rap at the door. The stage manager burst in and handed Irene a telegram.

"Milton just left for Boston. You've got to sing. Here's the key to her dressing-room. Get into her things and hurry up."

He slammed the door. "Oh, bully!" said the good-natured "ladies of the chorus." "Pf-f!" said the acid-tempered ones.

Irene made a running entrance. Miss Milton made it effective, but Milton was born in Paris, and I have said that Irene was born in the country and was *gauche*. She stumbled, and three gallery gods laughed. As she picked herself up among her unaccustomed draperies she saw George Hammerton.

She saw the dark body in front as through a mist. Her voice sounded strange. She had missed a bar. Heavens! And her breath was leaving her. She tripped upon her train as she made her exit. The audience was silent save for five kind souls. One of these clapped loud enough for three. It was George Hammerton.

Irene cried piteously in her dressing-room. A visit from the stage manager made her cry the harder. She said she would not go on again. He said she must, and she did.

The first act was bad, the second worse, the third worst. The five kind souls were loyal. The orchestra was apathetic, and part of it went home early. The ingenuous gallery joked and hissed.

A lonely little figure crept out of the stage entrance and was met by a big, sympathetic one.

"Oh, George!" Irene gasped. "It was awful. I can never look at anyone again."

He hailed a passing hansom and lifted her into it. "Aren't you going—to—take Lillie?" she sobbed.

"No. She invited me to meet some friends, but I declined. I wanted to see you, Irene."

"Will anyone ever want to see me again? Oh, George, I have failed! I have failed!"

George Hammerton took the trembling little figure in his arms and drew the curly head to his shoulder.

"Be my understudy, Irene," he said. "I will give you every chance. You shall be a star in my home. Be my prima donna and sing only for me."

She sat up straight and dignified for an instant. "You flirted with Lillie," she charged.

"Not guilty," he said laughing. "I took her to supper because she seemed so sweet and sisterly and sympathetic."

"She's a designing little beast."

"Well, well, perhaps," Hammerton returned, ungallantly.

"It was worrying about you and her and that note that made me such a 'frost' to-night. I believe I'll just try again."

"No, you won't," said George Hammerton, assertively, and she didn't.

From that date Irene Gray filled only private engagements.

WHERE THE FOOL COMES IN

They say that men are fools who make
Good resolutions that they break
Ere many days;
But 'tis not so; they're merely weak
Who know that they do wrong and seek
To mend their ways.

The fools are those who stand and scoff
At other men for swearing off—
The fool's the one
Who laughs at those who try to free
Themselves from vices, thinking he
Possesses none.

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Harold Heaton
Harold Heaton

LOVE'S SUMMER TIME

A devouring flame, thou art, love:
From a furnace of Cupid's coal;
And you've spread to my very heart, love,
And you've burned my innermost soul.

SUMMER FRIVOLITY

THE NEW WOMAN

SHE is coming, the Woman, in splendor and pride,
She's determined that she'll be no more set aside.
She has made up her mind to climb down from the shelf
To take charge of the earth and to run it herself.

And already she's wearing, as fashion denotes,
The man's collars and neckties and waistcoats and coats,
And, no doubt, she'll—unless we are hopelessly wrong—
Take to wearing the—others, as well, before long.

She's submitted too much, and in future, they say,
'Twill be hers to command and the man's to obey;
Till 'twill only be left in the sweet by-and-by,
For the man to look out for a soft spot and—die!

NASTY

MABEL—Sweetser tells me I am the only woman in the world he cares anything about.

EDITH—I suppose he doesn't class May Golding among women. I know he always calls her an angel.

THINK OF IT

MRS. BENHAM—It's hard on the people of Greenland to have nights six months long.

BENHAM—Yes. Just think of the sufferings of the poor man whose wife's mother drops in to spend the evening.

SYMPATHETIC

HOUSEWIFE (at the departure of her servant)—What! You are crying? If it grieves you so to go why did you decide to leave?

SERVANT—I'm crying for sympathy with the girl who is to take my place.

BAD FOR THE HEAD

MRS. BINKS—Headache this morning, eh? Humph! What caused that?

MR. BINKS—I—er—don't know exactly, but I remember I had a sort of a rush of blood from holding my head down during that long prayer Sunday before last.

EVENS UP

"I grow tired of providing for the inner man."

"And I grow tired of providing for the outer woman."

HE KNEW

DOCTOR—Good-morning, Mr. Lover! What can I do for you?

MR. LOVER—I—I called, sir, to—to ask for the hand of—of your daughter.

"Humph! Appetite good?"

"Not very."

"How is your pulse?"

"Very rapid when—when I am with her—very feeble when away."

"Troubled with palpitation?"

"Awfully, when I think of her."

"Take my daughter; you'll soon be cured."

Google

Clarissa—Do you keep a watch on your husband when he is drinking?
Caroline—I tried to, but couldn't afford it.
Clarissa—Why not?
Caroline—He used to either lose it or pawn it.

INTERESTING

Husky Henry—No, you don't have no luck with these suburban people, 'cause yer don't know how t' work 'em. When I goes up t' 'em I allers commences t' talk about somethin' as interests 'em.

Weary Walker—Yes, but I don't know anything about this golf business.

FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION ONLY

"Well, Mr. Murphy, how are you to-day—better?" asked the doctor.

"No, sorr, Oi'm worse—as full av pains as a windy," replied Mr. Murphy.

"Worse! Did you rub that stuff I sent you well into the skin?"

"Rub it into me skin? Av coorse not, sorr. Oi saw it was labeled 'Fur outward application only,' so Oi just rubbed it on me clothes."

Mabel—So Charlie has crossed the high sea to study music!
Dolly—That's about the highest C he'll ever reach.

CHARITABLE VIEW

He—I wonder why Miss Oldham never uses a parasol when strolling in the sunshine?

She—Oh, she's on the shady side of life and therefore doesn't need one.

MODERN CHIVALRY

Awkward Miss (with an umbrella)—Beg pardon!

Polite Man—Don't mention it. I have another eye left.

TOO GREAT A CONTRAST

Father—I don't see why you can't like Mr. Chubleigh. His habits are excellent. He doesn't drink or smoke or play cards. What's your objection?

Daughter (who loves another)—Oh—er—I don't know. (Suddenly brightening) I'd be so awfully homesick with him, papa; he's so unlike you.

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FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS.

Weary—The Doctor told me to take champagne for my appetite.

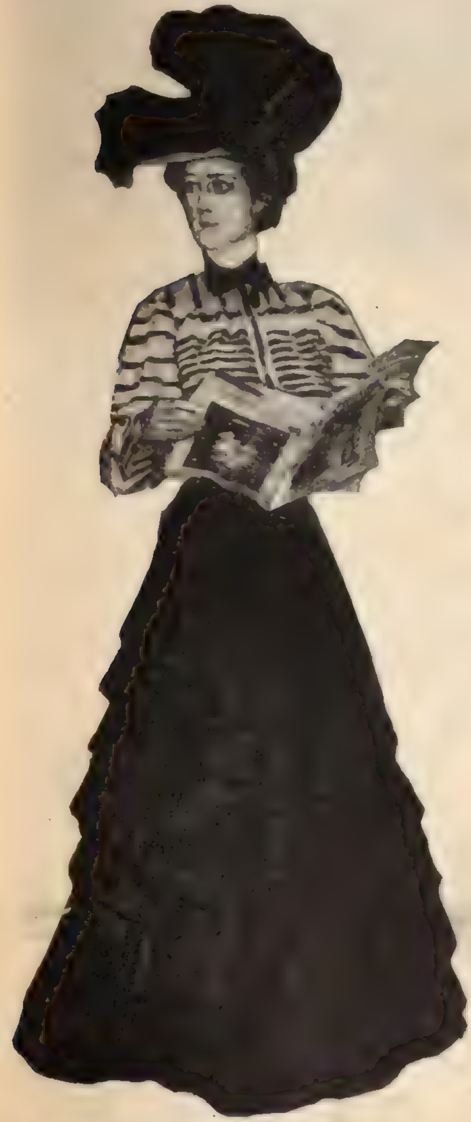
Walker—Well, what of it?

Weary—Well, I took it, and the man made me put it back again.

VERY LIKELY

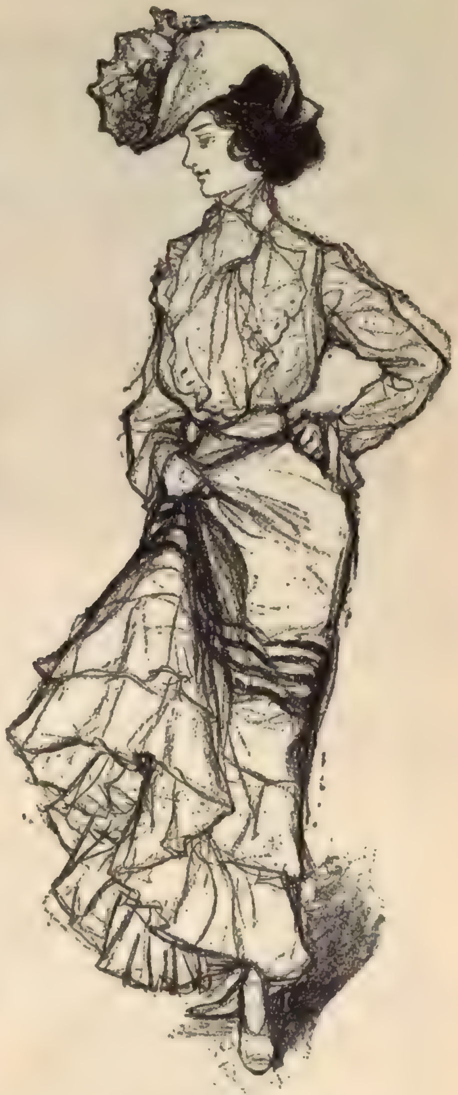
Mrs. Bilkins—What a commanding presence that lady has.

Mr. Bilkins—Yes, I expect she's married.



HER VIEW OF IT

So Love flew out at the window,
And Poverty entered by door;
If that is the course of events, Love,
Don't call on me any more.



A BROADWAY DITTY

She's just a plain American girl—
Could anything now be grander?
But when a Broadway car she boards,
She's often a Laplander.

WHAT SHE SAID

Young Man (to messenger boy)—What did the young lady say when you gave her the flowers?

Messenger Boy—She asked the young fellow who was sitting with her if he didn't want some for a buttonhole.

A PATRICIAN

Old Maid (proudly)—I belong to the cream of society.

Rude Boy—No wonder the cats are so fond of you, auntie.

Google

CIRCUMSTANCES CHANGE CASES

He mused: "She licked this little stamp;
It was by her sweet lips made damp.
I'll cherish it for many a year,
To that sweet maid for ever dear."

L'Envoi

Alas, the maid, so sweet and trim,
He wedded, and she now licks him!

JUST TIME

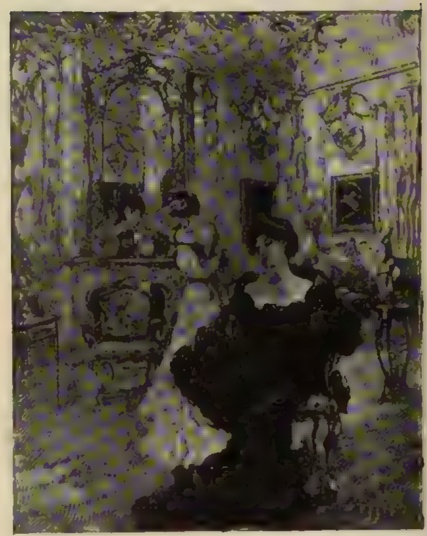
Husband—There is no hurry, dear. I've just telephoned, and they say our train is four hours late.

Wife—Good! I've just got time to do my hair over again.

A BOXER

She—What size gloves do you wear?

He (unthinkingly)—Five ounces.



RIVALS

MAY—I feared you would not be at the ball to-night. Someone told me that you had met with an accident.
PHYLLIS—No; that was my younger sister.
MAY—Oh, really? I'm so sorry.

PAT'S IDEA

Visitor—No, I won't come in. Could I see Mr. Jones for two minutes?

Servant—What name shall I say, sor?

Visitor—Mr. Vandersplinkentootleheimer

Servant—Och! sure, ye'd better step in an' bring it wid ye.

FOR MAIDS

We know that some girls never wed,
But that is their affair.
There is no cause for them to shed
A tear—the men are there.
Let any girl who doubts it chase
The man she thinks she loves,
And if it isn't soon a "case,"
I don't know turtle-doves.

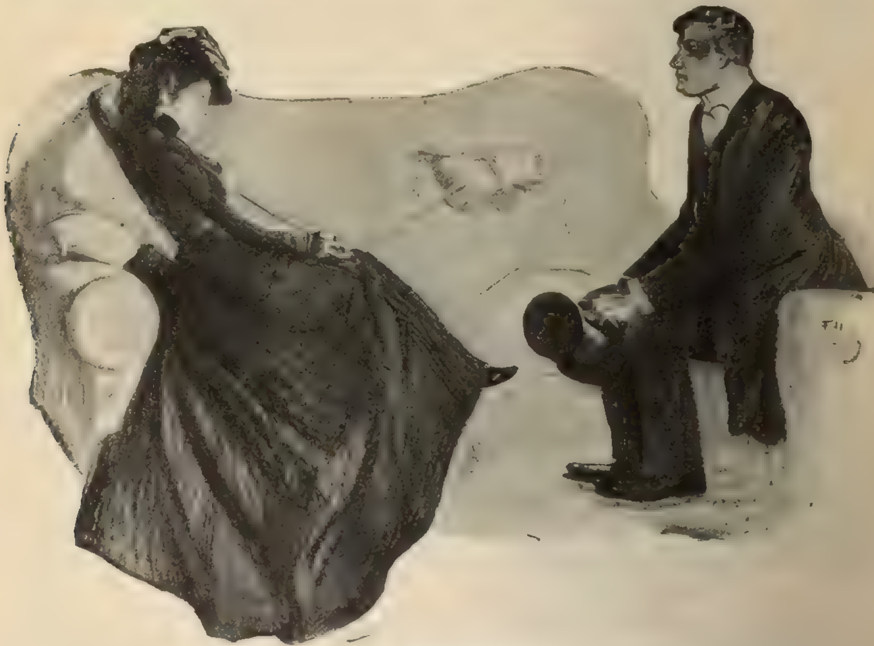
—J. L.

HAD OCCURRED TO HER

Mrs. Newed—There, I have just finished a letter to mamma, but I can't think of anything to put in the postscript.

Mr. Newed—"Then, my dear, there is no occasion to add one at all."

Mrs. Newed—Of course. I never would have thought of that.



HE—Don't you think a girl should marry an economical man?
SHE—I suppose so; but I find it awful being engaged to one.

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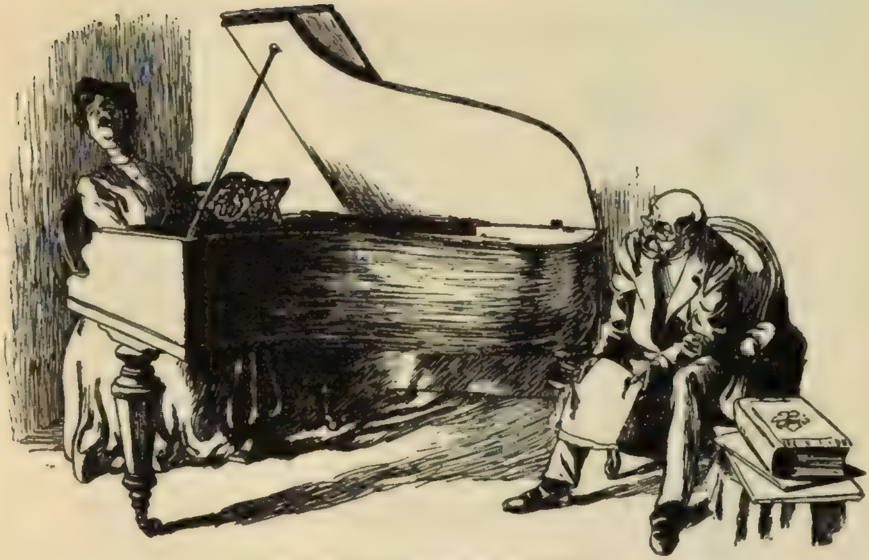


The Girl—"I'll whisper my love to thee!"

WHAT AUDACITY!

Madge—What a remarkable memory your husband has!

May—Really?

Madge—Yes; he remembers perfectly the night that I refused him, and then he went right off and offered himself to you for spite.

May—And I married him for the same reason, and that's why we have agreed ever since.

TOO MUCH, TOO MUCH

"No, my son," says the Sultan to the Crown Prince; "no matter what the other princes do, you must not even think of having an American wife or wives."

"But, father," protests the Crown Prince, "the Yankee girls are beautiful as houris, and entrancing as soft music. Their——"

"Cut it out, my child. From my standpoint, an American daughter-in-law would be welcome, but from your standpoint you must think of the possibilities for trouble in an American mother-in-law."

A PARTING OBSERVATION

She—A girl chances a great deal on her first proposal of marriage.

He—Do you mean if she accepts?

She—Oh! either way.

A CHAMPION

Rags—What's he got all them medals on for?

Snags—Why, that's the feller wot touched Russell Sage for a punched nickel.

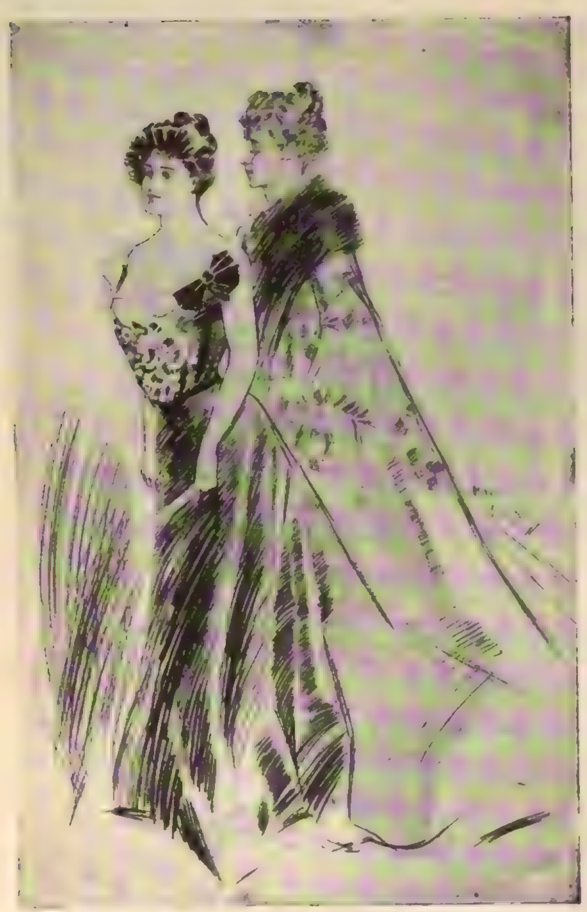
INNOCENT

Counsel for Defence—Now I've pulled you through, did you really take the money or not?

Bill—Well, guv'nor, I did thought I 'ad; but I don't think a chap with the character you gave me would be capable of it.

DURING THE SUMMER HOP

He rushed her through the dances
As he jostled and he sprawled;
Despite her pleading glances
At the way her skirts were mauled;
As through her dress's flouncing
His ungainly feet he hurled,
He seemed to be announcing
The destruction of the *whirled*.



Mamma—The man who marries you, dear, must be noted for his bravery.
Debutante—He certainly will if you insist on living with us.

AUTOMOBILE CONFIDENCES.

Old Fusby—Ugh! It must be a very unpleasant sensation to run over a man.

Young Scorch—Yes it is—especially if he's boney.

NON-COMMITTAL.

Benevolent Stranger (to man who has been knocked down by motor car)—Let me help you up—the policeman is taking his name and address. Are you hurt?

Injured Man (groans)—Yes.

Benevolent Stranger—(anxiously) How much? Where?

Injured Man—I don't know until I've seen my lawyer

HARD LINES.

Passer-by—I thought you were blind?

Mendicant—Well, boss, times is so hard, and competition so great, that even a blind man has to keep his eyes open nowadays.

MUTUAL

"Do you love your teacher, Jimmie?"

"Well, no. Our relations are merely platonic."

MARRIED

The Bride—Now, dear, we must act like old married people.

The Groom—All right. Hand me back that dollar I gave you.

THE NEW MADISON SQUARE VENETIAN SONG

(Not by John Duss.)

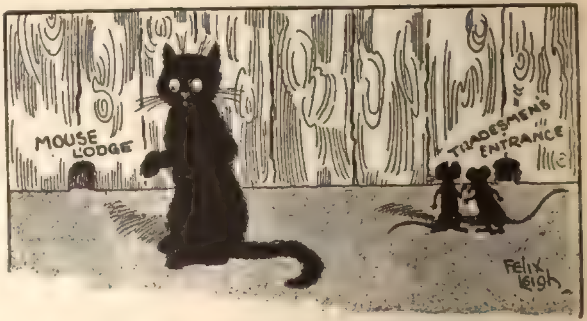
The lady sighs;
The vessel flies;
The Johnnie "tells the tale."
(The lady's fair,
With golden hair,
And perfume on her veil).
"I'll kiss thy hand
Before we land,
For nobody can see.
We are alone;
The boat, my own,
Doth hold but you and me—
But you and me."
La, la, la, la, la, la.

The night is still
As down the hill
The boat goes like the wind;
The vessel jumps,
The lady bumps,
The man falls off behind.
"And now, my own,
We *are* alone,"
She says, "as you can see!
You quite forgot,
Love, did you not,
That first we numbered three—
We numbered three?"
La, la, la, la, la, la.
(*Ad libitum.*)

He Flattered Himself.

She (with an idea of choking him off)—There are only two men in the world I could love.

He—Indeed!—and who is the other one?



Mr. Nibbles—Of course, it's rather annoying, my dear, but as that stupid cat persists in watching the front door, I suppose we'll have to go in by the grocer's entrance.

THE DUCHESS WHO DID

By Pauline J. Satterlee

WHEN Ernst Adolphus, reigning Grand Duke of Jaken-Jöken, espoused the Princess Fédora of Hochspladt, he had just achieved his thirty-sixth year, and was a man of tolerably youthful appearance and passably engaging presence. But by the time he was fifty all that was changed, the Grand Duke's inherited tendency to adipose tissue, coupled with his own indolent disposition and his insatiable thirst for lager beer having converted him into a sort of human elephant. Moreover, with the vanishing of his corporeal slimness his mental activities and his taste for social pleasures other than those of the table had also declined; so that he had become, to say the least of him, an extremely solid companion.

This was the more unfortunate inasmuch as the Grand Duchess, who had been married at nineteen, and was now, therefore, only thirty-six, still retained much of her youthful vivacity, and was never satisfied unless she was "on the go." She wished her court to continue to be (what it had been during her first years of married life) among the gayest in Europe. It seemed indeed that she could hardly breathe except in the intoxicating atmosphere of perpetual balls, routs, picnics, hunting parties, and other amusements. But these Ernst Adolphus the plethoric, never very keen on such things even when he was Ernst Adolphus the slim, had now begun to loathe. It was bad enough, he said, to have to attend the necessary State functions. He would give a good deal to be quit of those. But to exchange his comfortable dressing-gown and carpet slippers for a tight uniform that nearly throttled him and patent leather boots that pinched his gouty toes beyond endurance, to drag himself away from his easy chair, his after-dinner meerschaum and his congenial tankard—to do all this unnecessarily and simply because there were fools in the world who pretended to find enjoyment in such idiocies, was more than he could stand.

He had been sufficiently martyred in that way during his youth. Now he had earned his right to retirement, and was resolved in these his declining years, to enjoy himself as he liked—*i.e.*, in the calm and comfortable quietude of his domestic hearth.

Nor was that all. The Royal elephant, lazy and indolent though he was, had strict notions on the subject of marital propriety. His Grand Duchess must not be always gadding about alone without the protecting presence of her liege lord. Her place was at home with him; and at home with him must she remain. Why could she not sit opposite him, on the other side of the fireplace, and amuse herself with something placid, such as needlework or knitting, with now and again (when he was so disposed) a little turn at picquet or bézique?

"Needlework? Knitting? Picquet? Bézique? Am I, then, the wife of a shop-keeper?" exclaimed the impatient and indignant Grand Duchess.

"You are the wife of your husband," replied the obese Grand Duke, very slowly and deliberately, as was his wont; for if the utterances of the Grand Duchess, rapid and eager, might be compared with a spanking tandem or four-in-hand that of her consort resembled rather the steam-roller or the traction-engine."

"I am aware of that!" she cried. "And I should be still more alive to the fact, believe me, if you would occasionally remember that you are the husband of your wife!"

"Do I ever forget it, my dear?" replied the Grand Duke in his slow, heavy, speed-not-to-exceed-four-miles-an-hour tones, the while he regarded his handsome consort affectionately with his dull eyes. For you must know, in his own way—his stolid, silent way—he was fond of his Grand Duchess; albeit it was not in his lethargic nature to put himself to the exertion of actively demonstrating the fact.

"You are always forgetting it," she retorted. "Else you would occasionally forego your own stupid pleasures for my sake—in order to make me happy."

"Are you not happy, then?" he inquired sleepily—for he had been sitting before the fire for two hours and had smoked five pipes and drank a quart pot of lager, so that he could now hardly keep his eyes open.

"Happy? Happy, indeed? When I have to live the life of a hog in a sty, with nothing to do but eat, sleep and vegetate?"

"Surely a very placid existence, my dear," murmured the somnolent Grand Duke.

"Placid? Was I born into the world to be placid? Do you suppose that I have no soul?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in fervent indignation.

"Of course, I know you have a soul, my dear—like everyone else. I am not an agnostic," he answered sleepily, while his fourth chin began to drop forward upon his waistcoat.

"And a mind? Have I not a mind?" she went on.

"It is to be presumed so. The good God bestows intelligence upon all His creatures," he murmured, with drowsy piety.

"And have I not aspirations?"

But the only answer to her inquiry *re* aspirations was a snore. The Grand Duke—with eyes shut and mouth wide upen, so that his tonsils and uvula were plainly visible—had departed into the land of Nod.

His consort stood surveying him with anger and contempt.

"He is nothing but a pig," she said, while the tears of ill-usage started to her bright eyes. "And to think that I am chained for life to such an animal! Ah! And I loved him once! But now I could as well love the hippopotamus in the Gardens of Zoology at Berlin."

These words were still on her lips when there entered Baroness von Blitzfeldt, lady-in-nursing to the Grand-Ducal children.

"I have to inform you, Madam," she said, with a profound curtsey, "that the Prince Alexis and the Princesses Frederica and Georgina are now ready for the tub, and are awaiting your Royal Highness' presence."

For—it must be explained—this was a Saturday night, and it was the habit of the Grand Duchess every Saturday night to superintend in person the bathing of her younger children.

So now she went to the nursery, where she found the three little ones, ranging in age from four to seven, having high jinks over a game of "Touch," attired (as the folk of the Grand Duchy express it) in their birthday suits.

Their Royal mother, having donned an apron of stout Hessian, and having turned up her sleeves, pounced first upon the Prince Alexis and placed him in the tub, where she proceeded to soap and scrub him with a ruthless energy that drew frequent protests from the lips of the Royal child.

To these she paid no heed. They were part of the routine. But as her eyes fell upon the rolls of flesh about the nape of the urchin's neck, and upon the plump protuberance of his little tummy, she sighed aloud.

"What do you gasp for, Mamma?" asked the inquisitive little Prince.

"I was thinking, my son," she answered.

"But what were you thinking?" he persisted.

"I was thinking," said she—"Will you one day be like your Papa?"

"Oh! yah! yah!" cried the urchin eagerly. "I mean to be like Papa when I grow up—of such a size, ah! of such a size. I heard our nurse say yesterday that he weighed twenty stone, and was the biggest man in the Grand Duchy. It must be fine to weigh twenty stone and be the biggest man in the Grand Duchy."

Again his mother sighed—more bitterly than before. Alas! He was the true son of his father—destined to become his counterpart in mind as well as in body.

When at length the Royal children had been tubbed, scrubbed, rubbed with warm towels, and finally relegated to their little beds in the night nursery, the Grand Duchess took a seat by the day nursery fire and stared gloomily into the red embers. After awhile she remarked to her bosom friend and confidant, the Baroness:

"I am the most wretched woman on God's earth."

"Let not my Royal mistress say so," rejoined the deprecating Baroness von Blitzfeldt.

"I speak as I feel," asserted the Grand Duchess. "Wherefore should one cry 'Peace' when there is no peace? My hard case must be patent to all. Ah! would I had died before I wedded the insensate mammoth to whom I am now chained for life!"

"Yet I believe the Grand Duke means well by you," ventured to protest the lady-in-nursing.

"I am far from denying it," cried the Grand Duchess. "That is, in fact, the worst part of the business. Of all husbands, the well-meaning ill-user of his wife is the most hopeless and impossible."

"I was not aware that his Royal Highness had ill-used you," exclaimed the Baroness surprised and shocked.

"I do not say that he has boxed my ears or clouted me with his walking-stick," retorted the Grand Duchess. "I do not say that he has ever consigned me to the regions of fire and brimstone. But ah! there are worse ill-usages than those in married life, my dear Caroline."

"Surely, Madam, you do not mean to infer that his Royal Highness has—has—sought other consolations?" whispered the Baroness in low, abashed tones.

The Grand Duchess laughed—a hard and bitter laugh.

"He finds all the consolations he wants," she said, "in his dinner, his quart-pot, his meerschaum and his carpet-slippers. Truly, I wish it were otherwise. I had rather any day have a human rival than play second fiddle to a tankard of swipes."

Then after a pause, she went on with growing excitement and indignation:

"Yet even if he were content to lead that brutish existence himself, and to let me live the life of a rational being, I should not complain. But now he compels me day after day, evening after evening, to forego the social intercourse, the intellectual conversation, the congenial companionships for which my nature pines, and instead, to sit and watch him drink and smoke himself stupid, until finally he sinks into a state of boozy slumber, such as you saw him in to-night. It is choking me—it is killing me," cried her Royal Highness, working herself up more and more as she progressed. "I cannot endure it. This aching void in my heart demands to be filled. These yearnings of my soul insist on being satisfied, And soon, perhaps, there will come along the one to satisfy them. And then something will happen."

The Grand Duchess' tone as she uttered the words was suggestive of shocking, not to say terrible inferences.

Baroness von Blitzfeldt stared at her aghast.

"Surely, Madam," she cried "you will never so far forget yourself as to—to——"

But there she paused, leaving the aposiopesis to speak for itself. For, at that time, the "woman who did," and all her ways (which in this present age we discuss so plainly) were subjects specifically unmentionable in polite society, and might only be hinted at by distant allusions.

"I cannot say what I may do, Caroline," was the gloomy and desperate rejoinder. "One thing alone is certain: I cannot submit much longer to the shackles by which I am chained for life to my prize-ox of a husband."

Then, having uttered these direful words, she wished the Baroness a good-night, and retired to her sleeping apartment.

But what she had said—only, perhaps, half in earnest—was destined to happen in sober truth, and this (so ironical is fate) by the unconscious co-operation of the Grand Duke himself who, with all his failings, was the least suspicious of husbands and reposed a boundless confidence in his wife's integrity.

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It befell thus. Old Herr Sploschbloch, who had been private secretary to the Grand Duchess ever since her marriage, sent in, about this time, his resignation, and it lay with the Grand Duke to appoint a successor.

"Whom would you like, my dear?" he inquired of the Grand Duchess.

"Oh, I do not care," she replied, with an indifferent shrug of her graceful shoulders. "If however, he might be one who does not puff and blow quite so hard over his letter writing as old Sploschboch did, I should take it kind. The narwhal is doubtless very well in the Arctic Ocean, but within the four walls of a library his letting off steam is somewhat disturbing."

"If you have no objections, my dear, I have already Sploschboch's successor in my mind's eye," said the Grand Duke.

"Who?" demanded the Grand Duchess.

"Young Von Berghop, son of my former War Minister. He is a deserving young fellow, and very capable, as I am told. Moreover, I am anxious to push him on. And—which is most important of all—I believe he would suit you."

"What makes you think that?" asked the Grand Duchess, not, however, evincing much interest in the inquiry.

"Because he is polished, well-bred, agreeable, and—as they tell me, for I am no judge of this—a young man of culture. You will be able, when you are so disposed, to exchange views with him upon art, poetry, social problems, and all those other deep subjects to which you are so partial, my dear."

"Certainly it will be a blessing to have someone to exchange views with," replied the Grand Duchess. "I confess I am growing rather tired of holding dialogues on these matters with myself. To hear the opinions of an intelligent companion will be a refreshing novelty."

"Yet you used to grow irate with Herr Sploschboch when he expressed opinions different from yours," remarked the Grand Duke, in his slow drawl.

"Old Sploschboch was a fool," retorted the Grand Duchess, contemptuously.

Which was her honest belief. It had always been impossible for anyone to question the wisdom of her Royal Highness without *ipso facto* forfeiting her respect for his own.

Soon afterwards young Von Berghop entered upon his secretarial duties in the household of the Grand Duchess. In stature, he was tall; in face, he was handsome and intelligent; in figure, he was slim and active; in manner, he was courteous; in conversation, he was interesting; in accomplishments, he was versatile. He sketched nicely in water-colors, he sang pleasantly in an agreeable drawing-room tenor, he read aloud (the poets for preference) with good taste and good feeling. Yet while he did all these things well, he did not do them quite so well as her Royal Highness. Furthermore he was modestly alive to the inferiority.

"He is a young man in a thousand," said the discriminating Grand Duchess, at the end of a month's acquaintance.

And, at the end of two months' acquaintance, "He is a young man in a million," said she.

But at the end of a three months' acquaintance, "He is *the* young man in all the world."

The truth was—I am sorry to write it—he had now come to occupy that unique place in the impulsive Princess's affections that ought to have been—but wasn't—occupied by the Royal hippopotamus. A great distinction for him, but dangerous, as you shall presently see.

One morning they were alone together, he writing letters, she dictating. Suddenly she broke off in the midst of a sentence.

"Heinrich," cried she, in tones tremulous with a no-longer-to-be-suppressed passion.

"Madame," he responded.

"It is of no use for us to pretend any more," she said going recklessly (as was her manner) to the point. "We love, you and I. Let us face the fact."

At this admission he fell on his knees in an ecstasy of rapture, and seizing her plump white hand in his, kissed it ardently a score of times.

"Ach! You are not angry, my princess—my queen—my empress?" cries the fervent young secretary.

"Angry?" says she. "No, indeed, my Heinrich. Else I had never let it come to this. But—the veil being now removed—we must consider. I am, as you know, chained for life to an insensate elephant."

"Alas! But it is so," he groaned. "Fate is very cruel. One thing alone remains for me. I must go away at once and forever."

"You are right. You must go away. Moreover, I shall go with you," replied the Grand Duchess, with calm, yet resolute determination.

Hearing this the love-sick young man broke out into wilder raptures.

"You would sacrifice everything—your husband, your children, your high position for me?" he exclaimed.

"Yea, everything," replied the Princess, her eyes lustrous with love and romantic imagination. "If this hand is worth playing at all, it is worth going nap upon. We will leave the Grand Duchy, you and I, this very night."

"To hear you is to obey," he answered, again raising her plump white hand to his lips.

"But whither shall we fly, my adored queen?" he asked.

"Any whither you will, beloved," she replied. "But let it be some little earthly paradise amid mountains, woods and blue lakes—out of the world, away from the busy haunts of men, where you and I, my own, may be all in all to each other for evermore," she answered, with the unreserve of one who has fairly opened the sluice-gates and let the flood rush in.

So then and there arrangements for flight were made by these frenzied and reckless lovers; and it was settled that the secretary should await the Princess at eight o'clock that evening with a post-chaise and pair, and that they should drive with all speed to the frontier, which lay but fifteen miles distant.

But they knew not that Baroness von Blitzfeldt, long suspicious of harm, had been listening at the keyhole throughout their interview, and had forthwith sped with the appalling news to the Grand Duke. Hence it came to pass that when the Grand Duchess, thickly veiled and muffled, entered the waiting postchaise she found herself side by side, not with her secretarial lover; but —*horresco referens*—with the Royal Elephant.

Paralyzed with terror, with dismay, she could not speak nor move. He, on his part, maintained an awful silence. The driver had whipped up his horses, and the chaise was now bowling along at a furious pace.

At length her parched lips managed to falter forth the inquiry.

"Whither are you taking me?"

"To Blottsdam," he answered grimly.

But when he said "Blottsdam," the heart of the Grand Duchess was, as it were, turned to stone within her. Well she knew the history of that notorious castle. More than one erring Royal lady had been sent thither, for change of air, within her own recollection. And these had never been seen in public again. . . .

Inside these grim walls she remained for a fortnight, with one lady, the Baroness von Blitzfeldt, in attendance upon her. She had a terrible time. Apart from the disappointment of her baffled love affair, apart from the shame of the discovery, apart from her fears of a life-long imprisonment, her misery was further aggravated by the conduct of the Baroness, who, womanlike, lost no opportunity of rubbing the public disgrace of her position into the now prostrate Grand Duchess.

"It is pitiful. Ach! Heaven, it is tragic!" said the amiable lady-in-nursing. "If I were you, madam, I should not wish ever to leave these walls—to meet the scornful looks, the pointing fingers even of your humblest subjects. I have heard poor peasant women speak of your Royal Highness. They used a word which it is impossible for me, being virtuous, to repeat."

"I have done nothing to deserve that insult; I swear it!" cried the frantic Grand Duchess.

But the lady-in-nursing merely smiled incredulously and begged to be excused from discussing the painful subject.

Once the Princess alluded to Von Berghop.

"What have they done to him?" she inquired.

"Nothing," replied the feline Baroness. "You see, he scented discovery in time, and showed a clean pair of heels—leaving madam in the lurch."

"The cur!" cried Princess Fédora.

It wanted but this to complete her misery. When she heard it, all that was left of her mad, impulsive passion fell dead on the spot.

At the end of a fortnight Duke Ernst Adolphus himself came to the castle and insisted upon a private interview with his erring wife.

"Well," she demanded, half defiantly, as he entered. "What is it to be? Quick. Put me out of my misery. Will you send me to a madhouse? Or do you prefer that I shall take, as if by accident, an overdose of sleeping draught. Speak out. I am prepared for the worst."

"Madam," replied the Grand Duke, in those slow, ponderous tones of his that naught could ever hurry. "I knew you to be foolish, romantic, impulsive, reckless. But I do not think that you will stoop to lie in answer to a solemn question. Tell me. Has there been guilt in this unhappy affair?"

"Before God there has been none," she cried.

"I believe you, my dear," said he.

Then he opened his massive arms. In an instant the unhappy Princess had taken refuge therein. During the past terrible fortnight she had learned many things, and not least, this: that when all the world is against you, and when the storms of obloquy and scorn bid fair to overwhelm you, the bosom even of an insensate elephant, who believes in you, is no ill haven.

Presently, when the Grand Duchess had run upstairs to don her things, preparatory to returning home with her husband, the Baroness von Blitzfeldt entered the room where his Royal Highness was waiting.

"Well, sire?" she queried.

"It is all right," he said, "she has had her fling and learnt her lesson. She will not want to break out again. Moreover, she is truly grateful to me for believing her. I see her, through all her future life, a most loving and domestic spouse. Let me thank you warmly for your kind services. Both you and Von Berghop have played your cards to admiration."

"Yet the credit of the design is wholly your own, sire," answered the lady-in-nursing.

"Ah, well," he said, "after all, it was simple mechanics. To sit on the safety valve when the boiler is overheated, is to court an almighty explosion. Wise men don't do that. Rather, they open the valve a little wider than usual, and so permit the steam to escape innocuous."

HOW SHE REFUSED HIM

HAVING read your sweet effusion,
I am forced to the conclusion
You are under a delusion
That I love but you alone.

'Mong a score my love's divided;
And of all the hearts provided,
I am really undecided
Which shall call me all its own.

So I'm not prepared to marry.
And, therefore, my dearest Harry,
You had best no longer tarry,
But select another Joan.

—CLIFFORD BARLOW.

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GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager

A PRETTY American girl in Paris displayed her native wit in a remarkable way. She was besieged by creditors, whose rapacity is proverbial in foreign countries, and who leagued with one another to bring her to embarrassment. While she was entertaining a score of guests at a little dinner, a sheriff appeared and demanded payment on a certain aggregation of bills which were in dispute. The clever woman was not able to satisfy him on the instant, but not to be discounted, she politely invited him to the feast, introducing him to his fellow guests as a Brittany nobleman who had unexpectedly thundered down from a clear sky. Be it said to the honor and tact of the spurious noble, the bailiff carried out the part excellently, entertaining the guests and being entertained in a manner superior to his disagreeable office. After the function was done, the sheriff lingered after the other guests were bowed out, and the business of the mission was entered upon with cordiality. This sounds like a Harry B. Smith comic opera, doesn't it?

AN incident somewhat parallel (but which ended in a rather tragic manner), occurred in New York society not long since. A prominent hostess of the smart set had invited some of her intimate friends to meet a certain ambassador who was passing through New York at the time. As luck would have it, the grand functionary was detained, so that when he glanced over the brilliant damask and counted noses, he was surprised to see only twelve, and of course, his presence would bring up the full complement to the ill-fated thirteen—a thing which, being of a superstitious turn of mind, he declined then and there to do. The hostess was at her wits' end, and finally resolved to don her hat and cloak and seek the kind offices of a neighbor. Rushing to her boudoir, she was paralyzed to discover a gentlemanly looking chap in the act of rifling her bureau drawers. She not only did not scream for help and put the marauder under bonds, but she entered into a solemn discussion of the demerits and inconveniences of attaching himself to others' property without sanction or consent, promised to help the gentleman outlaw to lead a proper life, and to prove her case actually asked him to the dinner-table to break the ill-omen of the fateful thirteen. To the fellow's credit be it said that he conducted himself with decorum throughout the function, but afterwards proceeded to make violent love to one of the débutantés of the feast. Within a month the pair eloped, and afterwards settled down in a fashionable apartment in Boston where the fellow lavished upon his bride endless luxuries till one day he was captured in an act of burglary, convicted and sent to prison. The bride soon after went into a decline and died. The man is still serving his sentence. This is a true chronicle of events, and displays the dangers and inconveniences of making up a ful lcomplemen tf a select dinner out of any sort of social material in order to break a superstition.

BUT when it comes to foreign tradesmen it is well for Americans to beware. The laws of France, for instance, are very strict, and give French tradesmen any sort of license against foreigners. We personally know of two most estimable ladies who were locked up all night in a miserable dungeon simply because they refused to pay on delivery a bill which represented goods they had not bought, but which had been substituted for goods selected and ordered to be altered to suit them. They not only missed their steamer home through the shocking *esclandre*, but one of them was taken ill, the result of the night's experience, and there is a suit for damages pending still, with no possibility of satisfactory termination. Of all tradesmen the world over the French are the most rapacious, particularly in dealing with transient Americans, whom they regard as legitimate objects for plunder, and in no wise coming under the general rules of business reciprocity. Americans are the Parisans' best customers, and they are politeness and suavity as long as they see money at hand. But in the slightest controversy the stranger is at the mercy of the predatory band, and it is far better to retire gracefully than to attempt unequal combat for whatever rights the American may think his or her due. Shopping abroad is all very charming, but one must close one's eyes everywhere to little tricks and discrepancies which would never be tolerated in any first-class department store of America.

Kiss-diaries seem to be very popular among the fair who have the excellent good fortune to be engaged, either for the summer or eternity, as the case may be. A record of osculations cannot but be interesting reading personally, recalling moonlit nights along the seashore, morning strolls through the dew-wet glades, and excursions over the hilltops. But in the white limelight of a court proceeding, these records of the meeting of souls in tender embrace are not particularly edifying. In fact a recent jury concluded that because a certain gallant osculator ahd deserted a certain fair osculatee, abandoning her to the sorry solace of her kiss-diary, the osculatee was entitled to damages to the extent of putting the osculator in pawn to the sheriff for a term of years. Kiss-diaries are fashionable luxuries and highly commendable, but when marked "Exhibit A and B" they somehow lose their poetic charm.

Photograph by Leon Dadmun, Boston

Miss Margaret Striker

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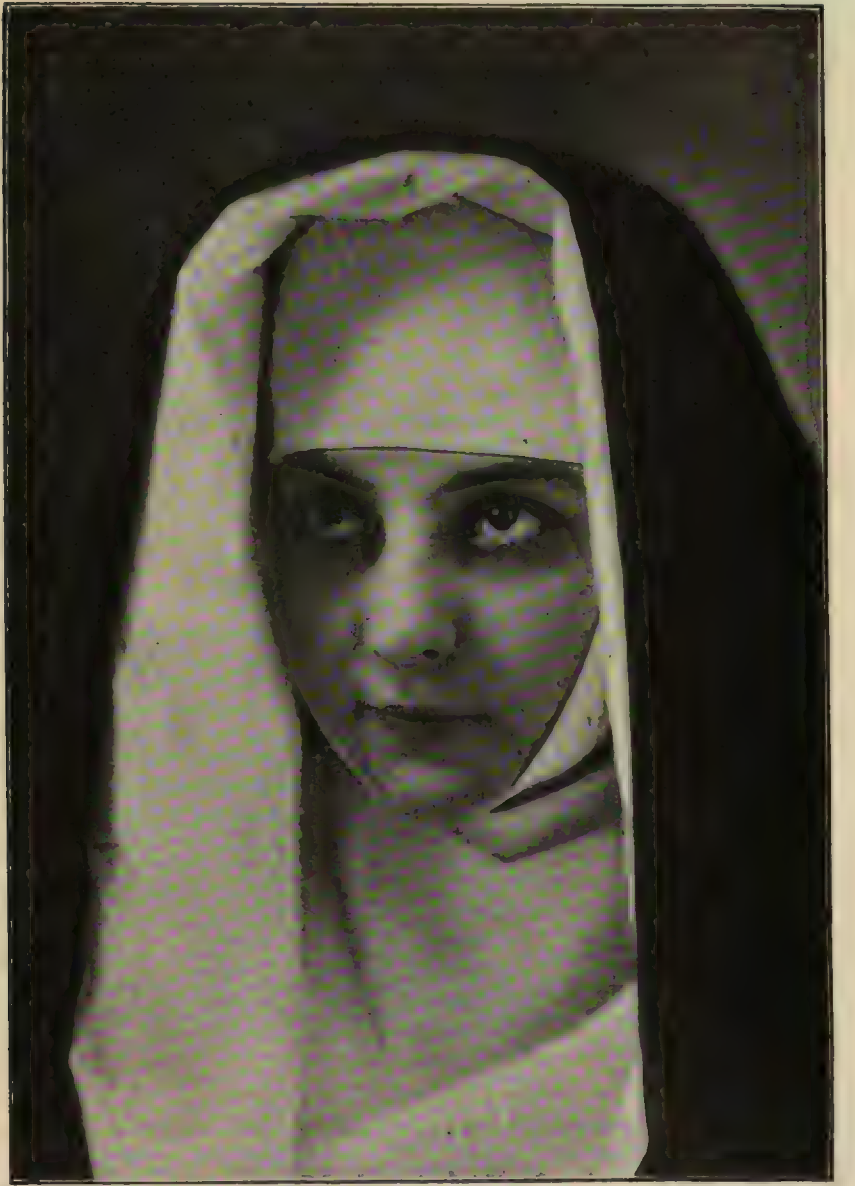

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Another portrait of Miss Striker

The pose is copied from a well-known painting

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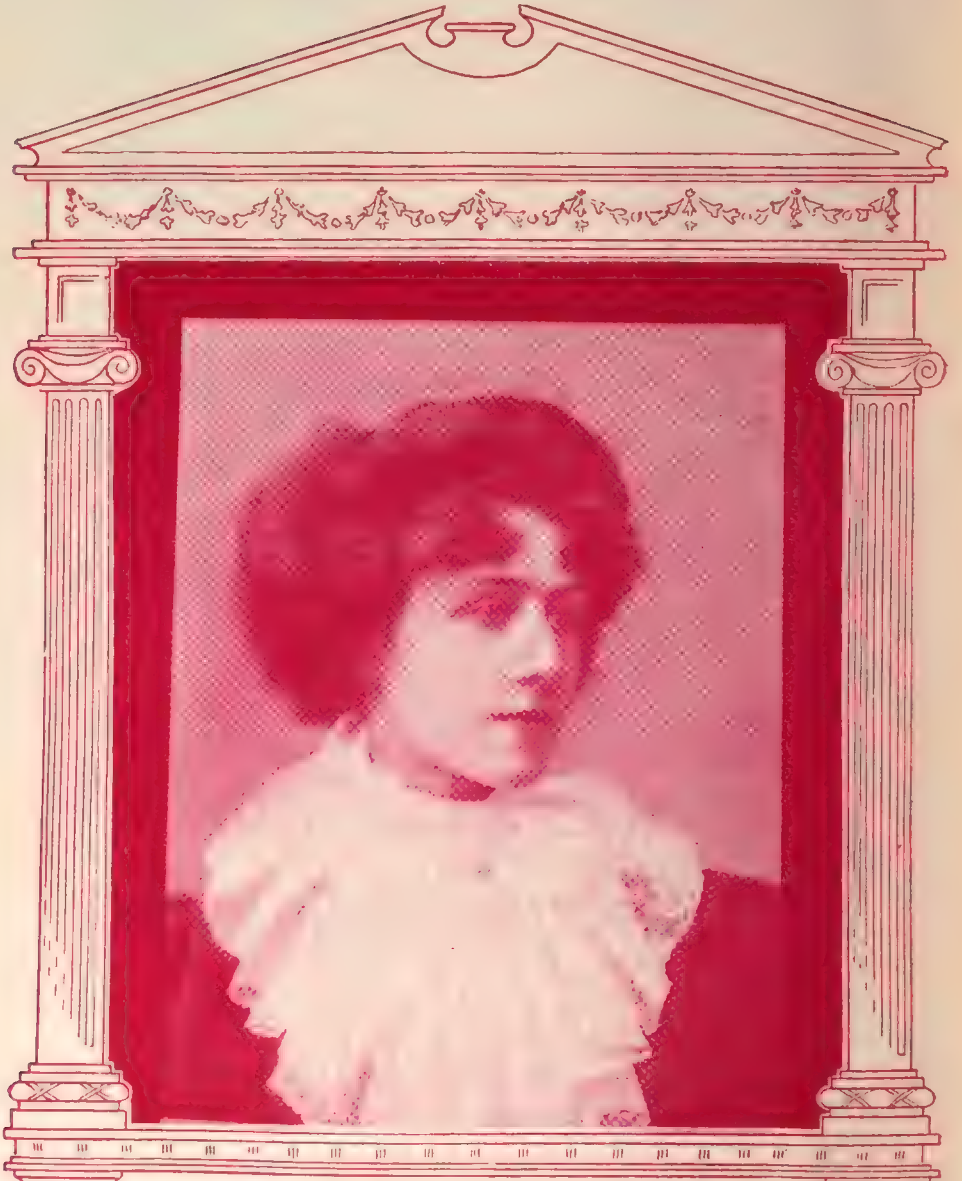
Beauties of all Nations

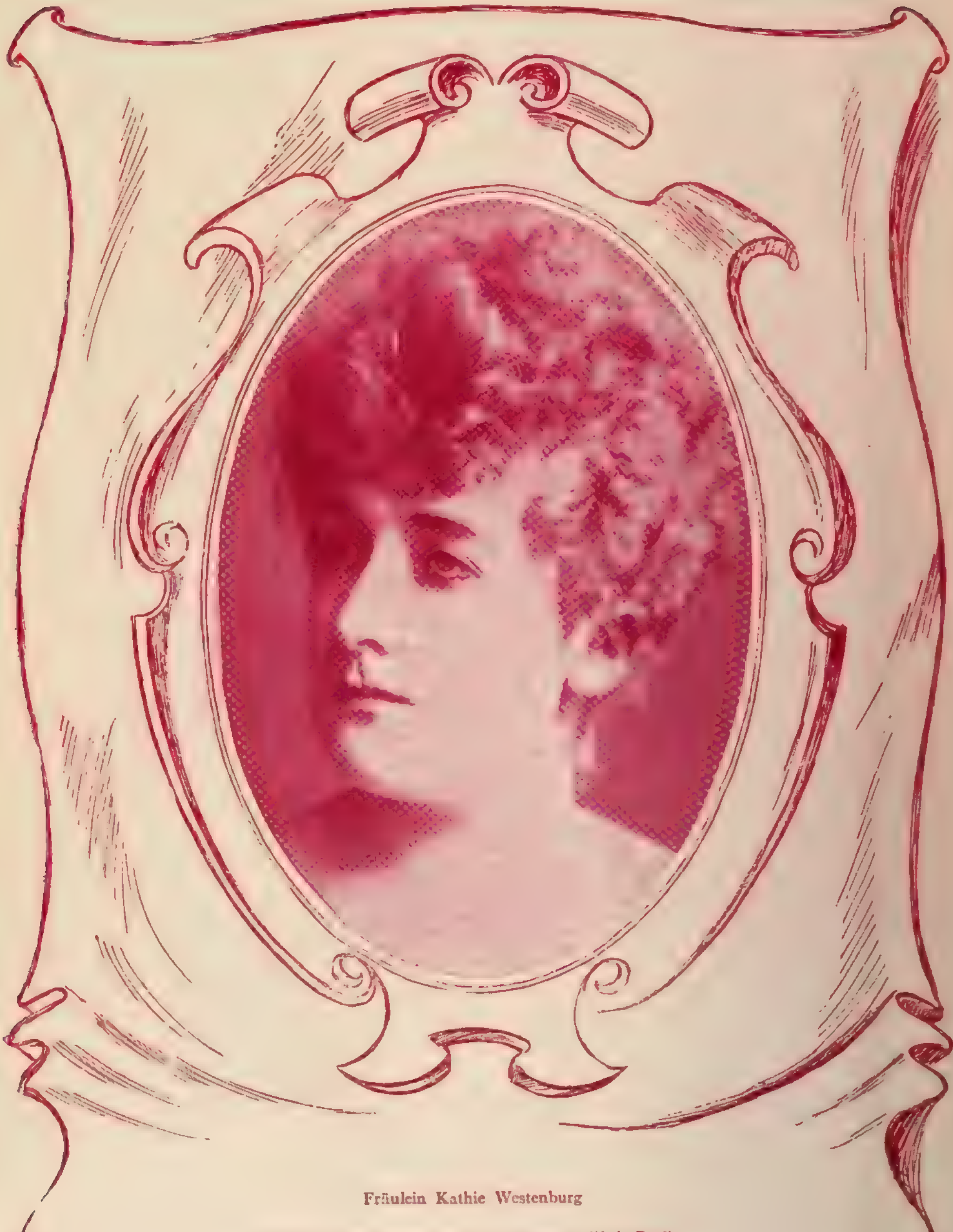


Aicha Felaha

A pure type of the Algerian beauty Miss Felaha's father is an Algerian farmer, but she has been educated in Tangiers and Paris

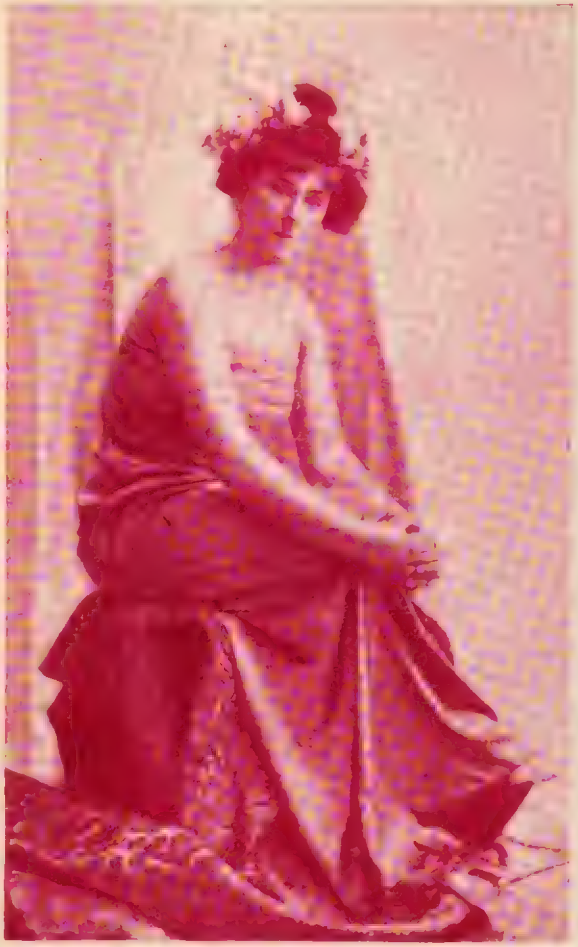
Signora Maria Paliastro

A model of the Florence studios and a pure North of Italy type



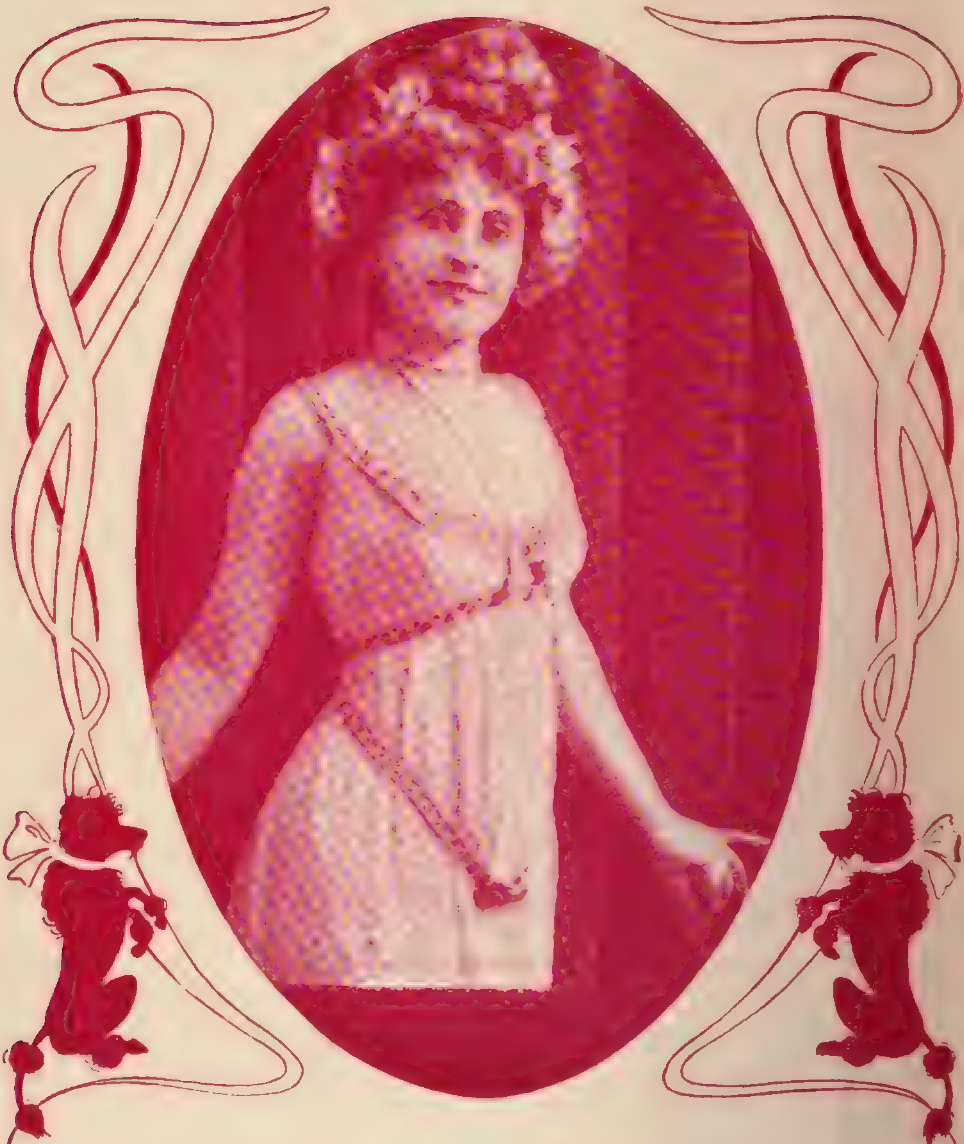
Fräulein Kathie Westenburg

One of the handsomest women of Bohemian life in Berlin
and a type of the blonde German beauty



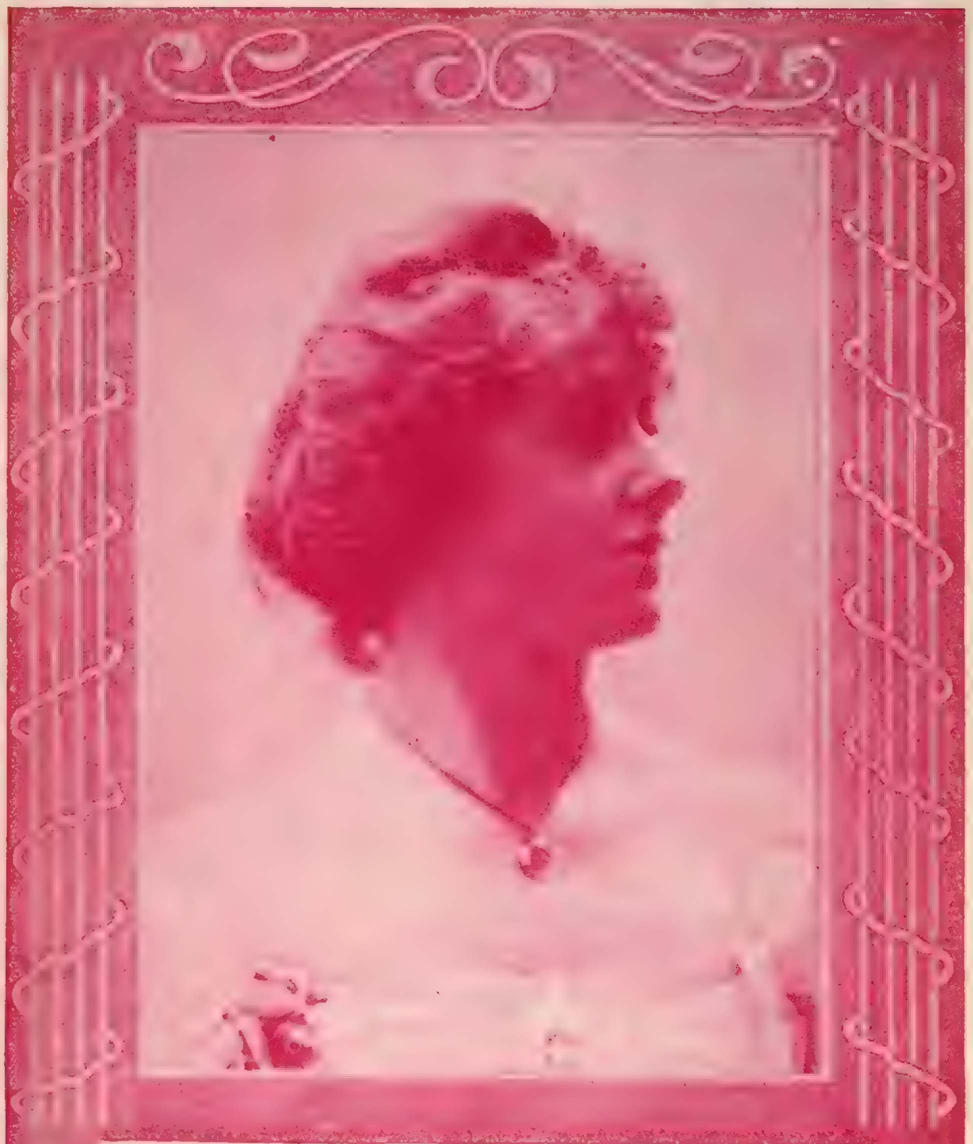
Mme. Dericke

A striking beauty of Vienna, who has posed for some
of the most famous contemporaneous
artists of Austria



Mlle. Alicia Potiers

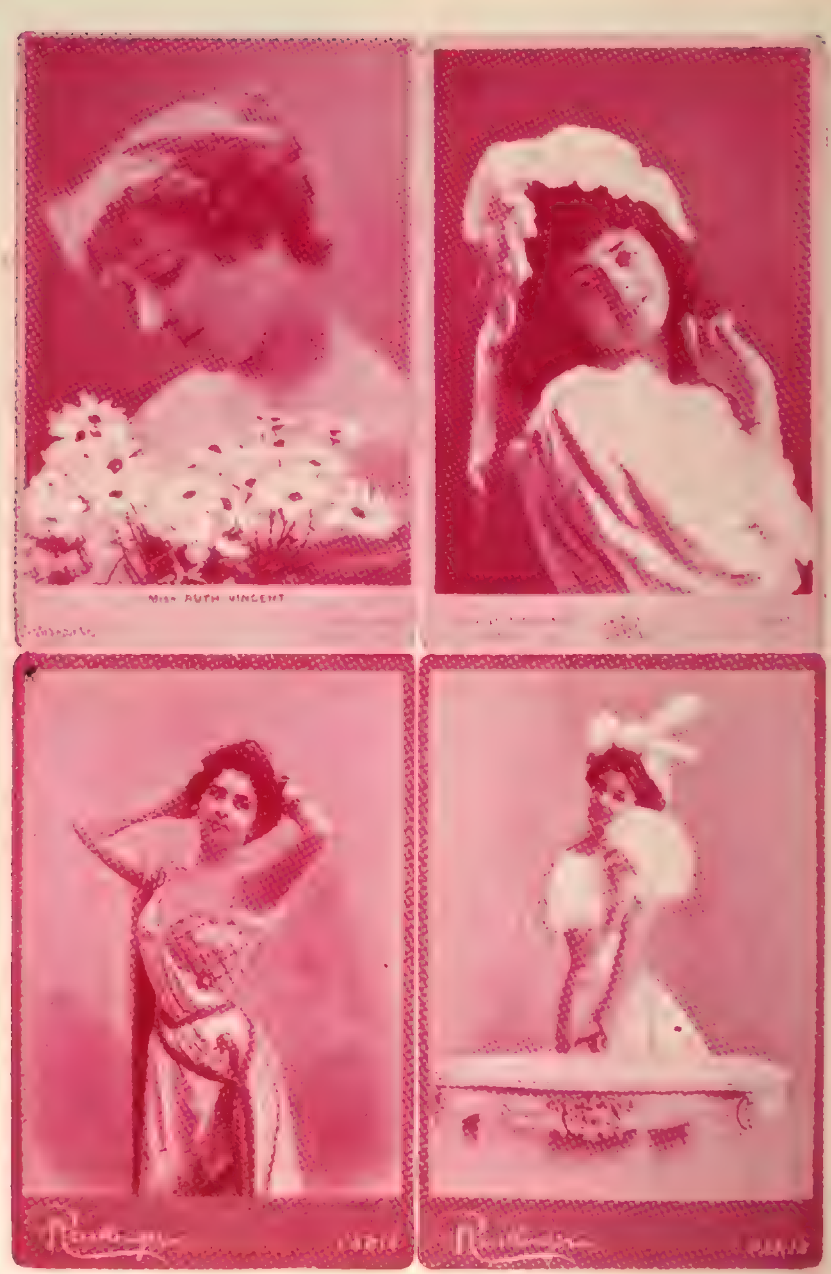
A beautiful French woman, well known in the Paris studios



Miss Anne Buckingham

Well known on the English stage and hailed as a typical beauty of Albion

Beauties of all Nations



Two English and two French beauties, each representative of the land of her birth

Ruth Vincent
Louise Denier

Maisie Murdock
Sarah Vincennes

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1903

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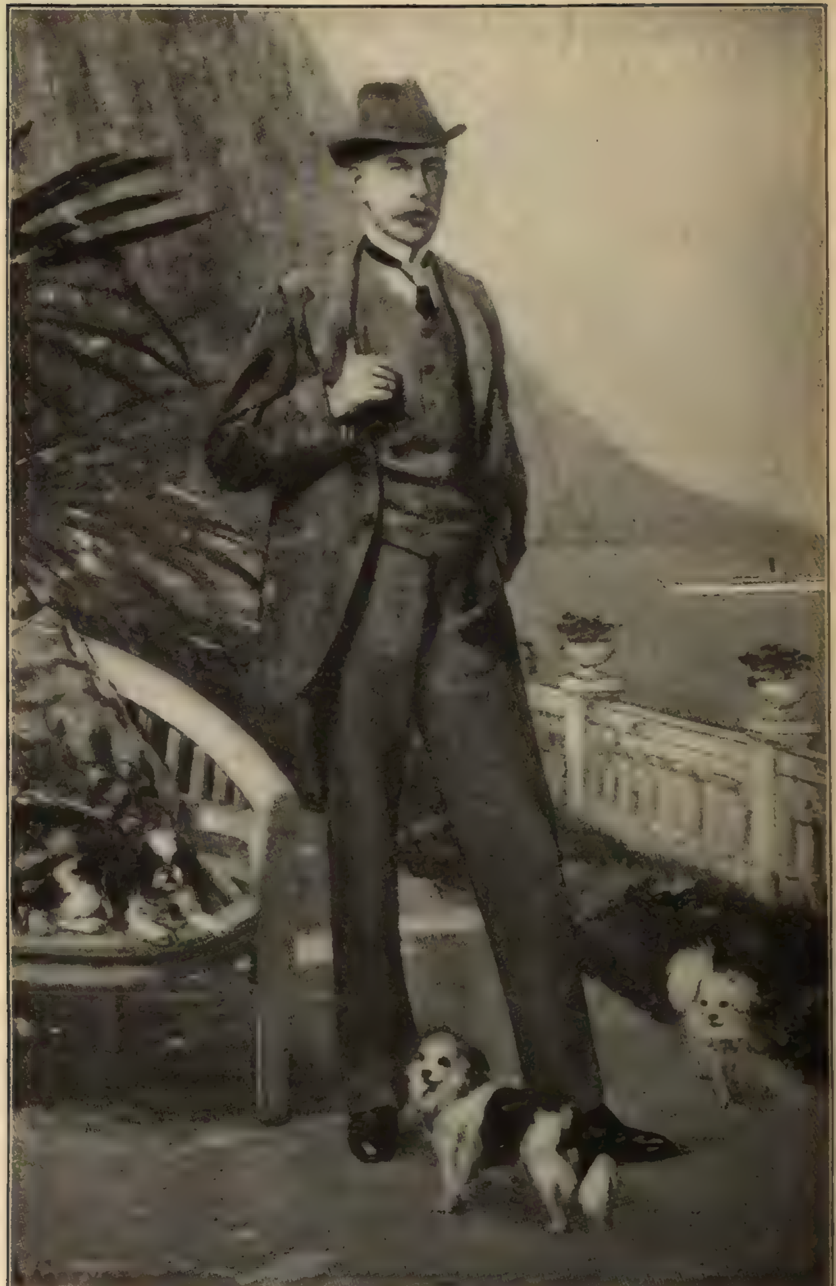

JAMES GORDON BENNETT

Donor of the International Cup in the famous Bennett Automobile Races. See article beginning on page 537. This picture shows Mr Bennett as he appears to-day, and is from a portrait by Gervex

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

VOL. XI SEPTEMBER, 1903 No. 6

WITH THE LONG ISLAND SET

By J. Almond Fischer

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. M. BIDWELL, NEW YORK

CERTAIN distinguished people, after discovering that there was no region in the vicinity of New York where the man of affairs could find exclusion and luxurious ease after the manner of the smart set of London, the members of the Paris Bourse and Berlin Exchange, not to speak of gentlemen of entailed estates throughout Europe, came to the conclusion that it was necessary for them to become pioneers in the art of seeking country homes.

One of the results of this enterprise was the population of the Oranges of New Jersey, the other the establishment on Long Island of a real baronial community. At first it extended from Queens County to Hempstead, but at the present time it

Prominent members of the Rockaway Hunt Club

Including (from left to right) Dr Davis L Haight, Leonard Jacobs, J E Cowden, E La Montague, Eben Stevens, Richard Ladenburg, P Stuyvesant Pillot, R. L Burton, Recendo Francke, R Schenck, H P. Case, Rene La Montague, Albert Francke, etc.

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Rockaway Hunt Club, with some of the women members and guests

Including Mrs R L Burton (in centre), Mrs Vanderpool (on the right), Dr Chambers and R. L. Burton are seen seated, while Messrs C H. Alden, Dr Vanderpool, Leonard Jacobs, C F Peabody, and others bring up the rear

ranges from Hempstead to the furthermost regions of the eastern end of the island.

Between those two points there are invested in real estate and in home surroundings at least one hundred million dollars. When one remembers that a few years ago this same land was held by old residents at a price which merely represented a fair living rental on farm produce, and to-day is valued at a sum which no man except a millionaire could think of purchasing, the fact becomes patent that Long Island as a possible residential district for the money kings of the future is an established fact.

Already there are country-seats on Long

The Rockaway Hunt Club house at Cedarhurst, L. I., during a tourney

At the Whitney-farm races
Mr Richard Mortimer on automobile step

Island for some of the foremost people represented in the arts, finance, and society. There are also several colonies devoted to special branches. There is an actors' colony at St. James, including well-known names such as Willie Collier, John Kernell, and others well known to fame. There is also an actors' colony at Bayside, where Miss Marie Dressler has a lovely country seat next door to that of Mr. James J. Corbett, who is perhaps not in the actor class, but whose histrionic ambitions have made him known in the theatrical profession. Farther out in the island, other people before the footlights have country-seats, including Miss Maude Adams at Lake Ronkonkoma, and at Babylon and Bay Shore there are others of the theatrical profession who find a charming relief from the stress of theatrical life in the city amid these edifying surroundings.

When it comes to society the names are legion. The mere catalogue of celebrated people in finance who are represented on Long Island would fill many pages; both Messrs. August and O. H. P. Belmont have magnificent country-seats in the vicinity of Hempstead. Mr. Clarence

An exciting finish at polo
Among the onlookers are Mr. John W Gates and his son

A scene at the Whitney farm, near Westbury, L. I.
Mr. and Mrs Sydney F Smith and Mr Cutting watching a trial heat of thoroughbreds

Mackay has one of the most stately baronial estates in the world near the Meadowbrook Hunt Club; and, as is well known, Mr. William C. Whitney at Wheatley Hills has established the most extensive and thoroughly scientific training stables in the world.

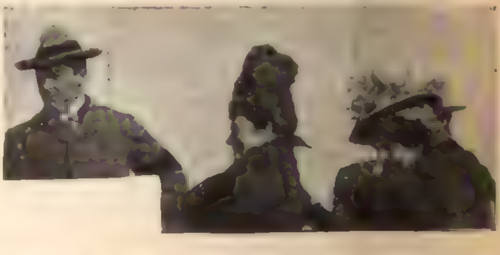
This latter estate covers at least four thousand acres, which were bought from the old Quaker residents at the price twenty times their value from an agricultural standpoint. Mr. Whitney's predilections have always been toward the development of thoroughbreds; and as a recreation against the many vicissitudes of the Wall Street career, he has established a great industry where five hundred horses of the highest class are sent abroad every year.

Mr. Whitney has one of the finest tracks in the world on his own private estate, which was built expressly for the pleasure of his first wife, who was one of the most lovely and thoroughly trained horsewomen in the world. After she had met with a serious accident at a fox hunt, Mr. Whitney built an addition to his country mansion, with a plate-glass veranda, where she might watch day after day the development of the blooded stock which his enterprise and thoroughness in the breeding line brought into public notice. Recent successes of his stables show that once in a while a man does something from the pure love of the doing, that exceeds the most expert from a scientific standpoint.

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, at Oakdale, on the south side, has one of the most beautiful country-seats in the world, and on the north side his son has established at Success Lake a still more ambitious barony. It comprises about eight hundred acres of the finest farm land, purchased at a price which would be prohibitive in any save a rich man. There will be no less than a million dollars spent on this estate before it is completed.

The roads of Long Island are particularly adapted to automobile racing and all the sports of a kindred nature. There is a stretch of territory through the central part of the island which affords the best scope for following the fox hounds. The estates are divided by low fences which a good jumper can take easily, and as there are weekly hunts of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club and other organizations devoted to the sport, the interest in cross-country riding is unabated throughout the season. The stretch of territory is no less than forty miles either way from the central points, and the ground is rolling and not interrupted with too many streams and other obstacles to following the hounds.

The horse shows, which are a regular feature of the island sojourners, bring together members of the horsey set from everywhere. These functions are famous in that they bring to public view the result of some of the breeding enterprises, which are maintained by men like Messrs. William C. Whitney, Clarence Mackay, and others. In fact, every species of country enjoyment is afforded the enthusiast on Long Island, from horse racing to golf, from following the hounds to motor-carring. It is truly a modern Eden.



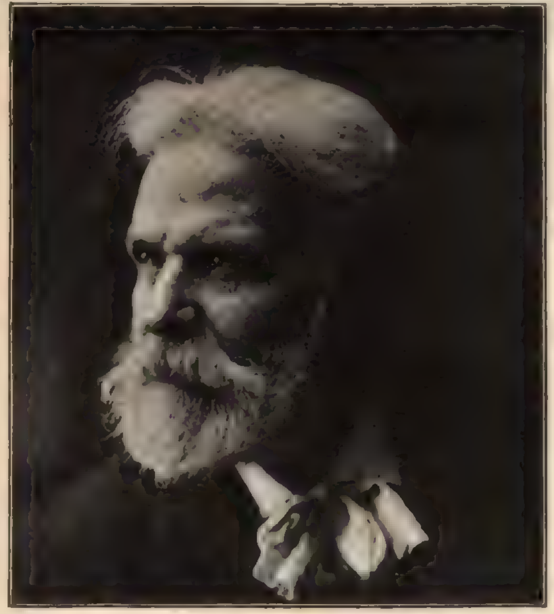
Mrs. John W. Mackay, her son. Clarence Mackay and guests watching the finish of a cross-country hunt at Meadowbrook

UNIVER

IS EDWARD MARKHAM A REAL POET?

By Holman D. Sargent

EVERY generation produces its candidates for the highest honors in literature—that of singer supreme to the general, laureate of the nation. The time has passed when kings could appoint poetasters to the office at a stipend of a hundred pounds a year and a "butt of Monsey" from the vineyards of the sunny South. The last laureate appointed by the late Queen of England out of respect to ancient tradition is one whose lyre is not altogether tuneful—a sort of second-rate jew's-harp compared with the "larger lutes" of many of his fellow countrymen. But one man may be said to be the true laureate of England—Rudyard Kipling; in fact, laureate of the world.



From a Photograph, Copyright, 1903, by McMichael & Gro, New York

Edward Markham

"The Man with the Hoe"

As for the American "wearer of the laurel," there are many diverting opinions. We have Bliss Carmen—Canadian, by the way, and not of the States except by adoption—Clinton Scollard, Arlo Bates, Fra Elbertus Hubbard, R. W. Gilder, and others of more or less acceptable muse, with one who has long brought up in the rear of the procession suddenly placed in the front ranks by a single poem—"The Man with the Hoe," inspired by the painting by Jean François Millet, wherein he idealizes from a painter's standpoint, and brutalizes from the social standpoint, the Brittany peasant, making him "brother of the ox," and all that sort of thing.

This poem was dignified, strenuous and expressive of the unrest which agitates the whole social system. It was, however, praised away beyond its merit as a poem, and the consequent reaction was disastrous to the fame of the poet. He became a Gothic-spreadhead feature of the Park Row yellows.

Emerson says that "to be great is to be misunderstood." Mr. Markham at the outset was quite understandable. It may be that since his sudden advent he has become sublimated and etherealized so that now he is misunderstood enough to be great in the Emersonian sense. But as for misunderstandableness, so to speak, regarded as a measure of greatness, it is a doubtful criterion. The beginning of Mr. Markham's misunderstandableness took place when he undertook, in behalf of Mr. Hearst, to turn Brisbane heavy-faced tirade against the trusts into classic pentameter—songs voicing the woes of the down-trodden.

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The court-house and jail, Malone, New York

SMUGGLING CHINAMEN INTO NEW YORK

By Minto J. Hollis

PEOPLE in a general way have the idea that there is a law which excludes Chinamen from our shores. They are, moreover, convinced in a certain way that this law is enforced. In the main the impression is correct. There has been a law to that effect since the presidential régime of the late General U. S. Grant, and it is enforced with all the strictness that the Treasury Department can vouchsafe, always provided, however, that all branches and ramifications of the system work together. Unfortunately, this is not always true, as will be seen upon investigation.

There is, for instance, a little town in the northern part of the State of New York, called Malone. It is a thriving village composed principally of lawyers and politicians, and all of them are in a thriving condition. Its finest building is the court-house, and next the jail. At the time it was visited by the writer of this article, no less than seven hundred celestials from Canton, Shanghai, and other great cities of the kingdom beyond the Pacific were in durance vile there.

They did not seem to mind in the least their incarceration for a certain term, and why should they? They were prisoners, to be sure, but only in so far as they were deprived of liberty. They were fed on the fat of the land; moreover, were given the privilege of intercommunion, playing their favorite games, smoking, and allowed to send the prison messenger for fruits, delicacies, and their favorite dishes. Altogether they were enjoying their short period of rest on the long journey from the celestial kingdom to America.

Forged Certificates of Admission, seized by the Government

Now, the question naturally arises, how did they get here, why do they come if they know beforehand that they are barred, and what sort of disposition is made of them? The answer is interesting, indeed. It shows that Bret Harte was right when he said—

For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain
—The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

In the first place, there are five great and powerful secret societies in China, with ramifications all over the world. In every Chinatown of America there are established agencies or headquarters of these companies. They are first of all called "companies," but they are in reality powerful organizations for the establishment of gigantic monopolies in business, in social matters, and in all things pertaining to the intimate relations between Chinamen. If a celestial wishes to start a laundry or larger business here in America, by belonging to this secret company he is enabled to get all the money needed, always at a high rate of interest, but nevertheless hard work through a period of years gives him a competence and enables him to found a more or less pretentious fortune, considered from the celestial standpoint.

Pell street, Chinatown, New York, where the smuggled Chinamen go

If there is an ambitious young Chinaman in the flowery kingdom who desires to come to America, he goes to his society and announces himself, laying down a certain sum of money and pledging himself for the balance. The usual price is five hundred dollars, but that price has been doubled in many cases when it has been known that the Chinaman's family is reasonably wealthy, as the Chinaman goes. For this sum, then, the agents guarantee to land the celestial immigrant upon American soil. He sets sail from Hong Kong, lands on British soil, and takes the Canadian Pacific road through the British territory till he reaches Montreal. Then he is taken in

A young Chinaman arrested crossing the frontier

A favorite Chinese secret society resort in Pell street

hand by another agent, who carries him to a point opposite Malone, for instance. On foot they cross the territorial line into the United States, and there they are met by a United States marshal, who makes an immediate arrest. In the photograph, which I took on the spot, may be seen a Chinaman just arrested and brought before the court, with the interpreter and the prosecuting attorney ready to give him a preliminary examination. Now, what is his plea? It is certainly unique; and he is well coached in it—has learned his lesson well. It is something like this:

"My name is Woo-Fong. I come from the province of Quang-Tung. I am an American citizen. I was born in Chinatown, San Francisco, in the year 1869. My mother was a woman of Shanghai, and my father from Pekin. They were married in China and came over here fifteen years before the Exclusion Act was passed. My father and mother did not live happily, and my mother went back to China, taking me with her. My father was an American citizen and I was born on this soil. I grew up in China, but now that I am my own master, I come back to my beloved America."

Before the year of the passing of the Exclusion Act there was no record of births in Chinatown, San Francisco, so there is no disproving the young man in his assertions. He is therefore set free, not because he has proved his right to come into the country, but because the Government cannot prove that he has no right. He is discharged, and the new recruit makes a bee line for Chinatown, New York, or other dense district of celestial population, to celebrate.

To show how absurd is his assertion that he was born on American soil, it is positively known that five thousand more applicants have been successfully landed in this country than there ever were mothers in 'Frisco to bear them.

The Government has made repeated efforts to stop this traffic, but it is impossible as the law now stands. The Chinamen have plenty of money, and they pay liberally for whatever they want. Then, too, the northern railroads and border cities, which make money out of this sort of enterprise, do not want the traffic stopped. It booms commerce, and the Chinaman lives high, even if he does live in a jail while his case is pending. Altogether this system needs closer inspection.

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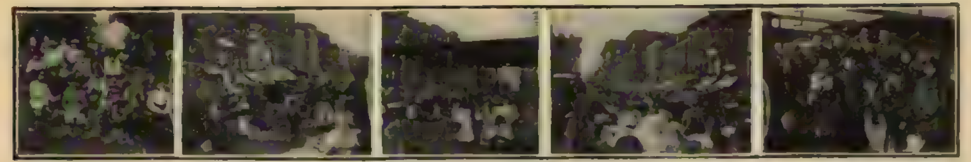

Little people recreating in mid-summer in the congested quarters

THE CHILDREN OF THE TOWN

By Ernest P. Taintor

CHILDREN of New York—those of the workers and the poor—may not be able to play on the golden sands of fashionable shore resorts or breathe the perfumed ozone of the mountains, but there is plenty of happiness, health and contentment even for the great infant army which spends summertime in the city. Within the limits of Greater New York fun-loving and delighted groups of children play the whole day long, have their own games, which cost nothing, and invent others out of the sheer necessity of their position.

Contrast between the little folks of Central Park and those of the slums

The front stoops of the humble home, the fire-escape and the janitor's yard form the playground of the younger children yet too young to leave their mothers' constant care. As they get older and may go from their own neighborhood, boys and girls of the congested quarters seek pleasant places in parks and along the river front. Mothers can rest themselves on their own stoops by placing their sleeping babes on a soft pillow, or watch them sleeping in the baby carriage.

In the closely inhabited streets the boys play their exciting ball games on the asphalt, while the girls have their skipping-ropes and contests of endurance. The strolling organ man or the piano orchestrion is the most welcome visitor. Everything else is abandoned and the girls dance themselves tired for their own pleasure and the edification of their mothers. Some wonderfully clever dancers may be seen on the sidewalks of the city, and the latest steps are picked up by the tots very quickly.

In the upper part of Manhattan children are blessed with better opportunities for enjoyment of summer out-of-doors. For the great park with its broad acres, shady nooks and dozens of attractive features, equals any country spot for children. They may stretch themselves on the green sward, run races, play games, pluck daisies, watch the sailing on the lake, see the grand

Children taken to the seashore by the various charity guilds.

Google

people pass in carriage, automobile, or on horseback, and watch the animals in the menagerie or the birds in the aviary. They may feed the squirrels or birds, and breathe pure air.

One of the greatest blessings to the poor children of New York is the work done by the charity organizations and aid societies and guilds which take children to the country and seashore for a week or more in summer. The St. John's Guild, which caters to mothers and their babies, has daily excursions on which hundreds of children are taken on barges and kept afloat during the heat of the day, and given good milk and food. Some societies send boys and girls out to farms for a time, where they acquire enough health to last them for the entire year.

Of all the joys which come to the poor, a trip to Coney Island is considered the most precious. Ready almost at daylight, the little ones hold high carnival from the moment they leave the house to catch boat, train, or trolley. They sing choruses, laugh gaily, and tell what they will do on reaching the Island, and goodness knows what else.

Provided with milk, sandwiches and fruit, they hurry through their luncheon in the pavilion, and then rush to the surf for a bath. Any effort to control them is wasted. They rush into the water, run races on the sand, paddle and build miniature islands and canals, and take sunbaths. The life-savers have a busy time watching them.

From top to bottom:

1. Poor children at Coney Island
2. Waiting in line on the pier
3. The colored contingency
4. A typical East Side family

Then they get in line for cake, ice cream and other good things, gradually realizing that they must soon return home to the crowded city; but it is necessary to round them up many times for the start home, for the stragglers delay. There are groups of laughing colored children, and typical family groups from the East Side enjoying their first outing.

Several institutions have summer homes on the sands near Sea Gate, Coney Island, and they entertain several hundred children for a week each every summer. They are models of their kind.

In the public gymnasium on the East Side, in the small parks of the section, and in the houses and playgrounds supported by charitable institutions and University Settlements, interesting scenes occur every day during summer. A boy who is a clever acrobat may be seen giving an exhibition of his prowess; poor children cared for by

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Scenes on the lower East Side among the charity children

a white-robed nurse are grouped playing happily together; others romp around a carousel, while even the cripple children are tended by those who desire to make them feel happy and lighten their burden of suffering.

Wonderfully inventive are the children in devising amusement and entertainment for themselves. Boys seek to climb great heights at the risk of their lives, and a deserted building is a bonanza of joy to them. They walk on window-ledges, cornices and fences, to the great terror of their mothers who dread accidents. Some take all kinds of chances jumping on and off trolley cars, while an ice-wagon is the favorite vehicle.

The hokey-pokey man, the organ-grinder and the waffle man gather in all the stray pennies when they visit the crowded districts.

And the streets are as of Babel. Many languages, strange noises, bustling, laughing, happy crowds, until darkness closes and none but adults are abroad.

The streets are the principal playgrounds of the city children

THE SEASON OF THE CHASE

The butterflies—oh, the butterflies,
Through all the summertide,
The merry maids
In sun-kissed glades
Pursue them far and wide.

The butterflies—oh, the butterflies,
They love the beauteous things;
For some are fair,
And others wear
Fine clothes and diamond rings.

The butterflies—oh, the butterflies,
What does she catch them for?
Heav'n knows; for she
Will surely be
A queen girl-bachelor

The butterflies—oh, the butterflies,
Be gone, ye; for, I vow,
Maids are content,
And are not bent
On matrimony now.

H.

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SOME FAMOUS "LONG"-HEADS

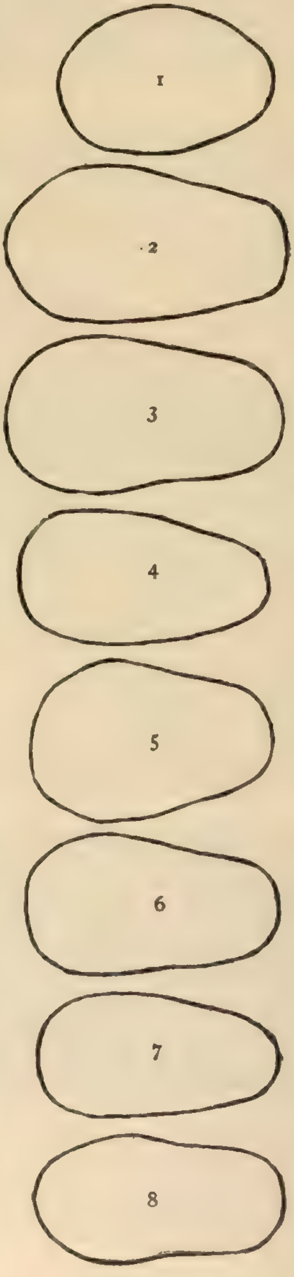
By J. P. Barrett, Ph.D.

THE old adage with regard to the "long" head is not entirely fanciful. It has its foundation in fact. The cranial formation has everything to do with the success of the individual, if we are to believe the record of the *conformeur*, an instrument used by hatters to determine the exact outline of the head, that the hat may be blocked so as to conform accurately. Though this cranial circle may not indicate accurately the shape of the brain, nor measure the intellectual capacity contained therein, it is interesting to note that there is a certain amount of truth in the claims of the phrenologist, and that, all things being equal, the shape of the head and its size determine the amount of intelligence possessed by the individual.

It has been frequently asserted that men with "long" heads have the power of focusing thought, and that their mental processes are much more rapid, having the gift of concentration, and possessed of a certain singleness of aim. It would seem that when it comes to money as a measure of success, the long heads in finance outnumber those in any other department of industry. Although the round-headed man has perhaps an equal chance of developing his special brain capacity, it is nevertheless a fact that the greater the length of the cerebral coils, and the deeper the indentures and fissures the higher the grade of intelligence. This may be accepted as a general fact.

This fulness of the brain and the characteristics of the same may be more conspicuous in one part of the skull than in others, and when this occurs it may be taken as indicating a certain localization of power, and giving evidence of great activity. There is no doubt that the special development of certain local centres of the brain (amounting to what we might call genius) has an influence upon the formation of the cranial structure. This is proven in the cases of great musicians, mathematicians, and others who display abnormal faculties at the expense of the other parts of the brain. When this abnormality extends so far as to develop imbecility, insanity or mania, this underlying law is given stronger evidence.

The size of the brain is not always a measure of the intelligence, for a small brain, in possessing greater activity, is more intense in action than a large brain of lesser activity. Of course, a large brain, combined with great activity in the cells, constitutes the highest



1. Richard Mansfield, 7⅛, player.
2. Morris K. Jessup, 7⅜, financier.
3. J. Pierpont Morgan, 7⅜, financier.
4. Leopold de Rothschild, 7¼, banker.
5. W. K. Vanderbilt, 7¼, railroad man.
6. William C. Whitney, 7⅜, financier
7. Gustave de Rothschild, 7, banker
8. Pierre Lorillard, 6⅞, merchant.

grade of intellect. Small brains of intense concentrative power may achieve great things, but success with these depends more upon the power of execution than on inception.

There is a popular belief that Napoleon had a large head. The *conformeur* would show his hat measurement would be less than any of the many distinguished people on this page—that is, about six and three-quarters. However, it must be remembered that his was a wonderful blood circulation, with consequent nutrition to the brain cells and wonderful cerebral activity, which balanced what it might have lacked in size. Again, he was a man of small stature, and in reality his brain was quite large in comparison with his physique.

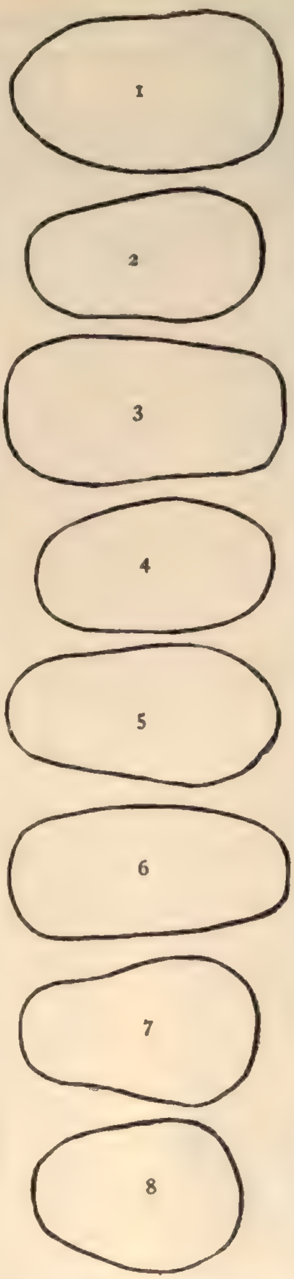
Mental differences between members of the human family are merely a question of brain structure and cerebral activity. It is largely a question of inheritance, but nevertheless in a certain degree a matter of training. The structure and quality of the brain are a condition born with the individual, and all the study and concentration in the world will not increase the actual capacity, although these might develop certain latent powers.

Members of the same race and inhabitants of the same zone have characteristics in common, and likewise men who are devoted to certain branches of industry have cranial formations quite similar. It will be seen that the heads of the financiers particularly resemble one another, and that where a deviation occurs it indicates other powers than those of engineering great financial enterprises and acquiring wealth.

Success in life is an ambiguous phrase, and represents any sort of achievement which distinguishes the individual above his fellows. While the cranial structure has everything to do with determining the measure of success in the individuals, nevertheless it is known that by forcing the mind to concentrate upon any certain point, special parts of the brain are disciplined and become afterward a physical inheritance to be handed down to posterity. Innumerable instances prove this allegation, as, for instance, the sons of men of wealth following in the footsteps of their forebears; musicians, the sons of musicians; poets, et cetera.

In the Rothschild and the Vanderbilt families the acquisition of wealth is a well-known mental trait, with its counterpart in the physical make-up. The *conformeur* distinctly shows a strong similarity of outline, although the heads may differ in size. The employment of certain brain centres increases the activity and blood supply, making them more vital spots which augment their energy in a specific direction.

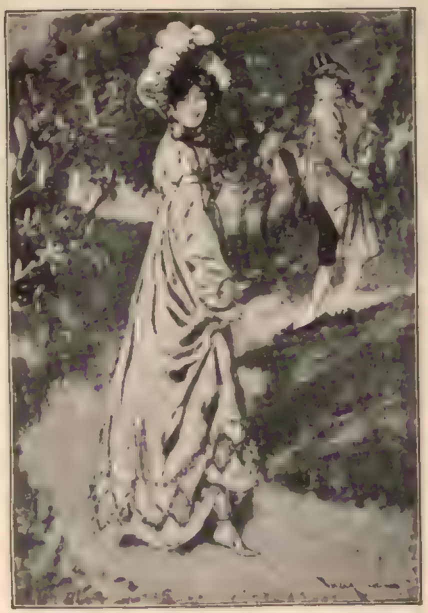
Whereas we may not have "long" heads ourselves, it is within our power to develop parts of the brain so that the cranial structure in our progeny may display physically that which in us is merely a mental characteristic.



1. William Rockefeller, 7[illegible], financier.
2. C P. Huntington, 6[illegible], railroad man.
3. Cornelius Vanderbilt, 7[illegible], railroad [illegible]
4. Cyrus Field 7[illegible], citizen.
5. Geo. W. Vanderbilt, 7[illegible], gentleman.
6. F. W. Vanderbilt, 7[illegible], gentleman.
7. Thomas C. Platt, 7[illegible], statesman.
8. Maurice Grau, impresario.

IDEAL GIRLS

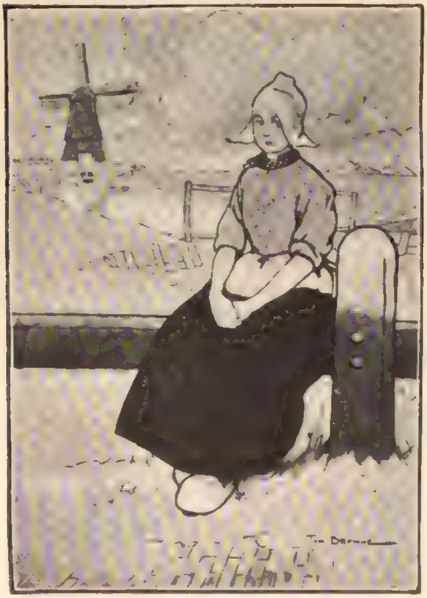
THE Eternal Feminine has been through all ages, is now, and ever shall be, "world without end," the most charming subject of international and local controversy on all quarters of the globe with which mankind has to deal. Wars may come and wars may go, likewise empires and republics may rise and fall, new worlds be discovered, new systems of science and theology follow one another, and the world generally turn topsy-turvy in its strenuous struggle toward a higher civilization; but the Eternal Feminine as a subject for variance of opinion, and offering the greatest charms in controversy of all that occupy the mental horizon of humanity, goes on, like the brook, forever.



By W. Douglas Almond

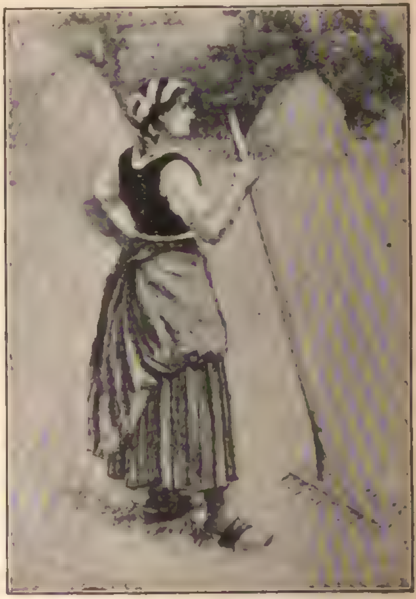
The maid of a century ago

Poets differ from one another with regard to the ideal type, and idealize in tender measure; painters give expression to their various conceptions of paragons of beauty; scientists dissect and analyze, while philosophers classify and preponderate—all as labors of love first of all, of



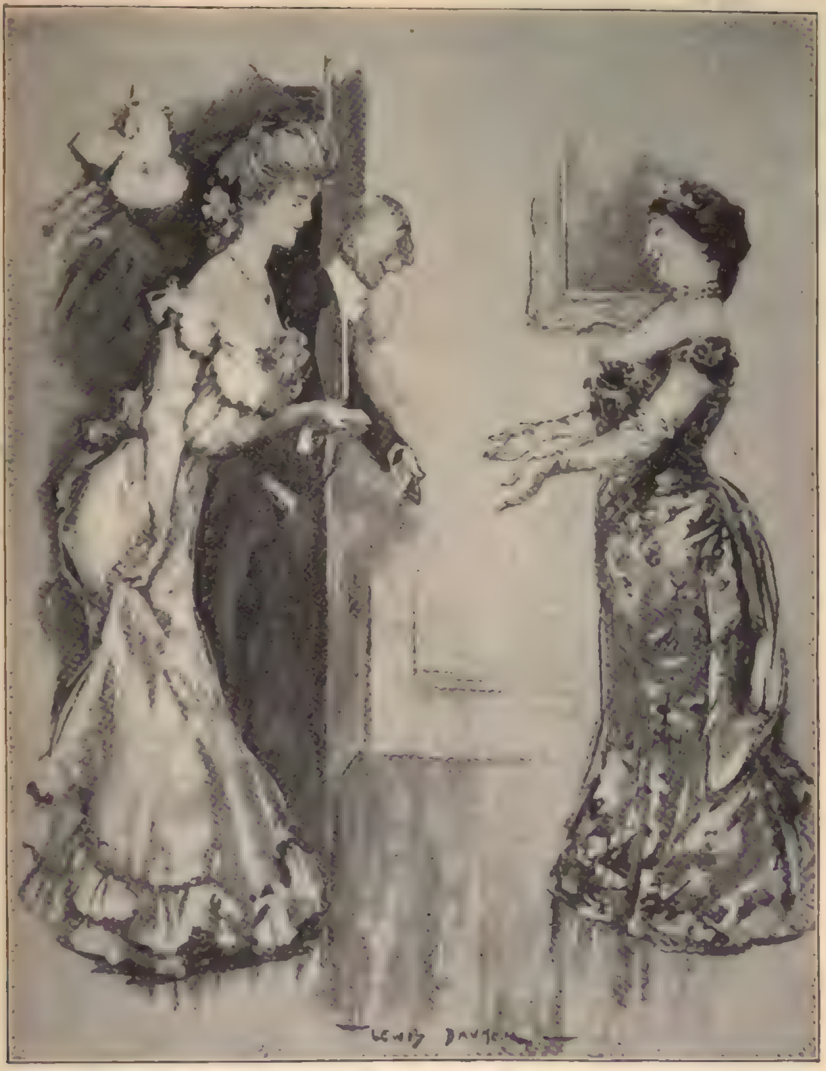
By Tom Brown

The little Holland maid



By A. Forestier

The German farmer maid



By Lewis Baumer

The Chicago mamma receiving her daughter and her titled fiancé

art, science and philosophy afterwards. It is a chivalrous struggle, and one in which women themselves take a keen interest, second only to the opposite sex, and about which there is rivalry without end. The English as a nation believe that their types of beauty, displaying strength and sweetness withal, lead the world. The French, while still admiring much in the British type, declare that their own maidens have quite the same sweetness, yet are possessed of infinitely more subtilty and a certain piquancy, which is characteristic of the soil and of Gallic society. The German believes that in his *kleines Mädchen* he has all of the British stamina and the French perfection of art in deportment and gift, together with a certain Teutonic sentiment without which the loveliest woman in his eyes is unattractive. And so they go. To paraphrase the poet:

> "Our maidens, like our watches—
> Each swears by his own."

Broadway Magazine recently inaugurated a sort of art contest between well-known illustrators with a view to bringing

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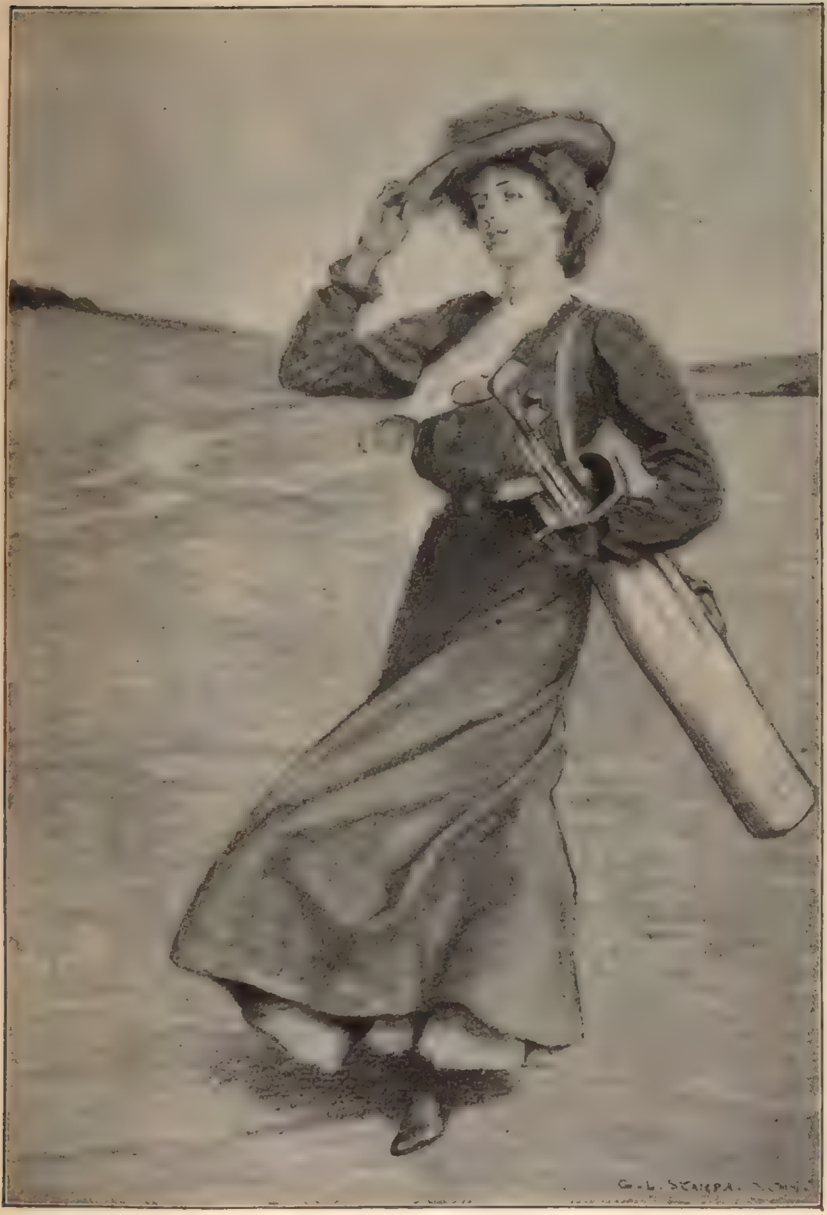
By J. R. Witzel The summer dryad

out what each believes to be the ideal type of the entire collocation of beauties. The result was highly interesting. One artist thought that it was necessary to go back into the last century in order to find the truly ideal type—the Priscillas and the Jessicas of old Colonial and Puritan days, when maidens had not the freedom and worldliness which characterize them to-day.

The second, having traveled extensively abroad and studied native types wherever he has been able to encounter them, believes that the little Holland girl in her quaint costume, headdress and wooden shoes, makes from the artistic standpoint the most interesting of all feminine representatives of feminine loveliness. Another, also a traveler, believes in the hardy Norse type of the farmer's daughter of north Germany, with her queer cap, her sabots, strong brown arms and splendidly modeled shoulders and bust—truly a type of the Valhalla goddesses of old.



By G. L. Stampa The athletic American girl

The next regards the ambitious Western girl of wealth and culture as the ideal—the maiden who makes a yearly trip to Europe, perhaps staying there a few of the closing years of her teens, and who at last captures a title, being thereupon translated to that bourne whence few American heiresses ever return—West End, London, or the Faubourg St. Germain of Paris. Still another artist resorts to the ideal of ideals—the girl that never existed, who is created out of "such stuff as dreams are made of," and yet beautiful for her very vagueness, seeming to possess all the virtues and talents, all the graces and enchantments which characterize flesh-and-

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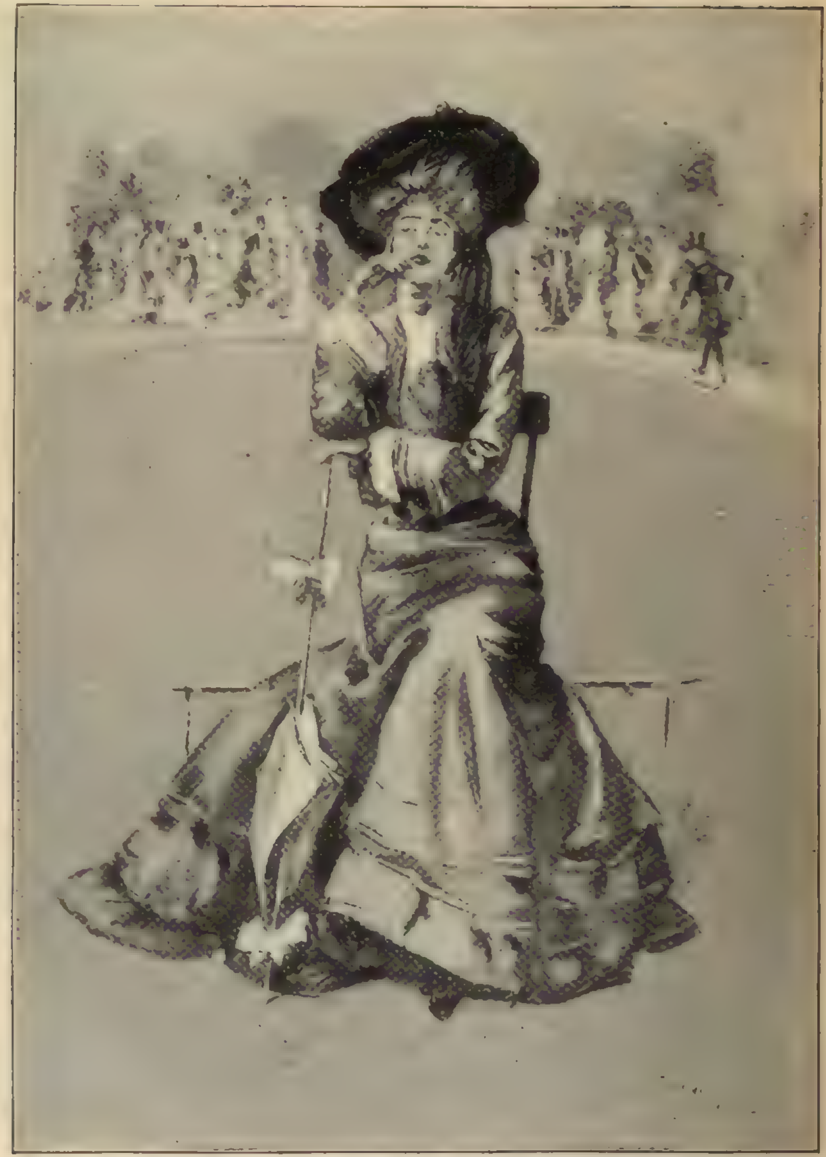

By Lewis Baumer The patrician English maid

blood creations, and many more beside.

Still again we come back to earth in the athletic American type—the maid of red blood and full, fine lithe figure, who loves a chase over the valleys in a fox-hunt, a dash over the wave-crests in a prize-winning yacht, a dash at tennis or a swing at golf, and yet whom all these outdoor sports, instead of masculinizing her, only give an added charm in the salon and the home.

Last of all, the English maiden comes in for her share of admiration—the patrician, demure, highly organized, and gently bred maiden of the garden parties about London—ambitious yet romantic, practical yet deeply affectionate, the ideal wife for men who do and dare. Each in her turn presents a certain uppermost characteristic, yet each is charming in her analogy to her sister of other nations and climes. We leave the readers of BROADWAY MAGAZINE to decide, when "doctors disagree."

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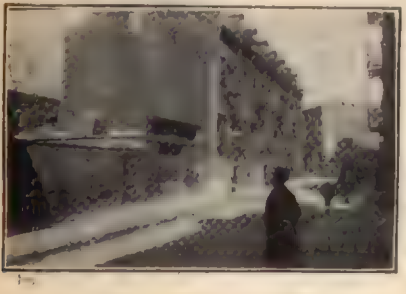
HAUNTS OF NEW YORK'S CRIMINALS

By John L. Waring

FEW people are aware that in the slums of New York, where there are more than four children to a poor family, statistics show that one child is born to crime. As fourteen out of every hundred of the city population are born in the slums, it is no wonder that New York affords a refuge and a stamping-ground for criminals of every class. In no city of the world are there greater inducements to crime, nor is the dissemination of criminality more widespread than here. Everywhere the selfish instinct is fired and developed. And as 90 per cent. of the crime of the metropolis is the result of social environment, it can be readily understood that New York is the foremost colony of criminals on the Western Hemisphere.

Mott street, Chinatown
Where the Chinese criminals congregate



A rookery in old Greenwich Village
Where counterfeiters were raided

In this country we spend two hundred million dollars a year for drink, and about half that sum for housing and keeping within iron bounds the criminal classes. Drink and environment are directly responsible for the crimes of a great city, given, of course, the natural hereditary proneness to vice and the catering to passions. The position of the United States as compared to Europe, on the score of crime, particularly when it relates to the juvenile, is scarcely better than that of the Continent. Ten out of every thousand of the children of this country are given over to some institution of reform. This is the same as in France and other continental countries, and it is well known that this juvenile delinquent population is on the increase in excess of the natural percentage of the population. Douglas Morrison, the well-known criminal statistician, says that "the population under detention in reformatories is greater and increasing more rapidly than the growth of the country as a whole would warrant."

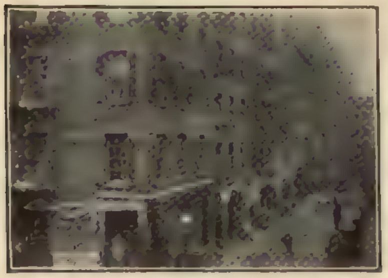
This is merely incidental to the great truth that New York furnishes the greatest rendezvous for the criminal classes, being the chief school of the country. Where criminals are made with such ease, and where the incentives to crime are manifold, vice flourishes in every district, not even reserving the most select.

Although this is by far the richest city of the world, we must also admit that conditions foster crime much more easily than elsewhere. Immigration has entered into

The heart of Hell's Kitchen

Washington street
The haunt of the Greek stamp-washers

the equation largely. The useful artisans and men skilled in agriculture from the north of Europe have given way to an influx from the south of the Continent, much to the lowering of the standard of morality and probity. Only one in twenty of the immigrants from Poland, Sicily, and other countries of the south of Europe have any fixed occupation, with scarcely one-quarter able to read and write. Crime increases to the square mile population. In the smaller communities there are certain restraining elements that enter into the development of the youth—the home circle, the family tie, the village criterion of justice and truth. Here, in the conglomerate and heterogeneous community, there are few restraining influences unless one chooses to seek them. More than that, the keen social instincts of the young make crime easier of dissemination. The streets offer a refuge against the stuffy and uncomfortable tenement house. There is more or less obscurity in crowds, and when a criminal wants to hide himself completely he comes to New York. Lapses from the usual village code of morals and manners are less commented upon. "New York is the burial place of the crooks," said a wise statistician. He might have added, "and their workshop as well."



Pell street
Where the Chinese gambling games flourish

Most of the offenses of the great criminal class are against property, but those against persons are numerous. Friendships are not so easily contracted, and the diversity of our social condition only admits of acquaintances at best. This has a tendency to offer less restraint to crime. Whatever branch of crime a man may cultivate, he will find in the metropolis the very companionship he seeks. The display of wealth everywhere seen tends to develop cupidity in the young, who, when it comes to offenses against property, are in the majority.

Rear view of the most crowded block in the world, on the West Side of New York

Crime in New York is not confined to any one district nor to any one nationality. It is widespread and embraces all classes. From every quarter of the globe crooks as well as honest men turn their eyes toward this Mecca of the *mauvais sujet*, whether he be a bank-breaker, highwayman, "second-story gent," or a common professional beggar at the crossroads. There are, so it is maintained by men who give up their lives to the social problems that beset us, no less than a hundred thousand men who have no visible means of support, no trade, no family ties, and possessing little of the restraining element in their natures, yet who are obliged to live and consequently

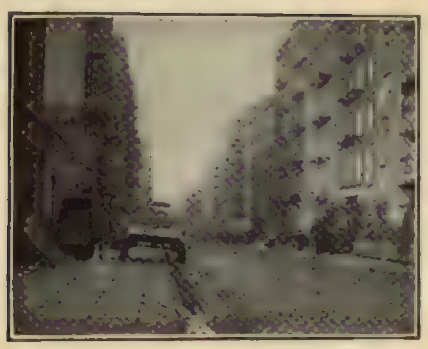
A lower West Side rookery
Where an illicit still once flourished

prey upon the more thrifty and fortunate members of society. With a vast army like this within our very gates, crowding our cheap lodging-houses by night, and haunting the parks, docks, avenues, side streets and crowded districts by day, regarding what they may lay hands upon by stealth if not by violence, it is no wonder that our police department, comprising about eight thousand men, and costing a sum running into millions yearly, has a task which challenges their best individual and combined efforts. It is said that not one crime in twenty is detected, the offender brought to judgment and punished; and yet our penal institutions of the State, whose rolls are recruited principally from New York City, foot up nearly twelve thousand law-breakers of one kind and another, or twice the number of any other State in the Union. This proves that New York is the refuge for every sort and condition of the human driftwood which comes in with the tide and recedes again at stated times of the year.

The municipal government has done and is doing all it can toward the prevention of crime first of all, later regarding the criminal as he is. For instance, knowing that many a hungry man will steal because of the semi-insanity of craving for food, and knowing also that many a man is driven to crime through loss of sleep, drifting through the city day and night, New York has provided a municipal lodging house where any man or woman, native or foreign, young or old, may apply, and receive the city's hospitality free for a certain prescribed length of time. He will receive free bread and coffee, free (compulsory) baths, and a free bed as clean and neat as could possibly be wished. Last year there were about twenty-five thousand applications for the city's bounty, and there is no doubt that this charity, most worthy from an eleemosynary standpoint, is also a measure of self-protection in a way, since these same people, who would be driven to crime through hunger and privation, would have to be sent to some penal institution of the city or State and taken care of behind bars for society's own preservation. There are other safeguards which have been instituted by the wise men of the municipality, realizing that to prevent crime is the first duty of the State for society's preservation, and to correct evils which accrue in spite of all vigilance the second duty toward the individual and the mass. It is better to prevent the lapse into crime which men under great stress cannot resist, rather than to remove the safeguards and then punish the offender for his lapses. More than that, it is the aim of every penal institution in the State to reclaim, if possible, the inmates restrained within the bounds of the law.

An old mansion on the lower East Side
The rendezvous of a panhandling gang

The study of prison reform and of criminology as an exact science has made tremendous strides within the last few years, and occupied the attention of some of the ablest men in the world. Although the prison system of the United States differs from that of other countries, and even varies between individual States, the ultimate end in view approaches a common ground—that is, to inaugurate a punitive system that shall be a safeguard against crimes perpetrated against society, and at the same time to bring back the offender to a proper recognition of the rights of

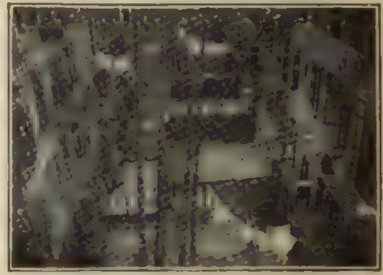


"The Barracks near Battery place

person and of property, and restore a normal sense of justice and equity. The inhuman methods employed in other countries to-day, and which were only recently obliterated even here in America, are fast disappearing. It is no longer a foregone conclusion that when a child is brought up in the streets and sent to a reformatory for some petty offense, he has a career of crime mapped out for him—that is, that he will be discharged from the institution worse than he was when he entered, having become hardened and schooled in vice by contact with the baser element within the walls of the institution. The reformatories are now more in the nature of schools, and all sorts of manual and other training lift the youthful criminal out of his habits of indolence and craft, giving him a certain proficiency in some mechanical art whereby, when he is discharged, he may gain a livelihood. Of course there are thousands of these who are discharged only to return shortly again for the same or some greater offense, and so on till, as often happens, the offender spends the major portion of his whole life behind the bars.

Old Blind Man's alley, on the lower East Side

The homes and haunts of the criminals of New York are at best temporary. There are whole districts where certain grades of criminals congregate, but the gangs that assert themselves too strongly are broken up and a new foregathering place is found. Thus the Whyo gang, of which "Danny" Driscoll was the chief, was broken up after the leader was hanged for murder, but only after terrorizing a whole section of the lower East Side of town. The "Hell's Kitchen" gang has also been scattered, but in its place are numberless other gangs on the West Side, and in the Harlem region are scores of these bands bound together like mountain bandits in the wildernesses of Sicily. Anything to get something for nothing! is the motto of these marauders, and they generally succeed, for woe to the man of the district who refuses to accede to their demands! There are merchants, saloon keepers, and even artisans who pay tribute to the gang's leaders in one form or another, and who live in constant terror of being robbed or assaulted, and who suffer this species of blackmail for self-protection. Knowing that resistance would mean trouble, and having a good business, they prefer to remain and "give hostages to fortune" in the shape of backsheesh to the gang. Of course, when some offense is so rank that there must ensue a general district house-cleaning, as it were, the gangs split up and form new associations. But while they rule they are despotic and arbitrary, and stop at nothing to accomplish their will.



A conglomerate view of a tenement block from the rear

IS RICHARD OUTCAULT AN ARTIST?

By John P Slocum

WHAT constitutes art?

Why is one man, who does not work any harder, draw more pictures, or in other ways burn more of the inspiration oil, accepted more quickly than his next-studio neighbor as a man of transcendent genius, while the other is simply ignored?

What is there, in short, in the make-up of any man that induces the world to accept him at his own valuation?

Richard Outcault, of the *Herald* (Mr. Outcault, by the way, if addressed by any other title than "Dick," would probably not answer to his name), is a young Westerner who has been in New York only a few years. He drew the original Yellow Kid, but he has long lived down that reputation and the world has forgiven him. That chrome creation of a disordered brain was an epidemic more violent than the small-pox, and almost as far-reaching in its results. However, I do not wish to rake up Mr. Outcault's past, especially in view of the fact that he had nothing to complain of in connection with the Yellow Kid, as he made something like $70,000 out of this mule-eared youngster; so after all, the greatest evils may have their compensations.

Mr. Outcault

The originator of "Buster Brown"

Mr. Outcault has also contributed to *Truth*, *Life*, and other well-known American publications, but he is probably best known for his work on the New York *Herald*. Some moons ago Mr. Outcault conceived the idea of presenting a knowing kid who gets into all sorts of trouble and ends with a sort of George Ade soliloquy supposed to contain a moral. "Buster Brown" is now the *piéce de resistance* of the *Herald's* colored Sunday supplement.

Mr. Outcault probably receives more money for Buster Brown than is paid any other artist on the metropolitan press for a humorous Sunday series. Does art also comprehend the requirements of the landlord, the butcher and the baker? If so, then Mr. Outcault is the J. Pierpont Morgan of the studio, even though he lives in Flushing and takes the ferry when he wants to reach Broadway.

Google

DO TOMATO SOUP AND DRAMATIC ART GO HAND-IN-HAND?

By James C. Wilson

THERE is a quiet little homestead perched several stories above the street level where an old-fashioned family lives quietly and unostentatiously, and where there are no cable cars and no gaping subway cavities—although both these things may be found right around the corner. It is the home of Josie Hall, the comedienne.

Miss Hall is perhaps best known to the later crop of New York theatre-goers by her work in "The Girl from Paris." The way she sang "Sister Mary's Top Note" made the town roar in undisguised glee. However, that's another story. The point is that Miss Hall, besides being a close and conscientious student of the drama, is also the best little cook in her family. In fact, Miss Hall is never quite happy when off the stage unless she is delving into the mysteries of her cook-book library, which is said to be larger than the book room of Francis Wilson, where are stored all those beautiful works under the general heading of "How to be Generous Without Spending Money."

The point I should like to make is whether Miss Hall is treating her public right in devoting so much time to the kitchen. Instead of meditating on the concomitants of an Indian curry and rice or measuring the niceties of a blanc mange, should she not be studying the ethics of her art? I submit this problem to the BROADWAY MAGAZINE readers.

Photograph by Walter P. Robertson, New York

Josie Hall as the Little Mother of the Kitchen

THE GREATEST BOYS' CLUB IN THE WORLD

By John L. Young

The Boys' Club, Avenue A and Tenth street, New York

SOME years ago there came from England a young man, the son of a Devonshire schoolmaster, to try his fortunes in New York. He was himself the master of a school, but early turned his attention to sociology. For many months he roamed through the great East Side of New York, studying the various phases of life in that crowded district, writing many articles on the subject for English and American periodicals. One thing struck him very forcibly: that the boys and young men of the congested districts in the vicinity of Tompkins Square (which is east of Avenue A, from Seventh to Tenth streets) had really no place to go during the evenings, either for instruction or recreation, except the cigar stores, saloons, and other resorts outside of the home.

Realizing the necessity of something being done in behalf of the great swarm of young people of the district, although he was a poor man himself, he rented a small basement at the corner of Eighth Street and Avenue A, and started evening classes. These were more in the matter of recreation than instruction. They were principally talks on familiar topics, from athletics to astronomy, and demonstrated in a familiar manner. From this small handful of young men has now grown the greatest Boys' Club that there is on the face of the globe. The dozen charter-members have seen the enterprise flourish until now there is an enrollment of nearly ten thousand; and beginning with an equipment of a few books and meager

The class in chess and other games

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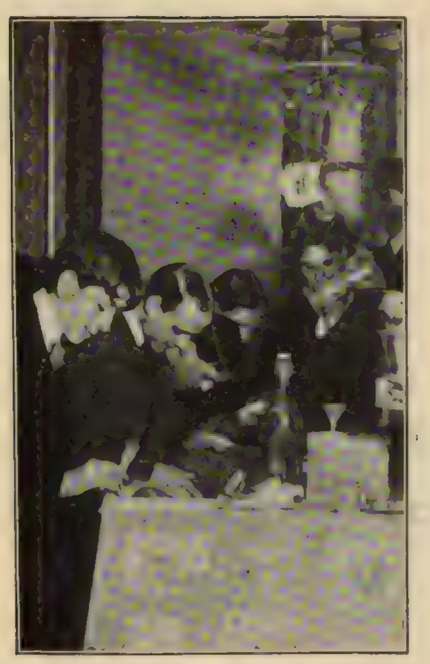

The Camera Club at work

paraphernalia (and little money to purchase more), this Club now owns property worth more than half a million dollars. To Mr. Francis Tudor redounds the honor and credit of having developed one of the greatest enterprises for the salvation of the youth of the East Side that was ever devised.

A visit to the magnificent Club House on the corner of Tenth Street and Avenue A will convince the student of sociology that here is one of the greatest educational factors ever conceived. It is a five-story and basement building of modern construction throughout. It is equipped with a complete gymnasium. It has reading rooms for the serious, and play rooms for those who are more frivolously inclined. On the roof there is a general playground, and in the basement there are shower-baths for the young athletes after they have come from the gymnasium, which is under the strict discipline of several competent instructors.

A visit any evening will show the remarkable series of chambers where all sorts of instruction and entertainment are in progress. In one room, for instance, there is a Camera Club, where the young enthusiasts of the lens meet to go over their studies and to plan their snapshots for the morrow, as well as to confer on the intricacies of the dark-room. Further on there is a chamber devoted to music, both voice culture and instrumental, also under competent instruction. Again we come upon a complete art school, where the young Bouguereaus and Whistlers of the East Side strive to excel in color and design. Again, there is a bookkeeping class and a phonographic class, and so all the arts and sciences are taken up from the standpoint

The interior of the library

of recreation rather than of work, and all with the enthusiasm which characterizes the East Side youth striving to improve his opportunities.

One naturally is brought to wonder how this marvelous enterprise is maintained, who pays the instructors, and how the running expenses are met. It is very simple of explanation. Several millionaires, headed by Mr. William H. Harriman, erected the building at an expense of more than one hundred thousand dollars, and equipped it at an expense almost as great. They also provided a fund which should meet the yearly deficit, over and above the collections of dues from the club members. Naturally these dues are very light and do not represent more than one-tenth of the actual running expenses of the Club. The boys are graded according to their years. Some as young as eight years old are to be found enrolled, and from that age to twenty-one the boys are eligible. These grades are distinct and separate, having special privileges, and each grade holding forth in certain parts of the building. There is prevalent not only the most serious rivalry between the various members of the several grades, but there also exists a manly and chivalrous *esprit de corps* between the oldest and the youngest.

It is wonderful to see the manner in which club life changes the East Side youth. He may come into the organization in appearance not wholly dignified according to refined standards, but a little contact with his fellows here gives him a spur towards self-respect, and the result is that he regards himself and his surroundings from a new standpoint. He is no longer the slovenly, irresponsible gutter-lounger; he discovers in himself new and latent talents; and, with the opportunity given him to develop these gifts, he utilizes them to the utmost. The mental and moral influence which is exerted is shown in his outward demeanor and in his personal apparel. He finds that there is someone in the world who cares for his personal welfare, and he undertakes the problem of his own salvation with strength and courage.

The very fact that there is nothing compulsory in the curriculum of this Club except the deportment of a gentleman, makes all of the labors light, and the

The assembly room of the Seniors

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general feeling of emulation in the various classes spurs every member to the highest degree of self-development. So wonderful has been the progress made by this organization that millionaires, college professors, scientists, artists, and literary men have volunteered their services, some for one evening a week and some for more, to give to the boys the best they can afford. For instance, a man worth twenty millions of dollars (whose name we regret he prefers us not to use), takes his carriage every Thursday night down to the Boys' Club, and there instructs a class of fifty pupils in the science of political and social economy. A great artist also gives his services in the same manner one evening a week, and many professors of national renown instruct classes and give them demonstrations once a week purely out of a desire to help along a good and great cause. In point of fact, some of the foremost men in the country give their services to the poor boys of the East Side under these auspices, and to show that the young men appreciate these sacrifices and efforts in their behalf, every class is filled to the utmost throughout the year, and a waiting list is posted on all the books.

The East Side youth is naturally quick and of a serious turn of mind. His surroundings are such as to give him a conception of worldly affairs sometimes not calculated to increase his respect for his fellow-men and for the institutions and the government under which he lives. He is brought into the world under adverse circumstances, and usually unwelcome. He grows up half educated and ill-trained, and it is only a question of getting work early in life or going to the reformatory and thence to the prisons. He has a natural thirst for knowledge and for the refinements of life, and his native abilities are often such as to bring wonder to the sociologist and the student of our over-crowded population. This young man has the law of "the survival of the fittest" ground into his very marrows, and he knows that to lag behind means to be defeated. So that, when a kind and strong hand reaches out of the realm of education and refinement down into the gutters for his betterment and salvation, he seizes it with a firm grasp and clings to it to the last.

To the credit of the thousands who are enrolled in this Club it must be said that there has been scarcely a single exception to the rule that honor dictates their every action. One instance to the proof was when a certain wealthy man delivered a lecture before the senior members of the Club on a winter's night, and went away without his fur-lined overcoat, the same having been quietly stolen. The Club took upon itself to discover the offender, and for ten days every member of the hundreds constituted himself a detective, with the result that the coat was found and returned and the offending member was expelled from the organization. Never again in the history of the Club was such a breach of loyalty and honor recorded. This shows the spirit of the lads, and proves the innate justice and honor which is implanted in every heart.

A DITTY OF DANCING

By Bertram Scott

The healthfulness of early rising,
And all its virtues—more or less,
Our sages have been advertising
With, hitherto, but scant success.

But now we rise with exultation,
Because the girls next door but one
Are dancing for a recreation,
And we're not going to miss the fun.

The Duchess of Marlborough (Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York) and her two boys

AMERICAN BEAUTIES IN THE BRITISH NOBILITY

By Ethel F. Griscomb

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE WALDON FAWCETT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

INTEREST in the personnel of the fortunate young women who have married into the nobility of England and continental countries never seems to lessen, in spite of the fact that this is a democratic country, and above all, a democratic age.

Volumes have been written on the inconveniences and often the tragedies resulting from international alliances between wealthy American girls and impecunious titled noblemen from abroad. There has been a deal of truth, and at the same time a large share of error in these exploitations of the sorrows and disappointments of the American woman of title; but in point of fact, as a rule these marriages have proven

The Countess of Tankeville (Miss Van Marter, of New York)

no more failures among these than among others of a less exalted station. Many fair débutantes, who have had innumerable men of title at their feet, have rejected them and through patriotic or other motives have married Americans, only to discover their error, and resultant divorces are prevalent. In point of fact, there have been a great many fortunate marriages between titled foreigners and rich American girls, and in a vast number of cases these alliances have proven a source of congratulation on both sides.

Of course the inconveniences resulting from expatriation are manifold and sometimes deplorable; but on the other hand, it has often been found that fair brides of foreigners who have gone abroad to live have remained stanch Americans at heart, howsoever they may have foresworn their native land and brought up children under another flag.

In the instance of the young Duchess of Marlborough, for example, we have the loyal and true American girl whom an exalted title has not spoiled, and who is the same patriotic, unaffected, and wholly charming American in heart and principle that she was when the comparatively unknown Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt of a few years ago.

The Duchess of Marlborough entertains Americans most cordially and travels in their company in various parts of the world. She often returns to her native land, resuming her old haunts and the tender associations of her girlhood. She has become a great favorite in English society, and has been largely instrumental in furthering the success of her husband as one of King Edward's men of promise. It is not unlikely that the young duke will be called upon to assume some very high office under the government within the next few years, as his experience and riper judgment justify a high appointment—such as, for instance, that of Viceroy of India—not at all improbable. The Duchess of Marlborough has two lovely boys whose countenances display the alliance of the heart, the intelligence and true patriotism. Certainly among the international marriages there has been none more signally happy in all respects than that of the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Vanderbilt.

The stately and beautiful Countess of Tankeville was Miss Van Marter, of New York, and a society belle who created a sensation some years ago. The Countess is also a true American in sentiment and feeling, and entertains lavishly in her English town house and also at her country seat. She likewise makes periodical visits to this country and has kept up her early friendships with enthusiasm characteristic of the true daughter of a republic.

Lady Bache Cunard was Miss Maude Burke, of Chicago, and a thorough western girl, who has been a great success in West End London society. Lady Cunard is a brunette of superb figure and patrician bearing. She is, besides, highly accomplished in music and in art, and her entertainments of royalty and members of the nobility have been famous for their originality and charm. Lady Cunard makes periodical visits to her Western home, and travels a great deal through the States, being another American woman of title whose affections for her native land increase rather than wane with advancing years. Miss Burke brought her husband a fortune which was not perhaps so large as some others of title, but still such as to enable her to entertain to her heart's content. Her husband is a man of wealth, connected with the great trans-Atlantic line which bears his name.

Lady Bache Cunard (Miss Maude Burke, of Chicago) and her daughter Nancy

One of the most stately and beautiful women of title who claim America as their birthplace is the Duchess de la Rochefoucault, who also was a western girl, the daughter of a Wisconsin senator—Miss Mattie Mitchell—and famous as a beauty in Chicago, New York, and particularly in Washington society. As Miss Mitchell she was believed to be the most beautiful woman in America, and her marriage to the Duke de la Rochefoucault was an event of some moment in society. The Duke was also a man of wealth, and enjoys the distinction of being a noble of the ancient régime and a man with the blood of kings in his veins. He is, for all

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The Duchess de la Rochefoucault (Miss Mattie Mitchell, of Washington)

that, thoroughly republican in tastes and sentiments, and also an able sportsman and patron of the arts. The Duchess often comes to America, where she is still as great a favorite as she was as a reigning beauty in Washington a few years since.

The family of the Frenches in New York has been conspicuous in society for many years, and the daughters have been known as great beauties. Miss Elsie French married Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, and is to-day one of the leading matrons in the smart set. Her elder sister is Lady Cheylesmore, among the loveliest American recruits to the titled ranks of old England. Lady Cheylesmore is more of an English type than American, strange as it may seem, but she is, nevertheless, not entirely expatriated. She has hosts of friends in America and entertains lavishly in her country house not far from London. The Cheylesmore estates are among the finest in England, as the title is one of the oldest. Lady Cheylesmore is very fond of sports, and is an accomplished horsewoman.

The Baroness Hune was also an American society girl—Miss Emily Lathrop, of Massachusetts. She is one of the more *spirituelle* of the American women of title, one of the most charming and refined of women, being very domestic in her tastes, and given up quite entirely to her home and children. The Baroness spends a great deal of her time in the south of Europe, and has enjoyed all the advantages of contact with the best society that England and the Continent afford. She comes of hardy New England stock, and of a family which has been identified with industries and with literature for generations.

Lady Cheylesmore (Miss French, of New York)

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The Baroness Hune (Miss Emily Lathrop, of Massachusetts) and her two beautiful daughters

Altogether, America has great reason to be proud of the daughters of some of our leading families who have married into the foreign nobility, and whose marriages have been evidently a success. At any rate, the failures among these international alliances do not seem to deter the interest which Americans continue to display when foreign titles are under consideration, and such marriages are rather on the increase than otherwise.

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Ellis Island, where three-quarters of a million immigrants arrive every year

THE NEEDLE'S-EYE OF THE NATION

By Lyman S. Syms

THE term "needle's-eye" in expressing the situation at Ellis Island, New York, is not new, having been used by a celebrated patriot in a speech before Congress. It does not refer to the difficulty of the rich man "entering the kingdom of heaven," for alas! never such scenes of poverty and destitution rive the heart of student of social inequalities as do these spectacles in and about the detention pens of the little island landing-place of the hundreds of thousands from foreign shores every month. The metaphor is apt for all that; for, after the purgatorial lives that are led by the majority of the European and Asiatic peasantry, America certainly offers a refuge which nearest resembles the blissful state promised to the good and faithful hereafter, as all will realize when they inquire into the deep social variance of condition between America, where opportunity is open to all, and the foreign countries, where opportunity is restricted to the rich and the fortunate by birth or social influence.

Since the establishment of the Immigration Bureau in 1820, the tide of immigration has grown steadily year by year, starting with a paltry eighty thousand in the initial year, and promising during this year to number more than three quarters of a million. In other words, the immigration thus far this year indicates that by the close of the year more immigrants will have entered America than during the entire first half century of the Immigration Bureau's work, and nearly one-half as many as have entered during all the eighty years that the bureau has been an established factor in our national affairs. In the last decade the tide has increased by the hundred thousand, the statistics showing that nearly seven hundred thousand people passed the port in 1902.

Previously the types of immigrants consisted of natives from the northern parts of Europe more particularly. At present the immigration is very largely from the south of Europe, including Huns, Slavonic tribes and clans, Italians, Greeks, Sicilians, and more particularly the Russian Jews, who, finding life unbearable under Greek Church oppression and governmental restrictions, depopulate whole districts. The recent massacres in the south of Russia show clearly how high the anti-

Waiting to welcome friends among the steerage passengers

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A deserted wife whose husband failed to meet her, and who must be deported as a pauper

Semitic feeling runs in the dominions of the Czar, and it is no wonder that all who can do so leave for the new world to establish homes in a foreign land. Austria-Hungary and Russia, both strongly anti-Semitic countries, poured upon our shores last year no less than a quarter of a million people, and this year the number will be highly in excess of this aggregation. Italy is next in rank in point of numbers, sending over here no less than two hundred thousand; and this year will far exceed her usual quota.

People who come from the other side are very insular, and have the social propensity strongly developed. This is particularly true of the southern countries of Europe. The Swedes and Norwegians, the Danes and Germans, are very apt to pass through New York and make for the West, finding themselves farms and opportunities there which no city life affords the poor. The Italians and the Russian Hebrews, on the contrary, cannot live without daily contact with their fellow men, and are prone to centre in and about the great cities. For this reason we have in New York a vast aggregation of the immigrant population that herds in the miserable tenements of the east and west sides of the town, and who are increasing with great rapidity. One out of every four of the immigrants remains right here in the metropolis, and for that reason we see in New York more of the evils and dangers of the immigration problem than any other State of the Union, and certainly than any other city.

The Ellis Island Immigration Bureau is a famous place to study human nature in all its varied and contrasting phases. It is indeed a wonderful place, particularly when there is a simultaneous arrival of ships from the foreign ports. Sometimes these vessels will pour into the great detention pens no less than ten thousand people of all nationalities and languages, and the Babel of tongues is something that defies the polyglot and startles the student. The method of gaining admission to the country is very interesting, although in point of fact very simple. All that the immigrant has to do is to be vouched for by the steamship agent as being neither a convicted felon, a pauper likely to become a burden upon the land, or diseased. Satisfied on these grounds, the federal authorities have nothing to do but admit the applicant.

This system, like all systems, for that matter, has given rise to many abuses, as for instance, the immigration agent. There are syndicates of men who do nothing but import laborers of all description; and usually so skilfully do they evade the law that there is no stopping them. For instance, if there is a glass-worker in Hungary who thinks he can better his condition by coming to America, he will apply to the immigration agent, who, if

The picturesque Barge Office, the Battery shore landing of the immigrants

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Types of Italians, Norwegians, Russians, Danes, Sicilians, etc., in the detention pens

the applicant has a little money, will undertake to land him foot-free in America, providing that he can get someone in his native town to go his bond for the amount of the cost of the transportation, plus about three times this amount for "expenses" and labor to the agent. The immigrant, like as not, never sees a penny of money, but is given a ticket from his interior town to the coast, where he is met by another one of the syndicate, who passes him to the next. The last man to take care of him before sailing to America provides the immigrant with his ticket, and gives him besides that a sum in excess of forty dollars, the amount required by law which insures the immigrant against pauperism—or at least apparently so. When the immigrant arrives on this side, he is brought before the immigration authorities, but having been carefully instructed as to his answers to the many questions required by law, he is seen to be a fit applicant, and is discharged at the Battery, where he is met by the member of the syndicate which brought him over. This man makes it his business

A party of Cinghalese under inspection as to their fitness to enter the country to find the man some sort of employment, or send him along the line, first, of course, relieving him of the dummy forty dollars.

The detection of the violations of the law regarding contract labor is a matter requiring the nicest care. There are inspectors whose duty it is to examine all men and women who are suspected of having been brought into the country under contract, and even their clothes and their effects generally are searched for tools or other evidences that shall prove that they are imported laborers; and sometimes these evidences are seen on their hands, discovered in some stoop of the shoulders or defect of eyesight. The inspectors have the hardest task in the world to discover the imported laborer; it is harder than to discover whether or not a man or woman has served a term of imprisonment abroad, the latter being a matter of record.

There are romances, too, particularly when the voyage at sea has been a protracted one and the young people of the steerage or the second class have been thrown very much together. In these cases the Matron of the Bureau, who is usually called "the mother of the immigrants," inquires into the matter thoroughly, and if the parties seem inclined to make a match, there is nothing to do but send for the particular priest or clergyman, who ties the knot. Proxy marriages are likewise common, particularly among the Italians. These consist in hiring a friend at home to marry a pretty girl, taking his name, of course. The girl arrives as Mrs. So-and-so; but although such a proxy marriage is valid in Italy, it is not so in America, and before the girl can pass out of the Barge Office to join her husband, the authorities compel them to repeat the marriage ceremony according to the laws of this country. It often happens, however, that although the girl is perfectly willing to marry the youth, the latter objects when he gets a glimpse of her in real life; or vice versa, the maiden wife by proxy is not sufficiently impressed by the appearance of the swain to justify her accepting him, and so back she goes to her home, neither a wife nor a widow. It generally happens, however, that when the girl refuses after going that far, it is because on the ship over she has met someone whom she finds better to her taste, and it often occurs that this second party gets the bride after all. Of course, in this country, not recognizing the former marriage, she has in no wise committed bigamy, yet if she and her second husband went to Italy they would not be recognized.

The romance of the Barge Office is something that might well fill a book, and as was said at the outset, there is no more interesting place in the whole of the metropolis than this same Ellis Island for the student of human nature, the sociologist, and the moralist alike.

A story is told and vouched for which shows how curiously these proxy marriages sometimes work out. A young man came over to America some years ago and made quite a fortune in a spaghetti factory and other enterprises. He became wealthy, as Italians go; and casting his eyes about for a pretty mate, found none that would exactly suit him. As he was reaching the age when he felt that it was expedient for him to settle down, and not being able to leave his business long enough to go abroad to look for a bride, he requested one of his friends away back in his native town to collect photographs of the most eligible daughters of his former friends and associates, and choosing one of these, sent his own in return, proposing marriage by proxy. The maid's parents got the girl to accept, and strangely enough, the man appointed to take the place of the absent one was a lover of the maiden's and secretly betrothed to her. When the bride sailed, it was found that this young man was a stowaway on the ship, and was liable to deportation. He inserted an advertisement in a New York Italian paper saying that he would hire himself out body and soul for one year to anyone who would put up the necessary forty dollars to insure his liberation, and the spaghetti maker came forward. The young man was hired and liberated, but before leaving the Barge Office, was quietly married to the proxy bride whom he had married under the other man's name in Italy, the American marriage alone holding good. When the spaghetti maker learned of the duplicity practiced on him, he crept upon them on their wedding night in a West Street hotel, and stabbed them to death as they slept. Such is Italian vengeance.

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COUNTRY HOMES OF NEW YORK'S RICH

By Mira Brandt Holt

AMERICAN social life patterns more and more after the English. For some generations it was thought that a home in the city was the proper object of ambition for a young man to aspire to, and that the country was reserved for the yokel and the "granger." However, at the present time there is a strong bull market in favor of the advantages of the country as a place of residence over the city, and the result is that country homes command a price never before exceeded. Indeed, in the several directions which the exodus has taken, eastward on Long Island, for instance, the land which was held by the modest old Quakers, and bringing in a fair rental on a value vaguely estimated from twenty to one hundred dollars per acre, now brings a thousand dollars an acre, and all on account of the general buying up of most desirable districts for the establishment of American baronies, as it were, and laying out magnificent country estates within a hundred miles of New York.

The estate of Mr. William C. Whitney at Wheatley Hills, for instance, has cost well-nigh to a million dollars, and the immense tract recently bought up and improved by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., has cost nearly as much. It is estimated that the latter paid nearly half a million for the tract about Success Lake alone.

Clubhouse, Shinnecock Hills golf links

Further out on the Island in the direction of Southampton there are some of the

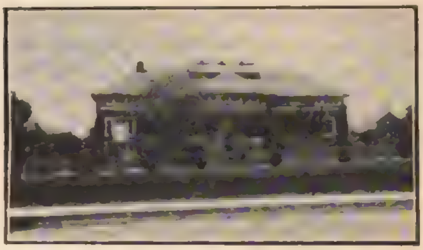
A Colonial country-seat, Southampton

The Chase art colony, Shinnecock Hills

most extensive manor halls and country-seats in America. It is a wide neck of sand hills, picturesque in its wildness, with every hill-top commanding a view of the sea on both sides. Many millions have been spent upon this rolling tract to make it fruitful, and there is every inducement to sport, with excellent roads, the golf links of Shinnecock Hills, in the immediate vicinity, being one of the finest in the world. That it is not altogether barren of picturesque charm is patent in the fact that that enthusiast of the beautiful in nature, Mr William M. Chase, has established there one of the best art schools in the country, and perhaps the most unique in the world. Hundreds of pupils fill this institution every summer, and the art colony which surrounds it is composed of many of the leading landscape and marine painters of America.

The Holland windmill on the hill

The Townsend residence, Shinnecock



The Southampton Art Gallery and Public Library

While Long Island is a charming rest cure for the society matron or the overworked financier, yet there are other refuges for the tired New Yorker of millions, and are of a contrasting nature; for instance, the picturesque mountain district about Lenox, Mass. Here are hundreds of pretty cottages owned by the élite of metropolitan society and some more pretentious still. For example, the palatial home of Mr. George Westinghouse, of air-brake fame, and an inventor who has achieved millions; and the Elizabethan

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Country-seat of Mr. George Westinghouse, Lenox, Mass.

manor hall of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, which resembles one of the great refuges of royalty in the vicinity of Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare, and resembling it in architectural design. The Stokes family-seat is a very imposing residence, and is capable of accommodating no less than a hundred guests at a time.

In point of fact, as the years go by, Americans are realizing more and more that the country home is the real place of enjoyment for the greater share of the year; and that whereas for the merry winter months the busy city, with its many diversions and amusements, has its attractions, there are found in our country homes the rest and solace which are life-giving and which never tire.

Elizabethan manor hall of Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Lenox, Mass.

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IS THE WORLD CHANGING ITS OPINIONS OF JUDAS?

By Malcolm J. Widdeburn

STORIES of Jerusalem and Calvary have not been so few since the dawn of the world's literature in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. There have been reverend and precise men of letters who have devoted the best of their brain and pen to the painting of those great scenes in Asia Minor which have done more to change the trend of the world's affairs and create a new order of civilization than any other series of events in ancient or modern history.

Mr. Tyrone Power as *Judas*

Writers for the stage, however, have rarely had the deftness, the courage, or the ability to render unto the Holy One those things which properly belonged to Him. The "Passion Play" of Germany, of course, is a vivid and unique exception to a general rule that has held firm and fast among all civilized nations. So few have been the stage productions, either in this country or Europe, that have had to do even remotely with the Christ, that plays which have been produced with Calvary as the background have created more than ordinary attention. For this reason the production of Mrs. Fiske, "Mary of Magdala," naturally aroused discussion amongst thinking people; but strange to say, the greatest attention has been directed to the character of *Judas* rather than to any other of the Heyse play.

Whether the intention of the author was to gain sympathy for the most accursed man in the world's history, it is certain, however, that Mr. Power, who played *Judas* in the original production, so arranged his lights and shadows that he made of *Judas* a character not as abhorrent as the Judas of the Bible or history, and invested him with a sympathy and heart interest that in earlier times would almost have seemed sacrilegious.

That American theatre-goers should accept the *Judas* as anything but the most despised creature in all the world's history seems to show either a change in public opinion or else the softening of that deep-seated hatred and resentment for Judas which have ever characterized the attitude of the Christian.

That Judas has changed his character in the eyes of the Christian world is too astounding a statement to make, for it would practically mean the overthrow of that reverence and faith which have been the stronghold of all religion, and which it may be said are the basis upon which have been reared all those institutions of religion, art, science, and literature, which are a part of the world's history itself.

No one can deny that the rendition of this rôle was a strong, forceful and virile one; in fact, it is so much the most important character in "Mary of Magdala" that even the title rôle sinks into insignificance beside it. This, of course, makes the handling of the part and its touch of sympathy all the more startling to those who are averse to changing the traditions of ages. However, Mr. Heyse and Mrs. Fiske, as well as Mr. Power himself, cannot avoid the responsibility that rests upon them in making *Judas* a man who is weak rather than traitorous.

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WHERE THE CHILDREN OF LEBANON CONGREGATE IN NEW YORK

By Katharine Holcomb

THERE are in America about one hundred and ten thousand Syrians and natives of the contiguous countries of the far East—Palestine, the regions beyond the Jordan, and Damascus. There are about six thousand of these in the city of New York, and they congregate in a little section in the lower quarters of the city, known as "Little Syria." It is comprised mostly within the precincts of Rector, Washington, and Carlyle streets, and is one of the most unique in the whole metropolis.

The Archimandrite of the Greek Church, Syrian quarter, New York

The colonists are usually recruited from the northern parts of Palestine and from Syria proper. The Lebanon district furnishes a large quota, and other provinces still further east send scattering numbers. The food of the Syrian is most meager. They are highly poetical, patriotic, and imaginative. They are easily inflamed to passion and as quickly cooled, and have the true peasant suspicion of all who enter their territory. They are inquisitive, too, but once one has made friends of them, they will do anything they possibly can for the comfort and enjoyment of the guest in their quarter, and the stranger may partake of their hospitality at will.

The food of the Syrian quarter is not very strenuous, considered from the strenuous northern standpoint. They are not meat eaters in any sense of the word. There is a little meat scattered through their dishes, but they prefer mostly vegetable diet. A table d'hôte dinner is generally made up of something like the following:

Zaytoun (olives), usually large and delicious, sometimes dried with the oil still permeating the pulp.

Unleavened bread—huge round loaves like cart wheels, very light.

A thick soup, slightly soured with capers and limes.

Cucumbers stuffed with a mince meat, cooked in olive oil.

Lentils served in a peculiarly delicious manner.

Rice, with a sort of curry, stinging hot.

Sweetened curd sprinkled with spices.

Fruit in abundance.

Mocha coffee ground to flour, and drunk grounds and all.

Arrac—a thimbleful on rare occasions in honor of special guest.

The nargheli, or long-stemmed pipe, smoking Persian tombac.

To the northern taste this might seem insufficient, but there is no doubt about the charm of a true Syrian dinner, particularly when the host and guests are congenial, and when there is a poet or declaimer present; for the oriental mind dearly loves to dwell on grandiloquent themes and patriotic tirades against the tyranny of the Sultan and the hope of ultimate freedom for Syria.

The trades and professions of Little Syria are meager. They are a timid race and whereas they are frugal and hard-working, their ambitions do not encompass great enterprises. This may be because they have grown accustomed in their own country to being secretive and to keeping well in the background for fear of being thumbscrewed by the Sultan's blackmailers and thieving governors; or it may be because the Syrian is too dreamy and oriental to catch the spirit of the northern progressive people. The Lebanonite loves to sit and dream over his fragrant Mocha and his curious game of checkers, and is quite willing to live on little that he may have the society of his fellows. He is suspicious of all Turks and believes that they are all hired spies of the Sultan, and that every means is taken to keep the Turkish government informed as to the goings-on of the quarter. This would seem to have a certain foundation in fact, for the writer remembers the instance of a certain young Syrian who started a paper in the quarter, calling down vengeance upon the head of Sultan Abdul Hamid for all the indignities and tyrannies inflicted upon the poor Syrians; but when he received a letter from his father in the Lebanon district, saying that he was being oppressed in every way by the Turkish officials because of his son's conduct, the young man was obliged to give up the paper in order to save his people from being driven bodily from their homes.

The heart of the Syrian district, Washington street, New York

The industries of the Syrians relate principally to the manufacture of lace goods and all sorts of fancy household and personal articles which can be sold readily from house to house. Syrian peddlers go in pairs throughout the country, receiving their supply of goods from the parent house in Washington street, and sometimes cross the entire continent before they will return to New York. Many of these are of the Bedouin stamp and dearly love to "fold their tents and silently steal away" to some other town every day in the year. Others, on the contrary, will settle down in some convenient spot and amass considerable of a fortune. There are Syrian colonies in Philadelphia, Chicago, Toledo, San Francisco, and elsewhere, but New York's is the largest. The immigration of the Syrians to this country increases year by year. The last report shows that about nine thousand natives of Turkey in Asia, Syria, and Palestine entered our port alone. Among these were several celebrated poets and learned men of the East who have come to our shores to establish themselves in the professions. Altogether it may be said that the Syrians are a worthy addition to our metropolitan medley, being peaceful, industrious, and frugal, seldom incurring the vengeance of the law, and eschewing drink and all the vices that are its concomitants.

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DO RELIGION AND THE STAGE COALESCE?

By George A. Page

THE recent statement by Rose Beaumont, the actress, regarding the strict rules of deportment and morality maintained in that portion of the amusement profession devoted to the circus, has called attention to the vast improvement in the sister department of the stage along the same lines. There are those who claim that in this respect theatrical people are quite as strict in their private lives, upon the whole, as those of any other calling.

That there is much in support of this theory is evidenced by the great respect which is now shown by clergy of all denominations for professional people, and the undoubted personal interest of Bishop Potter and other dignitaries in all religious gatherings in which actors and actresses take part.

Church people are ever willing to meet and join with those of the stage in the advancement of any social problem—even more so that actors have always been to the front in aiding charities of the church or of public origin. This spirit may be said to have been fostered to its present degree by the Actors' Church Alliance, which was formed over ten years ago for the purpose of providing a means of worship and a religious atmosphere most suited to the conditions and discipline of the profession.

The Rev. Walter Bentley is credited with the inauguration of the movement. He was once an actor himself, and a good one—a man of serious, studious bent of mind, who was associated in his career on the stage with some of the most prominent legitimate attractions. Born in England, he had witnessed in that country the successful movement to enlist the church and stage in a united effort to better the moral conditions of actors, so when he arrived here he found there was a great necessity for such a jointure.

Abandoning what promised to be a most brilliant professional life in the theatre, he went through the necessary course so that he could take Holy Orders and become a clergyman, and in due time was ordained with the express avowal that he would devote his life to the new work which he had taken up. At first he met with many disappointments, but he persevered until he had gathered to the fold many of the most prominent persons in the profession. He was greatly encouraged by Bishop Potter, who has been his adviser from the start, and in due time the Actors' Church Alliance became a fact.

Now there are many clergymen in all parts of the country who give special services at times for actors, and no longer is the cry raised that churchmen turn their backs when an actor enters church. Ever faithful to its first principles, The Little Church Around the Corner is looked upon as the Actors' Cathedral; and its rector, Rev. Dr. Houghton, nephew of him who was the actors' friend, does yeoman work in aiding the profession.

Photograph by Fredericks, New York

Bishop Henry C. Potter

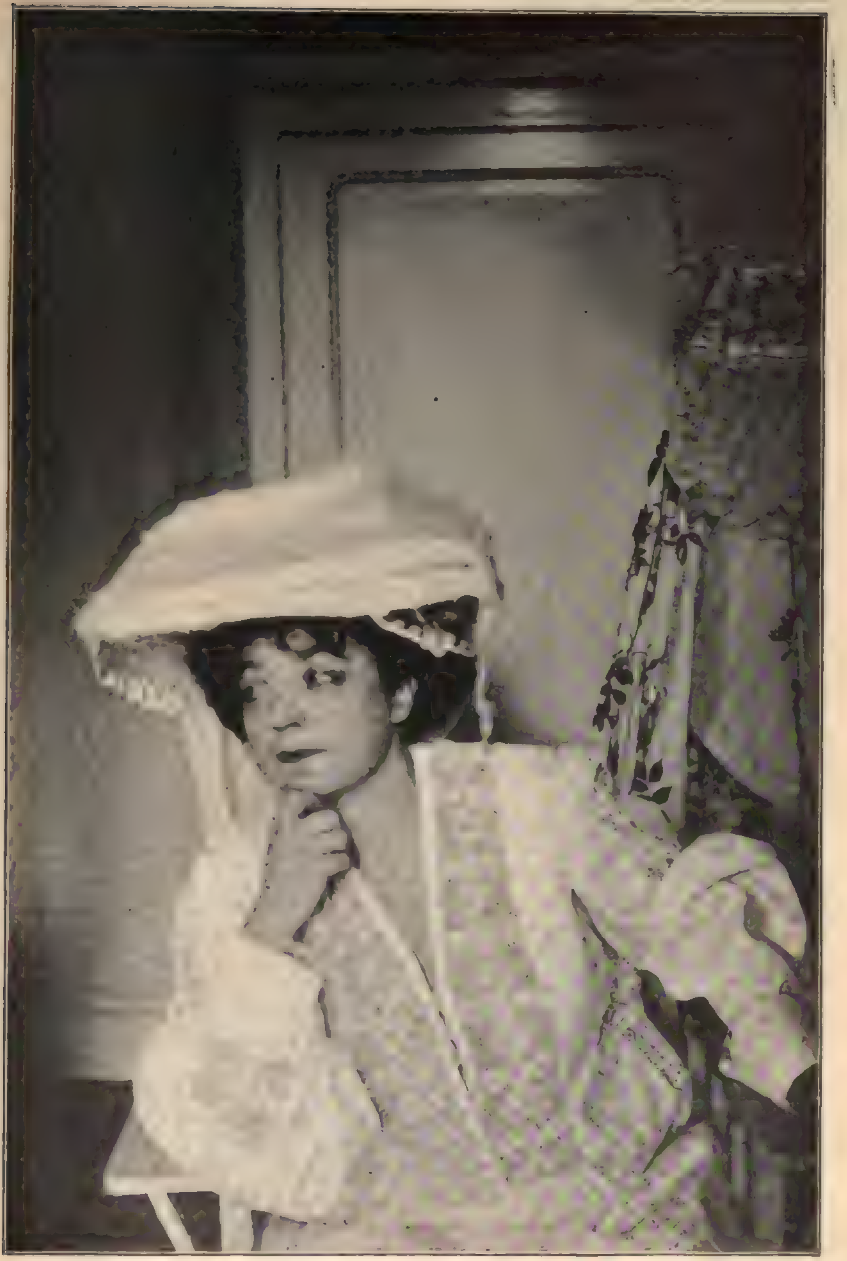
One of the famous American ecclesiastics interested in the work of the Rev Walter Bentley and the Actors' Church Alliance

Rev. Sidney Grant is another cleric who aids Rev. Walter Bentley. There are a number of the Catholic clergy who pay much attention to actors' calls, and those of the Hebrew faith are not a whit behind in their readiness to minister to the people of the stage.

Down at St. James, L. I., where there is an actors' colony of at least two hundred persons, members of the latter attend the church at Smithtown every Sunday, and Charles Bigelow and DeWolf Hopper sing in the choir.

The Drews, Jeffersons, Whiffers, Wolcotts, Murphys, Crosmans, Binghams, and all the leading theatrical families are regular church-goers, and are very strict in the matter of the education of their children in this direction.

This applies also to most of the humbler and less fortunate members of the profession, and altogether the once common charge that there could be no recognition of the stage by the church, has been refuted.



Miss Fay Templeton in her New York Apartments

It is a recognized fact that Miss Templeton is averse to interviews and photographic posings, and one of the most difficult journalistic feats is to get her to pose for a picture like this

Here is a snap-shot taken by Walter P Robertson: it shows the diva in a characteristic attitude. Miss Templeton, by the way, is to star next season under the management of the Messrs. Shubert

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"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

ONE OF THE COMING NEW YORK SEASON'S BIG PRODUCTIONS

(Adapted from Rudyard Kipling's novel)

By George Flemming

WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY

IT is next to impossible, when recounting the story of a play based on so well-known a book as Kipling's much-read novel, to avoid a pause here and there for the purpose of reviewing the necessary additions or curtailments which have fitted it for its dramatic representation.

In that final estimate of men and things which the true artist has to assess according to his capacities and powers, it is infinitely better that *Dick Heldar* should die in the Soudan desert, with an Arab bullet through his brain, than that he should hug to himself the fond delusion that after all the girl of his choice was what his own ardent imagination painted—a generous, sympathetic, and loving woman. The predilections and prejudices of an ordinary audience have, however, to be considered, and the characters so adjusted that the repentance of *Maisie* should not appear unreal nor her final abandonment to an impetuous affection improbable.

It is also a lamentable necessity that the boy-and-girl companionship of the two should only be known to the audience by reminiscent references.

. . . .

"I've often thought," says *Nilghai*, "when I've seen men die out here in the desert, if the news could be sent through the world, and the means of transport were quick enough, there'd be one woman at least at each man's bedside." The scene is the war correspondent's camp in the Soudan, and the speaker is prompted to his remark by the wailing voice of a wounded comrade calling in his delirious moments a woman by name. Thus early we hear of *Maisie* and surmise her lasting influence over *Dick Heldar*, who has not seen his playmate for ten years. Wounded while bringing his friend into a broken square, the saber cut from which he suffers so far affects his sight as to make it imperative that his eyes should be bandaged if they are to be preserved. Against this the restless spirit so strongly rebels that on the first alarm of battle he tears the wrappings off in the full glare of a tropical sun, despite the protestations of his friends, who fear the penalty he will eventually have to pay.

Whatever *Maisie* was when a child, when we first meet her, with a supreme belief in her power of rivaling *Dick* in his art, she has developed into a selfish and discontented woman bent on great achievements.

We find *Dick* a familiar visitor to the studio, vainly engaged in trying to persuade her to marry him. She refuses, having what she is pleased to call her work to do in the world. In vain *Dick* tells her there is no special reason she should do the work at all; it consists merely of painting indifferent pictures, rarely hung and still more rarely sold.

"Who was the man," the Red-Haired Girl asks, "the Roman man, who wished the world had one throat that he might cut it? I believe you'd use up all the world and all the men and women in it, if only that would give you the sort of success you want." And in this bitter reflection *Maisie* is summed up by her friend, herself so much in love with *Dick* as to resent the treatment accorded to him.

But *Maisie* expresses the position differently when, in reply to *Dick's* persistence, she says: "If you don't suppose I see all you're offering me, Dick, you're mistaken. . . . I see it, I like it, I want it, to a certain extent—just as a man would; and then I weigh other things against it too. There's my profession. There's all I've worked for and paid for with years of trying disappointment. There's the pay due to me for all the things I've gone without, and all the things I've suffered; I tell you I put it all—all in a scale and weigh it against the love you offer, and I refuse to break with my life, Dick, just as thousands and thousands of men have refused the same sort of offer."

But a fresh interest is created in the appearance of *Bessie Broke*, a poor, ill-conditioned little drab whom *Dick* finds fainting on the stairs and brings into *Maisie's* studio. Struck by her forlorn ap-

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Gertrude Elliott as *Maisie* in the great Studio scene

pearance and by more than a trace of beauty in her features he sees in her a possible model for a great picture.

With Bessie installed in his studio, *Dick* is now feverishly working, under the influence of strong stimulants, at his "Melancholia," a subject adopted also by *Maisie*. The breach between the two has widened. Sight is failing, and to drown the memory of the one, and increase the power of the other, *Heldar* allows drink to get the better of him. But not so completely as to make him absolutely oblivious of his surroundings. For *Bessie* has been exerting an influence over his friend *Torpenhow*, which he can only regard with indignant misgiving; and having now virtually completed the picture, *Dick* peremptorily dis-

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Scene in the Soudan—*Dick Heldar* is seated with bandage on eyes

Maisie knows she loves *Dick*

misses her. In a momentary fit of rage the wretched girl hacks and smudges the picture out of all recognition; but of this disaster *Dick* is fated to remain some considerable time in ignorance, for while writing to *Maisie*, now in France, a letter of apology for having forced a kiss upon her, the long-dreaded darkness comes.

Meanwhile *Maisie*, in ignorance of the impending disaster to *Dick*, labors on with her "Melancholia," with what success let her own words tell.

"And this," she says, "this is what some people call life. Life! This is a profession—a career. You go every morning and sit in a stewing room, smelling of paint, doing feeble work, and," quoting *Dick*, "there is no special reason in the world why you should do it."

But failure in her work is not the only reason of her discontent. Four letters to *Dick* remain unanswered, and despite her attempt at indifference, this neglect, so different from what he has accustomed her to, gives *Maisie* cause for anxiety.

While in this frame of mind, *Torpenhow* arrives from England with news of his friend, and for the first time *Maisie* hears of *Dick's* blindness. The unanswered letters are explained now.

Dick, though he would sit fingering them for hours when he thought no one was looking, would not hand them over with the rest of his correspondence to be read to him.

Gradually her position dawns on *Maisie*. Without knowing it, she is in love with *Dick*, and after a momentary hesitation, obstinacy, false pride

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Maisie of the Studio

and false ambition all disappear, and she sets off with *Torpenhow* for England.

Of *Torpenhow's* journey and its object, *Dick* is in complete ignorance.

A new war has broken out. All his old comrades, full of joy at the prospect, are leaving for the front. His loneliness is complete; *Maisie* has left him. *Torpenhow* must leave him too, and in the desperation of utter solitude, he thinks of *Bessie* as a possible solace. He has considerable balance at the bank. That should prove attractive, and in return he will have at least one person who will take some interest in him and be constantly with him; and so he makes his proposal to *Bessie*, who sees comfort for the rest of her days. But ignorant of the fact that neither *Torpenhow* nor his other friends had informed him of the wilful damage to his great picture, she recklessly refers to the matter, and for the first time *Dick* learns of this further calamity.

His desperate plan comes to nothing, and the unfortunate little model is once more and finally .

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Forbes Robertson as *Dick Heldar*. the hero

dismissed from his studio. It is to be loneliness after all for the rest of his days, solitude and darkness until the end.

At this juncture *Maisie* returns with *Torpenhow*. But what a different *Maisie!* A *Maisie* who pleads against refusal where before she had herself refused. For *Dick* will not accept what he feels is too great a sacrifice for her to bear bravely. But with all the courage of freshly awakened love, she refuses to be turned from her purpose.

"It's the old Maisie," she says, "the little girl you knew, come back to you, come back to play with you across the years and changes, and she doesn't know about pity and all that. She doesn't

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The trouble with *Dick Heldar*

understand a word about obligations and sacrifices and things. You can be as proud with her as you like, only she will never understand it, Dicky, for it's only the old Maisie—who used to be your Maisie—come back to stay with you, because she can't be happy anywhere else without you."

And as this pathetic love-making wins its way at last, from the other room comes the song of the departing war correspondents:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
 are stored,
He hath loosed the faithful lightning of His terrible swift
 sword,
  His truth is marching on."

PROMINENT PUBLICITY PROMOTERS

By Channing Pollock

General press agent for William A. Brady

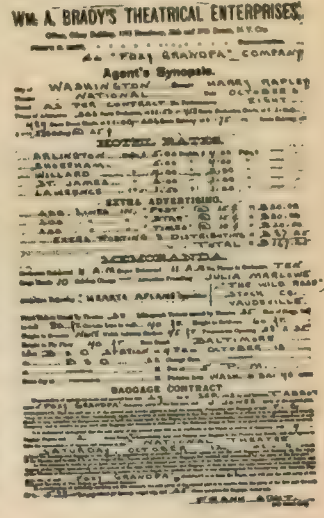
Photograph by Aime Dupont, New York

Miss Anna Marble
Of Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden

SINCE journalistic advertising has come to be one of the most important factors in theatrical success, the most important factor in the business of theatrical production has been the press agent. The second half of this statement is put forward without qualification, because the managerial duties of the "man ahead" rendered him very essential even before present requirements combined to make him the least dispensable, as he usually is the best paid, member of the body described on programs as the "executive staff." Notwithstanding these facts, the profession of press agency is understood only by those persons directly concerned in it, while the outsider generally is unaware of its existence. The articles anent players and plays printed in magazines and newspapers unquestionably would lose much of their potency were it realized that the majority of them are written by individuals employed to exploit the attractions; and perhaps it is for this reason that the promoter has been content to hide his deeds behind the publicity given those of the folk he is supposed to make interesting.

Photo by McMichael & Gro, N. Y.

Channing Pollock
Of W. A. Brady's theatrical enterprises



WM. A. BRADY'S THEATRICAL ENTERPRISES.

"FOXY GRANDPA" COMPANY

Agent's Synopsis.

HOTEL RATES.

EXTRA ADVERTISING.

MEMORANDA.

BAGGAGE CONTRACT

The press agent's sheet

There was a time when the term "press agent" was quite honorary, the connection of the agent with the press being established chiefly by the occasional dispatching from one to the other of a bundle of "notices" prepared at the beginning of the season, and identical with those used in preceding towns. Then the theatrical courier confined his efforts largely to

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Photograph by Thors, San Francisco, Cal.

Charles Emerson Cook
Belasco Theatre

finding unheard-of places in which to have his bills posted, and the gentleman whose "paper" adorned most wall and window surface was the best "press agent." Something over a decade ago Daniel Frohman, who had been on the *New York Tribune*, engaged Frank Farrell of the *New Orleans Picayune*, to acquaint amusement-lovers with the merits of "Esmeralda," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and "Hazel Kirke." Mr. Farrell's success convinced other managers that much free space was to be had from newspapers by men who could fill it acceptably, and straightway several of them made such inducements as beguiled many prominent journalists from their desks to the road.

Just now the value of the press agent depends principally on his ability to break into print, and a number of the better class representatives have nothing whatever to do with the minor details. Those who have other duties find themselves in an exceedingly responsible position, theirs being the greater part of the discretionary and executive work to be accomplished. Many of them insist with reason upon being called "business manager," though a few feel that, despite its abuse, the older designation is the more dignified. It is no longer possible for the press agent to bulge column rules by cultivating dramatic editors. He must rely solely upon his ability to distribute desirable information, attractive photographs and readable "copy." It is his business to know more about his production than the editor has time to know about the forty or fifty in existence, and to fashion his knowledge in a skilful and craftsmanlike manner. This being true, intimate acquaintance with the style of a newspaper is infinitely more valuable than intimate acquaintance with the newspaper man. The literary requirements of the profession have come to be of so lofty an order that among press agents are to be found many who rank well as writers of magazine articles, plays, and books.

Paul Wilstach, who represents Richard Mansfield, contributes regularly to such periodicals as *The Forum* and *The*

Photograph by Sarony, etc.

Frank, Paul and Claxton Wilstach
Representing respectively Viola Allen Richard Mansfield and Adelaide Thurston

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Photo by Moore, New Orleans, La.

Charles Bradley
Of "The Bostonians"

Academy; Charles Bradley, in advance of The Bostonians, is under contract to provide a vehicle for Robert Edeson; E. D. Price, business manager of the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco, is the author of "The Letters of Mildred's Mother to Mildred," "Ninety and Nine," and "Sergeant James"; two dramas successfully produced last season are by Ramsay Morris and Eugene Walters, who were employed respectively for Louis Mann and Clara Lipman and "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

The duties of the ordinary press agent on the road are numerous and difficult, necessitating the possession of talent, tact, and personal force. He travels from seven to ten days in advance of his company in order to complete arrangements for and interest theatre-goers in its coming. The newspapers are of most importance to him, as has been said before, and much of his time is devoted to preparing acceptable material for those in town, and to mailing like material to those in places yet to be visited. "Notices" and illustrations to the appearance of which he is entitled, he usually leaves with the manager of the theatre, who sees that they reach the journals for which they are intended, but extra space he secures by extra effort. From him also the manager receives copies of the cast for the program, of advertisements, of various "plots," and of other preliminary literature. The press agent still visits the "bill room," where he finds the consignments of "paper" he has ordered from sundry lithographing firms, and directs the house man how to put it out. The methods of this man and of the city bill poster, the designations of different kinds of "printing," and their definition, could be described only in a separate and lengthy article. Suffice it to say that the technical portion of the profession, the portion which the journalist recruit must learn, is chiefly connected therewith.

Business ability, which so rarely is found

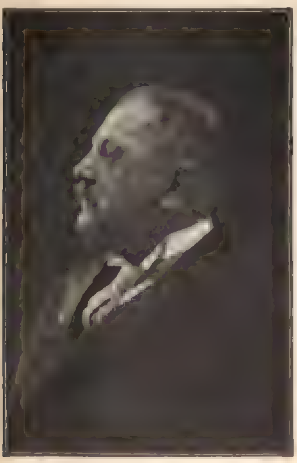

Photo by Anderson, San Francisco, Cal

A. Toxen Worm
Late with Mrs. Patrick Campbell Company

Photograph by Baker, Columbus, O

Robert Hunter
Press agent, recently with "Romeo and Juliet" all-star production

in solution with literary talent, must be possessed in considerable quantity by the press agent. He enters into arrangements with the representative of the railway to be used for the next move, gaining what concessions he may, and agreeing upon a schedule which can be implicitly followed, and he contracts for the hauling of scenery and baggage from and to the station. Since the players pay their own living expenses, his efforts in connection with hotels usually are confined to reserving a room for his star at a desirable hostelry. The most responsible work the courier does is to decide upon the sum of money to be expended in advertising and the method of expending it, together with the scale of prices to be maintained at theatres that have no established scale of their own. In the former case he must determine whether his attraction is likely to profit more from placards on street cars or from big type in the newspapers, and he must take care to pay out neither too

Photograph by Armstrong, Boston, Mass.

Bruce Edwards
With Charles B Dillingham

Photograph by McMichael & Gro, New York

Wilbur M. Bates
Who booms fourteen attractions for Messrs Klaw & Erlanger

Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. D. Price
Manager and press agent

much nor too little. The manager of the house settles for a certain amount of this advertising, and shares pro rata on the rest. In the second case the press agent is supposed to hit upon a rate that will not keep people away, but that will extract the largest possible number of dollars from those who come. These details, with a thousand and one others, he incorporates in a report which he mails for the guidance of "the man back with the show." Everything that can be done or decided upon by the skilled workman on the ground, he does or decides upon before quitting town.

Sharp competition for space is responsible for the existence of the general press agent, a former journalist employed by men who manage many attractions, to send matter concerning all of them throughout the country. These promoters attend only to the newspaper branch of the business, acting independently of the courier traveling ahead of the company. The general press agent has a complete list of the dailies outside of New York, and a thorough knowledge of their circulation, style, and staffs. Every week he mails to the editors of these sheets stories and pictures calculated to advertise the productions of his employers, adding to these occasional telegraphic reports of important happenings and of premiers. He is in touch with magazines and with syndicates which furnish "copy" to scores of newspapers. Robert Hunter serves in that capacity for the Liebler Company, while Wilbur Bates, James Forbes, Charles Emerson Cook and Bruce Edwards hold the position in the interests of Klaw & Erlanger; Henry B. Harris, David Belasco, and Charles B. Dillingham. Anna Marble, a young woman, has done capital work both *en tour* and from New York for Elsie De Wolfe.

Photo by McMichael & Gro, New York

James Forbes
Of the Henry B Harris Company

Photograph by Miner, New York

Willard Holcomb
Formerly with Liebler & Company, now playwright

It is not passing the bounds of conservatism to say that the profession of press agency offers unrivaled opportunities to the man of talent and training. No other profession is so little crowded; there are not fifteen representatives of the first class in America, and there are none elsewhere. The salary of such a representative never is less than $50 a week, and it may be $125, many of the better workers receiving a percentage of profits in addition. The press agent of to-day is the producer of to-morrow—George Tyler and Kirke La Shelle were press agents—and theatrical management is a better promise to hold out than an editorial writer's desk. Despite absurd quips and jests at its expense, the position is one of dignity and distinction, calling for qualities possessed only by the elect, and for schooling in many branches. The fact that space must be asked of dramatic editors does not make the labor literary beggary; the dramatic editor does not print matter he does not want, and so the arrangement is based on *quid pro quo*.

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THE STAGE IN NEW YORK

By Roland Burke Hennessy

"THE MINSTREL MAIDS."

IT is evident that New York will not go to a roof garden unless the shows are big and pretentious and full of stronger features than even the winter theatrical bills offer. George W. Lederer on the Crystal Roof, and Oscar Hammerstein on the Victoria Roof, give to the public shows which ten years ago, in the heyday of the New York roof garden, would not have been considered possible by the average sane manager.

Of all the features in the Lederer bill, "The Minstrel Maids" is unquestionably the strongest. In fact, it is the biggest music-hall feature seen in New York this year, and if it is true that it has been booked for a series of weeks at a thousand dollars per, it simply shows that managers after all recognize a novelty when they see it.

"The Minstrel Maids" really are not important in themselves. Only one of them shows any particular ability. It is the drilling of ten or fifteen girls by a man who is a master in the art of the stage drill that has accomplished wonders. We have before had a number of minstrel performances by women, any number have been given by society, but not a single one has ever approached the real black-face standard shown by "The Minstrel Maids" under the guidance of Ned Wayburn.

Mr. Lederer made up a pretty good show for his roof garden, but nine-tenths of the whole outfit was furnished by Mr. Ned Wayburn, so far as quality is concerned.

In "The Darling of the Gallery Gods" Emma Carus and Junie McCree, two robust and self-assertive members of the acting craft, distinguished themselves above the others. They had plenty to do, and did it with an enthusiasm which was not equaled by their ability.

"PUNCH, JUDY & CO."

ONCE again Mr. Hammerstein proved himself the Pooh-Bah of the theatrical business. In the first place he built the Victoria Theatre; then he built the roof a-top of it; after this he wrote "Punch, Judy & Co."—wrote the music, lyrics, and book, and I have not the slightest doubt designed all the costumes. All this, too, mind you, between spasms of work on a new cigar-making machine, which, I am told, will revolutionize the cigar-making industry and incidentally put a million or two of dollars into Mr. Hammerstein's ample pockets. And may his millions ever increase!

Truth to tell, "Punch, Judy & Co." might be funnier; on the other hand, it could also be unfunnier, which perhaps strikes a pretty even balance. Some of the music is very pretty, particularly a solo by Josephine Sabel, in the first scene.

The Puppet scene from "Punch, Judy & Co." on the Paradise Roof Gardens

Miss Helen Burt
A former show girl, who is to be featured in a new production in the autumn

One of the numbers of Mr. Hammerstein's bill for last month was an act by the Nightons, who are by far the most astounding acrobats and strong men that New York has ever seen. They are so much superior in method and actual accomplishment to the average aggregation of strong men that they make most of the other acts of the same kind look like antics in a kindergarten. It would be pretty hard to describe this act in cold print, but enough to say that it arouses the enthusiasm of a warm-weather audience, which shows that real merit does not go unrecognized even in these parlous times.

"OTOYO."

THIS is called a Japanese opera, but it might as well be called anything else. It is produced on the Madison Square Roof Garden, by a company including Hobart Smock and Bettina Gerard. Miss Gerard, I am very glad to say, has come into her own again, and sings and acts with more discretion, taste, and ability than have characterized her work for many seasons. In fact, although she looked very little like a Jap (and, God bless you! neither did any of the others in the company) she lent a note of distinction to the performance that otherwise was mediocre in the extreme. "Otoyo" may make you think of Gilbert & Sullivan, and "The Mikado," or perhaps the tuneful "Pearl of Pekin," but don't fool yourself. It isn't a bit like them.

Miss Alice Nesbitt, Actress

MADAME PATTI will no doubt be deeply interested in the many changes and improvements which have been made here since she visited this country last. During her earlier tours she was forced to abide in hotels and sing in theatres which were rather primitive in their accommodations for a great operatic diva; and even those of the old Academy of Music, which in its day was considered a temple of art and luxury, pales into insignificance when compared with the modern palatial auditoriums in which she will appear. She will also find that popular taste demands a more even, all-around performance in opera or drama than it did under the star system which prevailed in her time. The costuming and scenic effects of to-day are royal and gorgeous in the light of the ancient and ragged tinsel with which

Photograph by the Tonnele Company, New York

Helen Lord

Dorothy, in "The Runaways" at the New York Casino

the performers and chorus of Colonel Mapelson were surrounded. It is stated that the diva's voice is in a much better state of preservation than we may expect, but in any event it is the glamour of her glorious stage career which will attract the audiences of the present generation.

STARTLING was the news received from Italy the other day by Manager Lithgow, who conducted the Antonio Majori Italian Dramatic Company last season. He says that according to an Italian newspaper which had been sent to him, the elder Salvini and his son had played to an audience of only $120 in cash receipts. Mr. Lithgow sent the paper to Signor Majori, and while it is hardly encouraging, the signor can claim that he plays to higher box-office receipts than that amount in this country. There has been a vast change in sentiment in these matters during the past few years. The older people of any nationality who have settled in this country, and who cling to old languages, old customs and ideas, are dying off. Their children have no desire to perpetuate them—they want to be completely Americanized. And it is the same with the young immigrants of the present day. They desire to shake off all Europeanism at once and adopt American ideas, customs, and manners.

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MANAGERS are already discussing the prospects for next year, and while the season is opening full of brilliant promise, old-timers are a little wary of the results. It has ever been an axiom of theatrical managers who tour the country that presidential year is a bad one for traveling attractions. There are so many meetings, conventions, and gatherings of a political character, and there is so much local interest at stake in every section, that people do not find time or care to patronize the theatre under the unsettled conditions. This characteristic is peculiarly American, and only a serious war affects the attendance at the playhouse of other countries, as it did in England during the Boer war.

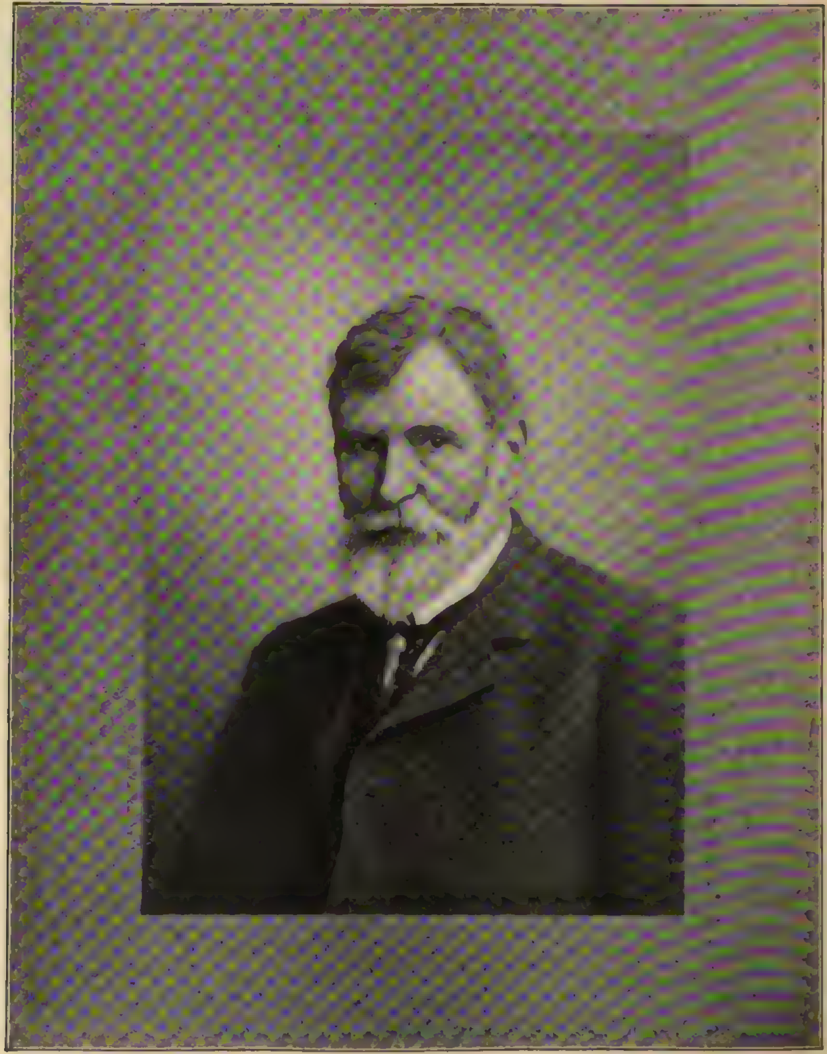
Photograph by Marceau, New York.

Miss Mary Mannering

Wife of James K. Hackett, and a star on her own account

Joseph Jefferson, a rising young actor, will make his début in "Rip Van Winkle" in October.

IT was recently revealed that while the English chorus people may not have the beauty, talent, and other advantages which belong to those of this country, they at least have one very material advantage during the preparation of a play or opera. It seems that while rehearsing, the English managers pay their people half salaries, and that the scheme produces better results than here, where no money is paid to any of the company during the many weeks which preface the opening night of a piece. It is a great hardship for American girls to have to work hard and also pay their board and purchase some of the articles they need for costumes in a new production, such as boots, tights, etc. Surely the managers would get the full benefit of any allowance they made during rehearsal. Salaries may be higher in this country, but prices of the necessities are greater.



Henry Mills Alden

Editor, *Harper's Magazine*

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES

THERE are veterans of the editorial function in the metropolis, but there is one who rightfully claims the title of the veteran among veterans—Henry Mills Alden, who for more than thirty years has been editor of *Harper's Magazine,* a periodical which has held its own through many vicissitudes of public taste and caprice and now holds the interest of a third generation as firmly as it did the first. It was in the early 'sixties that Mr. Alden came to New York from a Vermont town where he had entertained aspirations toward the Church. A few years before, he was graduated from Williams College and the Andover Theological Seminary, but the leaning toward the pen was too strong for him when he rubbed elbows with the brilliant lights of the early school of American literature. Mr. Alden has been an indefatigable worker at the editorial grind, besides being the author of many books, particularly of a philosophical and religious nature. He has also lectured a great deal. It is especially as the discoverer of new and brilliant talent that Mr. Alden has excelled. Personally he is a man of great magnetism and charm.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

By Walter Beverley Crane

SHE was never a fond mother. She had a horror of all kinds of demonstrativeness, and looked on impulse and expansion as very nearly convertible terms with madness and imbecility. But, perhaps she loved her son all the more because she thought it wise and good to be self-restrained.

It seemed to her that the concentration of inward affection strengthened and consolidated; whereas superficial expansion excited, but weakened it. Therefore, very few caresses or endearing words passed between Gerald Osmonde and his mother; but they were none the less good friends on that account.

He was a fair, waxen-looking creature, with delicate features, and slender, well-shaped limbs; very quick, very agile; and taking greedily to all accomplishments.

He was a good musician, and a clever draughtsman; he sang sweetly and danced with peculiar grace; but he knew absolutely nothing of the more essentially manly exercises.

Mrs. Osmonde was resolved that Gerald should prove an exception to the bitter rule which makes the only sons of widowed mothers educational mistakes, and from the hour of his father's death devoted herself to his education with a singleness of purpose and an exclusiveness of endeavor which she thought could only bring her a rich harvest of reward. Until the age of fourteen, Gerald was brought up solely by women, and never suffered to hear a word or to read a line which the most saintly maiden might not have joined in. When nearly fifteen, Mrs. Osmonde arranged for her boy a kind of daily tutorship with a young clergyman; still keeping him at home under her own eye, and superintending his studies herself.

At last she was obliged to part with him. She must needs see him pass through the ordeal of a college career.

Gerald's first letters were very satisfactory—breathing love for his old home and saintly abhorrence of all that he saw around him. But, by degrees, the tone of his letters changed. Soon, also, he began to use strange words, whereof his mother knew not the meaning; to talk of card parties and other parties of pleasure, which seemed to her sadly at variance with the object of his studies.

What was hardest to bear of all, he more than once reproached her with "the carefulness of his education," and "bewailed a pampered boyhood," which left him nothing but an ignorant and ridiculous manhood.

She felt that it was not modesty, but wounded pride, which made him use these bitter words,and they angered her even more than they pained; for the sting of each was meant for her; yet she had been a faithful and devoted mother.

Thus a coolness between them grew and spread, till soon she felt that she had two sons: one who had died in boyhood, and one who had come suddenly before her as an alien—but still her child.

Commencement week came.

How she had looked forward to this time! For the consciousness that he was drifting from her made her feel much more tenderly, more fondly for him, than she had ever done before. But, a week before the appointed day of home-coming, she received a letter from him, telling her that he and a party of men friends would spend the summer in the Northwest. hunting and fishing.

Wounded and hurt she wrote back a cold reply, simply consenting to the arrangements, but not expressing a word of sorrow at her disappointment. It was late autumn when she saw him again. The face which had borne no deeper traces than what a child's simple sensations might have marked, was now blotched by dissipation. The very features were different. The eyes were smaller, and the blue less blue; the lips were hard and swollen; the nose thicker; the jaw squarer; while his figure retained nothing of the slightness nor of the grace which had made him once so handsome.

Four years of college life had wrought a great change.

As changed in outward seeming, so was he in manner and thought.

Coarse jests with the servants; incessant smoking, hard drinking—drunk at all hours, from the early morning to late at night; a lounging, restless dissipated habit, seemingly unable to concentrate thought or energy on anything but the merest sensuality; perpetual satire—satire on the noblest, satire on the highest subjects; a conversation blackened with the vilest oaths: this was the man whom the *alma mater* sent back to his own mother.

One afternoon, Gerald, yawning more noisily than usual, came lounging through the hall to the drawing-room.

"Mother," he said, plunging himself at full length upon a divan, "Montrose is awfully slow! By Jove! it uses a man up twice as fast as the fastest college life. I am positively worn out with the monotony of the past two weeks. You seem all asleep in this jumping-off place. I can't stand it any more. To come right out, mother, I must go."

"At your pleasure, Gerald," she answered, coldly, not even raising her eyes.

"Well, now, that's good of you. You're a fine little mother anyhow!" he said with a laugh. "You're not like most mothers of only sons—thank God!" he added, with emphasis.

"Your *visit*, Gerald," she went on to say, "has not been of such satisfaction to me as to cause me much regret at its termination. Your habits, your ways of life, your tone of thought, and style of conversation are all so foreign to my own ideas of a gentleman—of what my son should be—that

I confess to more sorrow than pleasure in your presence. Once you were my pride, now——"

"Well, now, I like that!" he shouted, interrupting with a laugh and an oath. "Still," he added, after a pause, "it leaves me freer than I might have felt if you had taken to the pathetics. For I don't know how much resolution might have been melted, like Cleopatra's pearls, in your tears."

"I don't think you ever saw my tears," she answered very coldly.

"No; that's true, mother. Your heart might be of iron, for any water-founts leading from it to your eyes."

"And the first assuredly shall not be on account of your absence," she replied, "when that absence is desired and planned by your own will."

"Then we part good friends, mother?" he said, lounging up from the divan, and taking a fresh cigar from his case.

"Quite as good friends, Gerald, as we can ever hope to be now," she replied with a voice sterner and steadier than usual, because perhaps she had more emotion to conceal.

She felt him look at her fixedly, but did not raise her eyes; and then he strode out of the room, whistling a music-hall air. He went to Paris, the only field for him, he said; and in a short time he wrote her that he had begun to study art seriously, but that he feared he should never make much substantial progress.

Time passed, fading ever into deeper, duller gray, until all the horizon round her life became black and mourning.

One day a cablegram came from Gerald: "Very ill. Come to me." It was the only communication she had had from him for above a year.

Her mother love bade her take the next steamer. She arrived in Paris at midnight, and drove direct to the obscure street in the Latin Quarter where Gerald had his studio. A dirty, insolent *concierge* told her to go to the top of the house, and there in a low, squalid garret room, with daubs rather than pictures scattered confusedly about it, she found Gerald, crouching in bed beneath a heap of soiled blankets.

He had not the faintest trace of resemblance to his former self. It was another man, more hideous and more degraded than the young graduate who had so shocked and estranged her at Montrose.

Absinthe had done its deadly work. By the side of the bed sat a pretty looking woman, her hair disheveled, her dress disordered, and dirty; herself evidently a creature of the humblest class of society, but with a frank, good nature in the midst of her vulgarity that might have prepossessed some who were not quite so exclusive as Mrs. Osmonde.

She gave a broad, bold stare when Gerald's mother entered the room, not moving from her place till Gerald said, in faint tones: "My mother, Cassie," when she got up from the bed and offered her hand.

Mrs. Osmonde was too astonished—too startled to refuse it. The girl shook her hand warmly. "Oh, how glad I am you have come!" she exclaimed.

With lips set and brows contracted, Gerald's mother looked at him inquiringly.

A very faint flush crossed his ashy, haggard face as he answered the silent inquiry:

"My wife, mother," adding as he took the girl's hand, "and a good wife, too!"

For the first and only time in her life, Gerald's mother fainted. When she recovered she found herself on the bed by her son, the woman bending over her and tending her.

Gerald was weeping; sobbing passionately. She felt his tears fall hot on her hand, as he kissed it again and again. She was bewildered. There was evidently a mystery in all this beneath the mere surface of degradation easy enough to read. But she was afraid of nothing now: it seemed to her as if nothing could be worse to hear than the shocking fact of his marriage with such a creature.

When she had recovered sufficient physical strength to speak and move, she seated herself in a chair, fronting them both.

"Tell me frankly," she said, "the meaning of all this. Why have you sent for me? Why are you in this state? Why do I find you living the squalid life of a pauper, when your allowance ought to have kept you like a gentleman? Why have you married so far out of your own sphere?" and his mother shuddered, and they both saw she shuddered.

"Tell me what it all means?" she asked.

"It is a long story, mother," said Gerald, trying hard to speak in a composed voice. "I have been unfortunate and I have been guilty, and between the two" (here he smiled with a flash of reckless gayety more painful to witness than any despair), "I am done for."

"What do you mean, Gerald?" she asked.

"Since cabling you I have committed forgery. I had to have money. All last quarter's allowance went one night at baccarat. If I cannot redeem the bill before to-morrow at noon I shall be arrested, and the French law isn't any too lenient with aliens. Besides all this, I am dying of fever and ague."

Cassie bent over him and kissed him, and Mrs. Osmonde heard her whisper:

"No, my Gerald, you shall not die, if my love can save you!"

His mother felt like striking her.

She had never known before the passion that arises from mingled jealousy and disgust. But she conquered herself, and said in a cold, measured voice:

"And what do you ask me to do for you, Gerald?"

She saw her son's lips quiver; she saw the woman's face flush and her hand involuntarily clench, as she set her teeth as if to keep back rebellious words.

But Gerald answered as coldly as she had spoken. He had his mother's blood in him:

"I want you to pay the forged bill," he said.

"For how much, Gerald?"

"For five thousand francs!"

"My letter of credit was for five hundred dollars only. I shall have to cable for the amount you require."

"It will be too late, too late!" groaned her son.

"Is there nothing to sell?" exclaimed the girl, savagely, her large black eyes glaring from under her tangled hair. "I see you have jewels on your fingers."

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"Hush, Cassie!" murmured Gerald, "do not interfere; you will only do harm, and make bad worse."

"Curses on her cold, proud heart!" muttered the girl. "It is she who has brought you to this by her pride and want of love!"

"Well, mother," said Gerald, "if you haven't the money, and will not raise it for me, I must go to the wall. I can meet my fate like a man. I have been the only one to blame. I have been mad, reckless, headstrong, and unprincipled—I will not add unmanly cowardice to the list."

Mrs. Osmonde removed ring after ring from her delicate, white fingers and threw them on the bed at her son's side.

"I will not let you suffer, Gerald," she said in low, measured tones, "you should be able to realize the amount you require with these stones."

"God bless you, mother!" he cried, flinging his wasted arms round her. "Ah, mother!" he continued, "you and I have been unfairly matched. I needed a freer life than that which you gave me when under your control, and the consequence was, what it always is, that, when I got my liberty, I carried it into license. And license leads to sin, mother, and sin to crime. It is a fatal union, but an inevitable one. If it had not been for Cassie here, I should have been utterly lost; but she saved me when almost too late, by giving me something to love and live for. She is not of your station, mother, but she has a heart that would do honor to a throne, and a power of love that you mother, ought to envy. I was glad to make my wife of one who dared be natural and dared be free."

"I am glad, Gerald, that you are contented with your choice," said Mrs. Osmonde, coldly. "Our lives are far too sundered now to make your surroundings matters of much consequence to me. You have made your own life; and, be it ill or well, little of its shadow or sunshine can fall upon me."

"Oh, mother," he cried, "be for once, good and loving to me. I am weak and broken now, and you do not know how I have longed—hungered, mother—for your voice and words. Mother, if you had been softer to me, if you had drawn me to you and made yourself my friend, not only my monitress; if you had been more the woman, and less the mere abstract principle, you might have saved me from all that has befallen me. God knows I do not mean to reproach you," he added, passionately, "still less to throw on you the responsibility for sins which I alone ought to bear. You followed the instincts of your own nature, and if that nature did not accord with the needs of mine, that was not your fault, only my misfortune," he added, with a faint attempt at his old, wild levity, but failing as once before, and falling to broken, child-like yet not cowardly weeping again.

And something broke in the mother, too. Her pride fell from her like ice under the breath of summer, and she took her son to her heart as she had never taken him since he had lain cradled there in childhood.

THE UNITED STATES OF BROADWAY

By Joseph Byrne

EXPLORERS and experts who write of their observations upon the condition, character, and distinct nationalities of the earth have signally failed to treat of the people of the United States of Broadway, who in a sense are as peculiar, or at least as different from those of other sections of this country as any two separate peoples could be.

For the theory of life, the politics, habits, and preferences of the community of the great thoroughfare indigenous to their own territory alone, and the visitor within their radius feels at a loss to appreciate the intense patriotism which binds the inhabitants to the land of Broadway.

The great highway has been called the spinal cord of New York, but it has a separate ethical life. Take Broadway out of New York, and Manhattan Island would be a jumble of nationalities. Other parts of Manhattan Island have changed in character many times since the Indians abandoned it to the Caucasian, but Broadway remains as it has always been, a place where kindred spirits congregate—at least so far as that portion of it devoted to merriment and ease is concerned.

The tribe which has frequented Broadway for generations may have moved northward in the treking process of civilization, but the same class of persons who tell dull care to begone, and who banish melancholy, remain faithful to the traditions of their own United States of Broadway.

They may not have any written constitution, they may have no Congress—no president or legislative system, and have no army or navy for their Republic, but they have a motto which is intensely catholic in its spirit: "Millions for pleasure, but not a cent for trouble."

Those inclined to grief or tears must not seek Broadway. It is a land of smiles—of milk and honey, of luxury, and its princess is Madame Sans Gêne. This does not imply that wealth is a *sine qua non* for entrance into the fold. Brains is a very good substitute for lucre, and there must always be receivers where there are givers—earners where there are spenders.

On this common ground all are equal, for the majority of Broadwayites firmly believe in the Biblical injunction that it is more blessed to give than to receive, only they prefer spending to giving.

So long as they get a return in some measure for their wampum, the patronage class of the happy land care not, but it is the high price which they generously distribute for their entertainment and epicurean taste which enables the brainy class of the section to be lavish in their turn. Broadway's United States does not appreciate the hoarding of wealth. It believes that circulation of the current coin is nourishing to its prosperity and the perpetuation of its existence.

Therefore, the man who said he would rather live on Broadway on five dollars a week than be a prince elsewhere with millions, was a philosopher as well as an economist and a patriot. To sum the situation up: There are among the habitués of Broadway richer men, poorer men, handsomer men and women, better dressed men and women, neater and smarter employees, healthier men and women, happier men and women, less sorrow and more joy, better entertainment and more contentment than among any other colony in the world. Their motto is—that the best of everything comes to Broadway first, and Broadway pays the very best of prices for everything. It has also been called The Flowery Way, in a metaphorical sense, of course. Knowing persons have alluded to it as The Turnpike, The Alley, and The Lighted Lane. This has at times been varied to The Electric Street, The Great White Way, and The Great Highway.

Main Street is also a popular name, and Along the Line always means a stroll down Broadway. The Rue de Broadway, the Towpath, is another distinctive phrase.

Other nomenclature inflicted on visitors to the thoroughfare includes the following: The Heavenly Way, The Milky Way, Shanleyville, Highball Avenue, Ragtime Row, The Rosy Pathway, The Blazing Trail, Wurzburger Avenue, The Speedway, Hot Air Street, The Diamond Street, Life's Highway, Along the Wabash, Rathskeller Avenue, and The Boulevard.

QUEER ADVERTISING IN NEW YORK

By Robert Brophy

THOUGH no writer has yet chronicled them, the curiosities of advertising are quite as interesting as those of literature which were compiled by the elder Disraeli. And at the present time, when it would seem the limit had been reached, there is more odd and original advertising done in New York than ever before.

One firm on Broadway, known as persistent persuaders of the public, is evidently determined not to let any guilty man escape. It has caused a sign to be constructed covering three stories of its building, setting forth the following facts: "160 persons pass this store every minute; 10,000 persons pass this store every hour; 100,000 persons pass this store every day; they all need clothes, and we are prepared to clothe them."

There are manufacturers and merchants whose firm name has been before the public for over one hundred years, and to-day the same concerns are among the heaviest advertisers. Other firms at one time as prominent have passed out of existence.

In business, advertising is life. Experience has taught that the merchant whose original methods add to the gaiety of nations because of their novelty and quaintness, receives the largest returns.

Brevity is certainly the soul of advertising. The keynote of all publication in this respect is curiosity. The simple injunction, "Don't open this," or "Don't do that," appeals to the perversity of human nature. The maxim of the most successful is, "The more business we do, the more we advertise." Thomas Edison claims to be the strongest advocate of advertising in the world.

"My motto," he said recently to the writer, "is to give better value for less money than anybody else. My first step in all inventions is to provide the public with something it has not got, and to do so at a lower cost than any other man could do it."

Of late years rhymes and verse have been much used in connection with publicity. One which has proved very profitable runs something like this:

"When you are married your trouble begins,
Unless you adopt the brickdust twins."

It refers to an article used for cleaning and burnishing by housekeepers.

The catch question "Why pay rent?" attracted thousands of clients for a land company.

Initials are very popular in referring to corsets and women's goods. "Get the Habit" is used as a line of advice by a firm of clothiers who want the public to patronize it. The passing of a wagon pushed instead of drawn by a horse was suggested to an advertiser by the old proverb, "Never put the cart before the horse."

The dead walls and bill boards of the city just at present are covered with placards bearing the word "Personal." No further information is given, but on inquiry it is learned that the word is the title of a play soon to be produced in New York. Electric light signs—a most expensive means of advertising—are growing so common that they lose effect because of their sameness. "This space reserved" is another way of arousing curiosity. "Meet me at the Fountain" in its day did excellent service for a New York firm. The spelling of names backward is almost out of date, but it is still used.

But it is in the pages of magazines and weekly publications that advertisers claim the most profitable results lie. They are not cast aside at any moment, but are preserved, and are always good. They last longer than any other form of advertising, because they contain a higher order of writing, and reach the most intelligent and wealthy classes in the community.

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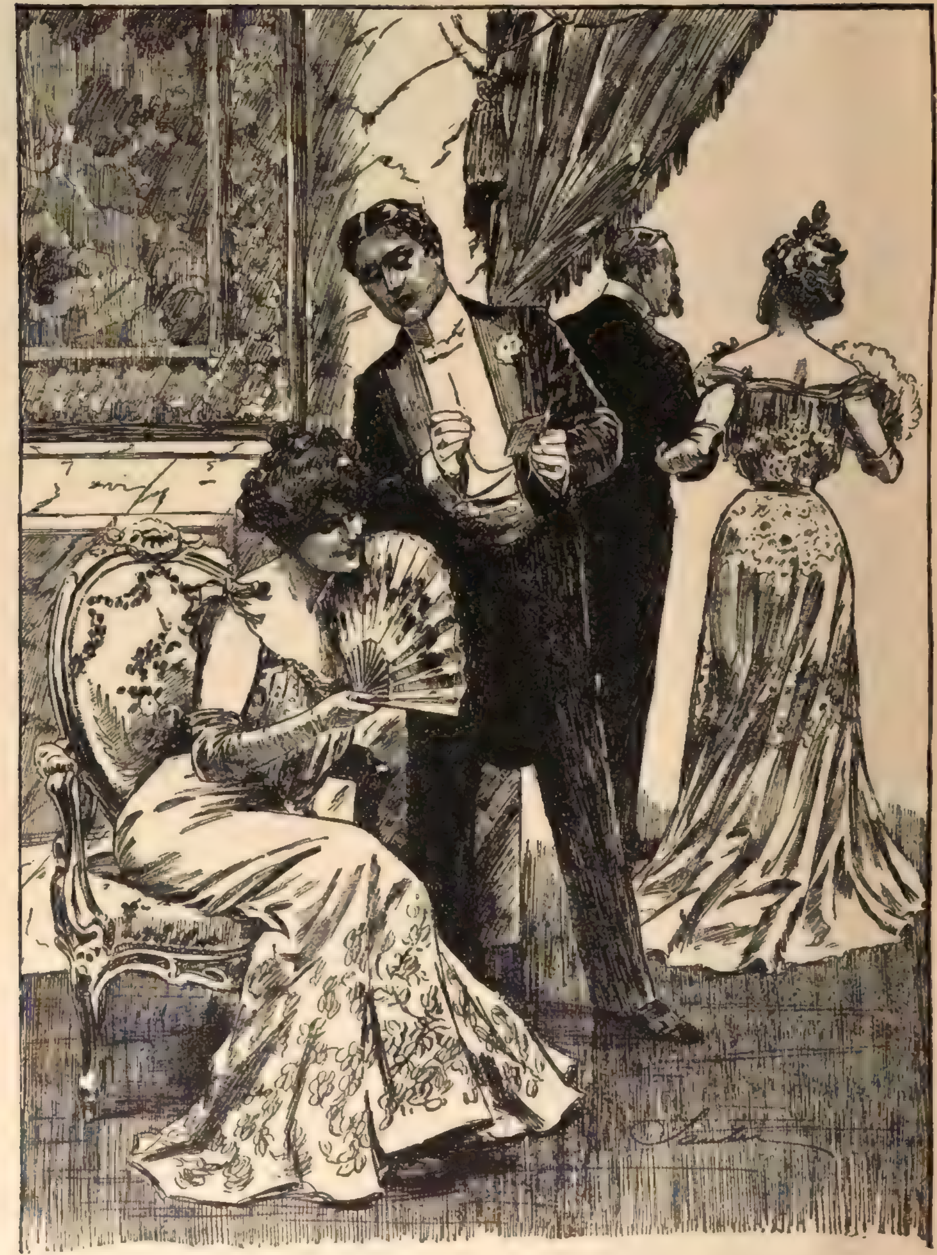
ROLAND BURKE HENNESSY, Editor
GEORGE A. SHERIN, General Manager

AT this season of the year, when all the outdoor sports are in evidence, when ye golfer takes daily to the links, the motorist leaps into his car by daybreak and remains there as long as the gasoline lasts, and your amateur Waltons and other gamesters pursue their sport to "the last steps of day," it is to be expected that there are to be heard now and then voices of demurrer from press and pulpit upon the physical and moral disadvantages resultant from too eager following of the chase for pleasure or "bubble renown" in the sporting world. It was a New York clergyman who some time ago made a Sunday tour through "the provinces" and was horrified to discover some sundry members of his flock wielding the brassie over the green in a manner more strenuous than saintly, and no less a distinguished adherent of puritan privileges and limitations than Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., adjured the sporting world generally to waste whatever energies and morals they chose over the golf, polo, or tennis ground on the unhallowed week-days, but in the name of the preserving saints spare the world such shocking examples as are to be seen every Sabbath morning throughout Westchester, the Bronx, out on Long Island, and the length of old Jersey. In Mr. Rockefeller's instance there could be no evidence of the "sour grapes" spirit, since his pulpit was in no wise depleted by the backsliding of his flock. But it shows the tendency of the times, and the imperative need of some outdoor recreation on one day in the week to counteract the strain of the commercial struggle of the other six. In olden times the farmer who enjoyed six glorious days of labor in the sunshine found relief in the meditative hours in the "meeting house" miles away, for the church then was his religion, his newspaper, his weekly reception, and his social dissipation, about which he could think for the six days following. Now conditions are reversed. Six days in the great swirling canyons of the down-town district of the metropolis, and it is no wonder that the sufferer, however religious and meditative he may be, takes to the woods and plains. Like the other, he is still simply following a natural law.

A HALIFAX clergyman affirms ex-cathedra that golf is a bad game because it encourages profanity among the fair sex, and that with his own ears he has heard awful oaths from dainty lips after a "foozle" on the green. However, as the Scotch rendering of the names of the various clubs, when given a certain vehemence, sounds very like cuss-words, the stricture must be put down to defective hearing. For instance, "Brassie your niblick, you puttie bunker of a caddie!" sounds infinitely worse than it is, and reminds one of the good Manchester deacon who was hauled up by his church on charge of profanity, yet who justified himself by thundering violently the words from a sign that still hangs on a main street, and which reads "Godfred Daniells, Iron-monger and Furnace-blaster!"

A VOLUME on the curses of nations might be written, and it would not in every case require expurgation either. I remember hearing two gondoliers in Venice (after a collision, which never should happen, even in pitch dark) lay down their oars and go at each other in something like this: "You green she-dog, may your grandmother die of a broken leg!" Answer: "You hind fin of a yellow porgie, may your brother's wife bear sixteen triplets of blind eels!" "May your second cousin's aunt eat stale polenta (cornbread) in the Lazaretto (madhouse)! May your—"etc., etc., and after utterly exhausting their relations and the catalogue of imprecations on them, drenched and exhausted, each takes up his oar and paddles on. Again I remember in India of being disturbed the night through by some fanatic mumbling and swaying under the window of a near-by bungalow. I woke my dragoman. "What's that idiot doing?" I asked. "That's no idiot," was the answer. "He's a professional curser. The man who lives in that house did another man a wrong, and this man is hired to curse him. He began day before yesterday, cursing all his ancestors individually and collectively from the beginning of the world down to the present, and on for five thousand years after the destruction of the world a million years hence. It's a three weeks' job, but he gets four rupees ($1.60) for it; so it isn't so bad."

THE writer in the Paris *Figaro* who was kind enough to say that the American show girl was an absolutely new species of visual delight and mental harmony did not speak alone from a sense of gallantry. A walk along Broadway, particularly at this time of the year when the town is filled with dainty maidens seeking engagements, and hundreds who have the air of having signed successfully for a prosperous season, will convince the most skeptic that the astute Frenchman was right, and that the American show girl is better dressed, more intelligent, buoyant, prosperous and happy, as well as talented in an all-round way, than any of her sisters around the broad earth. The Frenchman further affirms that the time is coming when the wise and conservative old wiseacres of the continental academies and training schools for ballets will adopt the American principle and flood the capitals with imitations of the American show girl that shall entirely supersede the continental toe-twirler.



AN INVITATION NOT TO BE REFUSED

MABEL—Will you take an auto spin with me to-morrow? I have a love of a new motor-car.

WILLIS—What is so lovely about it?

MABEL—It always breaks down in just the loneliest, sweetest spot in the whole country.

WILLIS—I'll go.

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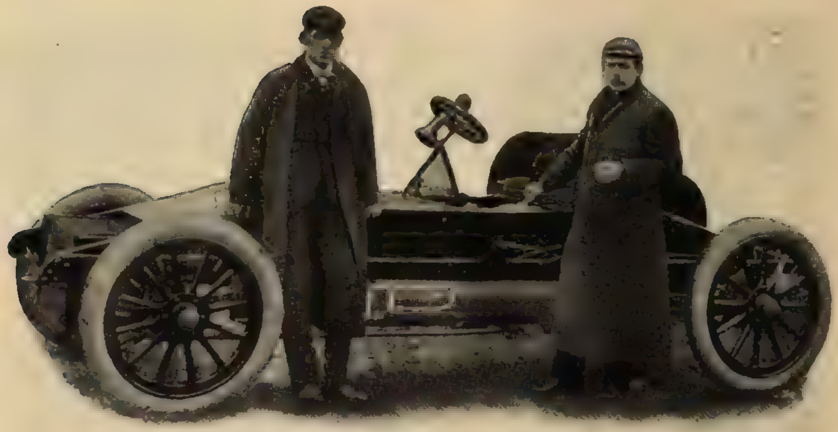
Charles Jarrott (English)
In Napier car, which was wrecked in the contest, the motorist breaking his collar-bone

THE MOTORISTS' STRUGGLE FOR THE BENNETT CUP

By George Haliday Simms, M.D.

THE universal attention that has been directed toward Phœnix Park in good old Ireland, especially on the part of the sporting fraternity, has been commented upon widely by the press and the subject of club gossip and salon disquisition for months. That excellent sportsman and gentleman of the old school, while still young enough at heart to appreciate the enthusiasm and delights of the new—Mr. James Gordon Bennett—offered what might be called the real International Cup for the best automobile work done on a public highway. The choice of place was most fortuitous, for nowhere in the world are there better roads than in Ireland; and it was a sort of concession, too, to American competitors bringing the machines with them.

This is not the first of the motor-car Derbys, but in point of fact, the fourth. The first was in 1900, when M. Charron won the Bennett cup for speed over a course from Paris to Lyons,



Alexander Winton (American)
And his eight-cylinder Winton car

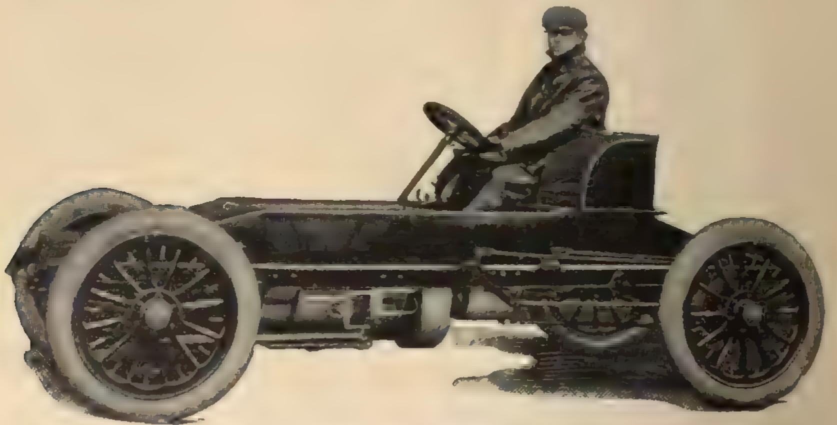
a distance of about 353 miles. He covered the distance in about nine hours, averaging 38½ miles an hour, in his Panhard of about thirty actual horse-power.

The second Derby of the motors was a run between Paris and Bordeaux, being won by M. Girardot on a forty horse-power Panhard with a Centaur motor, with highest speed registered at 60 miles. It was a great race.

The third motor Derby, in 1902, was from Paris to Innsbruck, and was also won by a Frenchman in record time. Within the past year there have been so many improvements in the various mechanisms of the machines, and the competition has been so keen and close, that there was more general interest in the motor Derby of 1903 than in all the previous years together.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett has long been identified with everything of a sporting nature that has had to do with the development of true sport in contradistinction to sport that is pursued for the money equation. Consequently when Mr. Bennett lent his private energies to bringing together representatives of ten nations to compete for the cup, each sending its quota of competitors, the result was of interest to the entire civilized world.

There is no doubt that the automobile is the transportation medium of the future, and it is in recognition of this that the foremost minds have entered enthusiastically into the development of the various mechanisms which contribute to speed, endurance, and safety of this modern instrument. Whereas certain people have excelled in the matter of speed—as for instance the French—the Germans have built machines which are so finely constructed and so thoroughly workmanlike in all their parts that they contribute to endurance beyond the usual limit. The Americans have endeavored to combine the advantages of speed and endurance with that of safety; and the appliances for the quick starting and for instant stopping of the motor car under terrific



Percy Owen (American)
In four-cylinder Winton

M. Jenatzy
Winner of the James Gordon Bennett cup in Phœnix Park, Ireland

speed, as also for the absolute control of the motive power under all circumstances, have been of American origin.

Whereas America, represented by Mr. Winton, Mr. Owen, and others of the highest mechanical judgment, and representative sportsmen like Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. Moores, and others, did not succeed in lifting the International Cup, at the same time the accidents which took place during the Phœnix Park competition proved the wonderful control of the American motorists over their machines, and the accidents through defective workmanship or ill-adjusted and imperfectly balanced parts were not discredited against Americans.

It will be remembered that the bicycle of a few years ago was primarily a French invention in its new phase, and that the Germans, the English, and the Belgians brought it to such a high state of perfection that the imported machine was for some years used exclusively by people of wealth, who were the only ones who could afford such a luxury. Soon, however, the tide in the affairs of the bicycle turned in favor of the Americans, and the exportation from these shores was something phenomenal. Not only were the improvements of a superior order, but here in America it was possible to build a high-grade cycle at a price which was impossible abroad To-day every poor clerk on the continent affords a bicycle, and there is no doubt that the time will come when the motor car will be an implement of daily practical use in our varied communities instead of being, as at the present time, employed only by the wealthy.

The capture of the cup by M. Jenatzy was quite unexpected, but at the same time it must be remembered that this indomitable Belgian has been known as a record-breaker for a good many years. He holds the world's record for gasoline machines from one to two thousand pounds in weight, doing a single kilometer in the marvelous time of thirty-five seconds, nearly two-thirds of a mile in distance. M. Jenatzy above all is a nervy and self-possessed motorist whom no obstruction or surprise, either in the management of his machine or obstructions in the highway, can possibly disconcert; and whereas the records show that he was out-pointed in speed at several points in the course during the seven rounds of the contest, nevertheless, his wonderful ability to start and stop his machine in the quickest possible time, and so saving a second or two, won out for him handily at last. In this he showed himself the consummate master of the automobile, for without any jockeying he came up to the

Winner Jenatzy and his party in a Mercedes

Although supposed to have won the cup for Germany, M Jenatzy is really a Belgian, and does not speak German

controls each time very handily and stopped his car at the line, and scarcely heeding the warning flag which was placed several hundred yards away. It is this wonderful personal power over his machine which won him the cup and makes him known throughout the world as one of the foremost motorists of the time

The average speed during this race was not so very high considering the severe efforts that were made to capture the cup coveted by all the motorists of the world. M. Jenatzy's record per hour was about 49 miles, the lowest of the five successful competitors being about 45. Altogether the contest was one of the most interesting and instructive that has ever taken place in the world, and the annual meet is bound to bring together the foremost representatives of the sport, and will redound to their personal credit and make for infinite improvements in the construction of the modern motor car—man's future friend.

It is scarcely ten years since that the first "horseless carriage" was introduced, and during this period such strides have been made as to bring the machine into the class of phenomena. The past year was a wonder in its development and the present promises to be the real *annus mirabilis* in the automobile field. There is certainly a tremendous fascination in being in control of a machine that makes miraculous time over a smooth road and in being the person at the helm, able to guide it whither he or she may will. It makes all other forms of locomotion seem tame in comparison—even driving a locomotive over a steel rail at a breathless rate. There are doubtless greater possibilities in the motor car than in any other industry aside from electricity.

Photograph by Pott & Folts, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Eva Wescott

A pretty member of the "Robert Emmet" company

THE DEADLY PARALLEL

Pro by Elmer Merrill—Con by Joseph D. Parmelee

JAMES J. CORBETT, HISTRION-FIGHTER

PRO

BEFORE the advent within the sawdust ring of Mr. James J. Corbett, bank clerk, raconteur, and general man of the world, it was accounted beneath the standards of a gentleman to be identified with the fistic profession. Indeed, at present, in some quarters there is a prejudice against receiving members of the five-ounce glove profession into refined society, but it is not because of Mr. Corbett, but in spite of him. He has proven that paradox, so-called, that it is possible to be a gentleman and a sporting man at the same time, and done it with honor. He has proven that the common bruiser, the mixture between thug, mug and pug, is going out, and the man of the ring hereafter is a man of honor, of good address, temperate always, clean of mouth and morals, and otherwise worthy to associate with the best. This James J. Corbett has proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, and for that the entire sporting world may take off their hats to him. He gained the championship and lost it again; but in his brief reign there he raised its standard more than any man of his profession ever elevated it in the half century of the progress of pugilism from Tom Hyer to James Jeffries.

CON

MR. Corbett is a clean, Apollo-framed man who might have been a dancing master in France, but in sturdier California, where such professions are tabooed, he took to the next genteel job, becoming an entry clerk in a third-rate institution of commerce. His dancing-master proclivities displayed themselves in his maiden effort for fame, when by sprinting and flip-flopping all over a fifteen-foot ring, he managed to wind the redoubtable John L. Sullivan and jab him full of pin pricks much as a savage kills an elephant by driving arrows into his heels till he falls exhausted and starves to death. There are thirteen million able-bodied men in America, one million of whom might easily have put out Mr. Sullivan in quicker time, his principal strength lying in his tremendously exaggerated glamour of a great name. Therefore, while I will admit in a general way that Mr. Corbett is a husky and fit specimen of the entry-clerk class and might be a fitting ruler of the Ledger-jugglers' union, as heavy-weight pugilist he stands no show whatsoever. Incidentally, Mr. Corbett has had a very long and full experience in matrimonial affairs. That's one of my reasons for disliking him.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, PLAYER

PRO

TO have lived the allotted three score and ten, and to have achieved so much, not directly in stagecraft and reputation, perhaps, but in the hearts of men, is a great privilege. Joseph Jefferson has never caused a Forrest-Macready riot, but he has done more to make him known to fame and insure his name to posterity: he has won the hearts of the people and for two generations has been the idol of the little people and the admiration of those of elder growth. Joseph Jefferson has perhaps enjoyed, and deservedly so, the friendship of more celebrated people in America than any other man of his profession. Presidents, Secretaries of State, eminent divines, Senators, Congressmen—men of great activity in the progress of national affairs—have been warm and personal admirers and comrades with genial Joe, and his has been a career worth holding up to the rising generation as typical of the times and the generation. He can rightly be called one of the Forty Immortals of the republic, and is entitled to a wide niche in the temple of fame. If there are any who cavil against his reputation as an actor, let that one remember that he has been given the title of Dean by men of the stamp of Henry Irving, Richard Mansfield, and men of the highest standing in his profession. That ought to go. May his fame increase!

CON

There are some people in this world who are traditions rather than personalities, and who are able to trade on their longevity. For three generations Mr. Joseph Jefferson—"the veteran of the stage," he is sometimes erroneously called, because he may be the veteran of good fellowship and certain contingencies of clubdom, but of the stage, never, for the reason that he never was and never claimed to be an actor—for three generations Mr. Jefferson has traded on the Mother Goose traditions of one good-for-nothing Winkle, yclept Rip, the creation of the brain of an author also relegated to excerpts in school text-books and the tree-calf bindings of the Cincinnati millionaire who never tries his eyes on anything more classic than the fluctuations of the market. Mr. Jefferson is a nursery deity, removed ever backward from the sixteen to the five-year-olds, along with Santa Claus and Jack Frost, of whose actual reality in the flesh the knickerbockered youth of ten is entirely disillusionized. It is fortunate that he never claimed to be an actor, else there might be foundation for a controversy. As it is, venerable Uncle Joe is a nice old gentleman, who is his own Boswell and takes an occasional flyer at the footlights as light recreation against the strenuous life of the fisherman and landscapist. That's all.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

By Carolyn Lowrey

DEAR OLD SIR THOMAS

SIR THOMAS LIPTON is said to have a yearly income of three millions, but he is willing to sacrifice some of it to ward off the female kissing bug.

Possibly this titled gentleman is superstitious, and cannot forget that Hobson was kissed out of service.

Sir Thomas may believe in the old adage of kiss and never tell, but claims that the only thing he cares to raise publicly to his lips is the Cup.

The new Shamrock is a beautiful model, and from a woman's point of view far prettier in the water than the Reliance.

It must have cost a small fortune to bring her over, when you consider that the contractor's price for the hull alone of the Reliance was $280,000, and the sails cost $100,000.

FROM GOLF TO THE FOOTLIGHTS

ST. LOUIS is going to lose its popular young bachelor, Burt McKinnie.

Mr. McKinnie has ambitions in the direction of an operatic career, and it is said will join the forces under Henry W. Savage.

It is a question whether he will be more appreciated here, with a fair baritone voice, or in St. Louis, where he is a social leader and golf expert.

MIRIAM GIROUX'S GOWNS

MISS MIRIAM GIROUX, who left the cast of "The Earl of Pawtucket" in July to rest for the summer, was one of the best-gowned women of the season's stage.

One near-sighted member of the company openly criticized one of her calling gowns, forgetting that as Miss Giroux had been to Gay Paree in the neighborhood of twenty-two times, she would be apt to know what the swagger French woman wore for a morning call.

Her gowns were simple and elegant, and her hats were creations.

Miss Giroux is a most attractive woman, strongly magnetic, and has the power not only of drawing, but of holding her audience.

It is claimed that among her treasures is the first yellow diamond ever brought to this country. It has a history as long as it is yellow, and Tiffany has set it in a brooch of old mine stones that are matchless, so that Miss Giroux carries a small fortune at her throat.

HETTY GREEN'S DAUGHTER IN SOCIETY

NEWPORT may have a shock this season in the shape of Hetty Green as a society belle.

Her daughter is to be guest of honor at Miss Leary's cottage, and as Miss Leary is called the angel of the four hundred, there is a chance for Hetty, who has threatened to be in evidence on state occasions.

Miss Leary is a most charming woman, and is known as Countess Annie, a title bestowed upon her by Pope Leo for her many good deeds.

Among her treasures is a personal letter from this truly great man.

HOW ABSURD!

SOMEONE suggested that a greater novelty for Newport than Hetty Green would be the giving of dinner parties where the men would take their own wives.

The favor — the privilege of becoming acquainted.

MRS. WOODRUFF'S QUEER PET

MRS. TIMOTHY WOODRUFF has for a pet a bear which her husband presented her with when it was a cub.

This so-called kitten of the Woodruff family is named Chicot, and is the idol of its mistress. Chicot is kept in the back yard at the Brooklyn residence, but the neighbors are not friendly.

Mrs. Woodruff has taken him to their camp in the Adirondacks, but he is to be chained for fear that freedom may awaken the instincts of his forefathers.

LEHR vs. BRAINS

HARRY LEHR has sulked ever since Senator Walcott became the rage at Newport.

What chance has Harry, with his pretty pink and white ways, against brains?

And to think that brains should be a winner at Newport, and that a *real* man should be the fatted calf!

Fortunately, this calf is too clever to remain long enough to be killed, so Harry's star may still twinkle before the season is over.

Write and ask "The Woman of the World" anything you want to know about New York and New Yorkers. Enclose stamp.

Margaret Hubbard Ayer

Margaret Hubbard Ayer

Singer

Miss Ayer made her debut in vaudeville a few weeks ago at Keith's, and scored an immediate success

This young woman is studying under Mme. Von Feilitzoch, who says Miss Ayer has a wonderful voice

It is a brilliant mezzo-soprano of three octaves, rich and full, and is sure to bring her some day into the field of grand opera

Miss Ayer handles her voice with perfect ease in French, German, Italian, and English, and it is only a question of time when she will hold a high place in the musical world.

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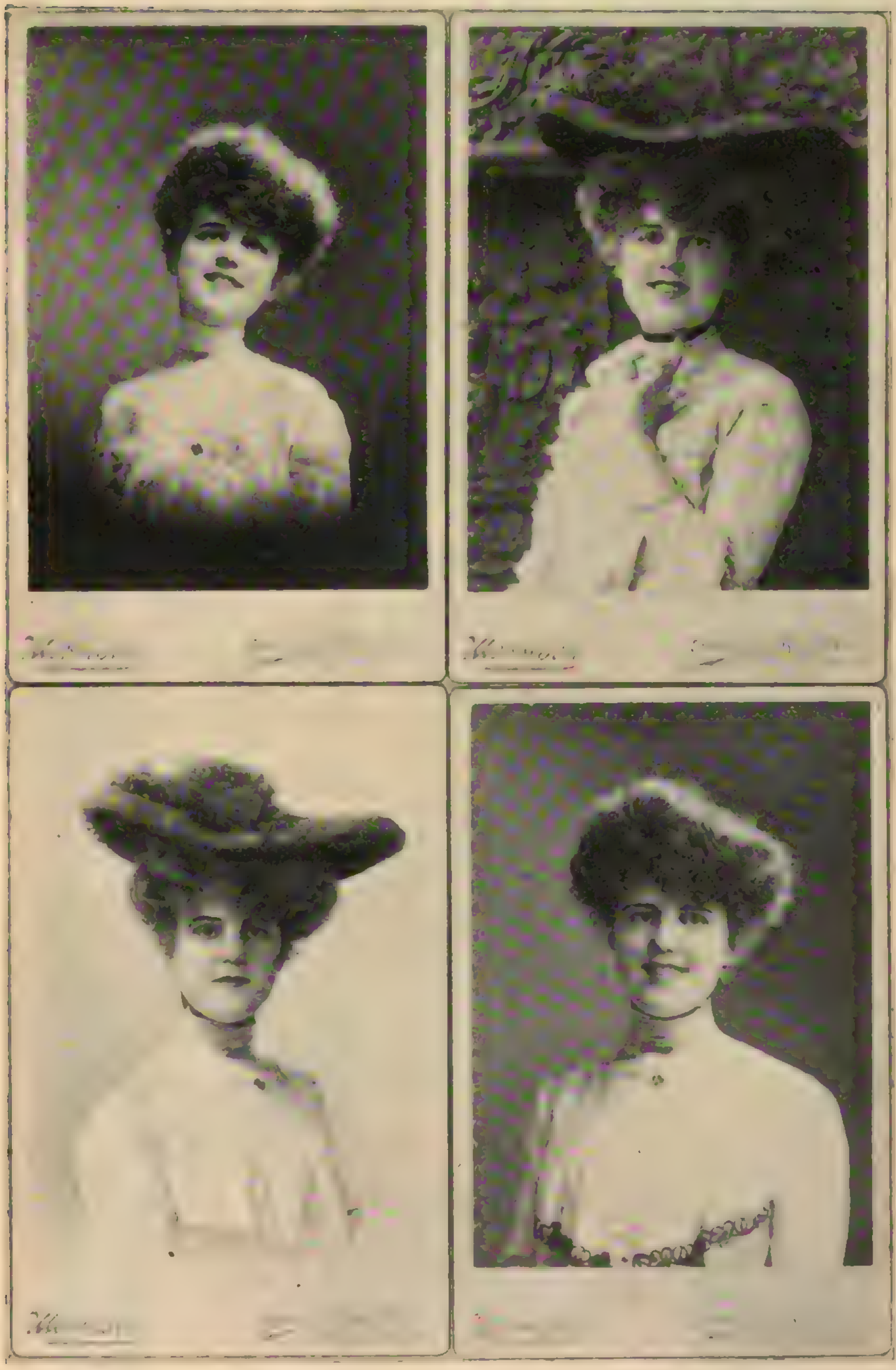
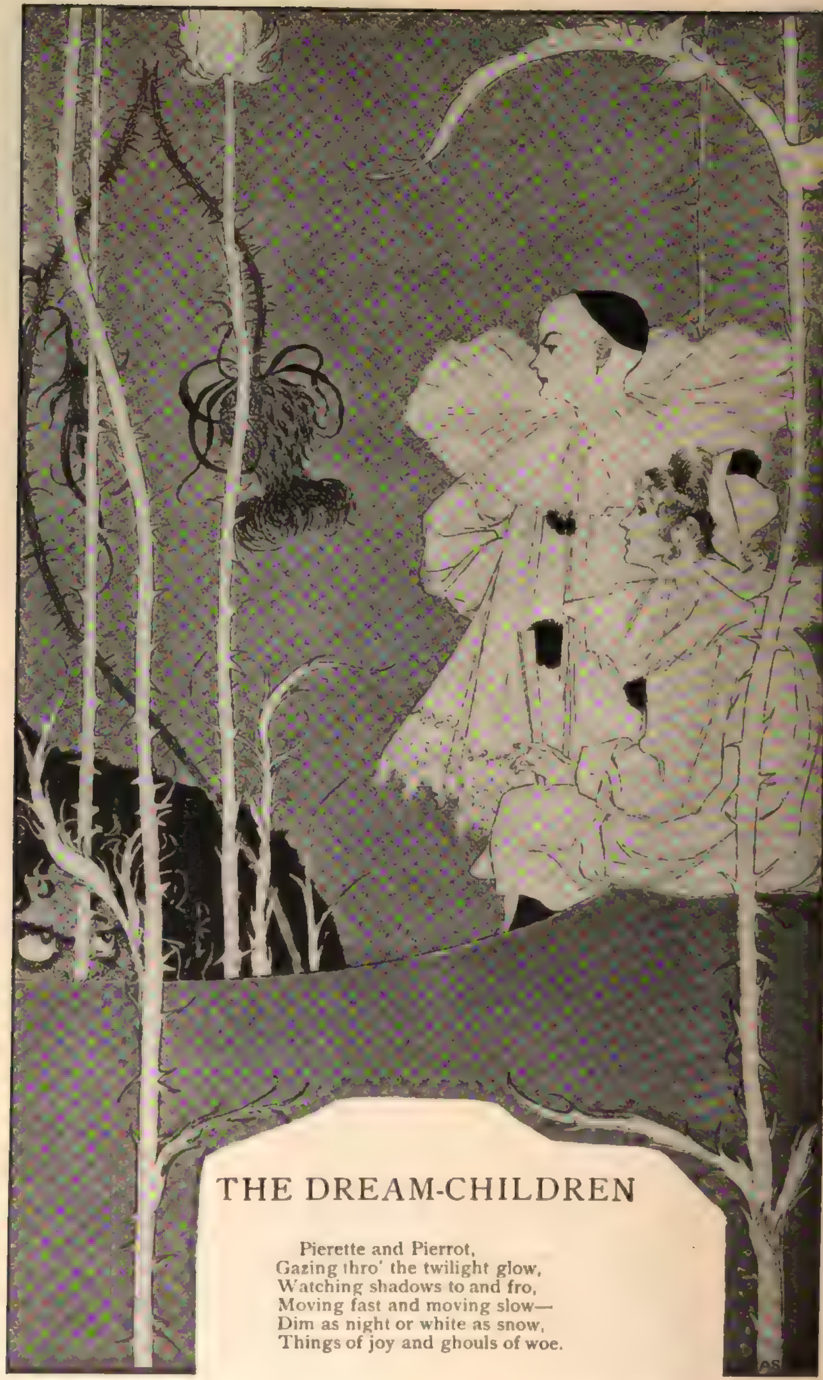


From a Photograph by Morrison, Chicago

A typical New York show girl

Bessie Davis Van Ness

Late with the Francis Wilson Company



THE DREAM-CHILDREN

Pierette and Pierrot,
Gazing thro' the twilight glow,
Watching shadows to and fro,
Moving fast and moving slow—
Dim as night or white as snow,
Things of joy and ghouls of woe.

Pierette and Pierrot,
Every mortal here below
Gazes thro' the portico
Of the thing called "Life," and Oh,
Wonders what it means—this show
Thus survived from long ago.

Pierette and Pierrot,
Someday you and I shall know
Why streams flow and breezes blow
All alike for friend and foe,
Just or unjust, high or low.
Meanwhile, dream and wiser grow,
Pierette and Pierrot.

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